Jan. 11, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

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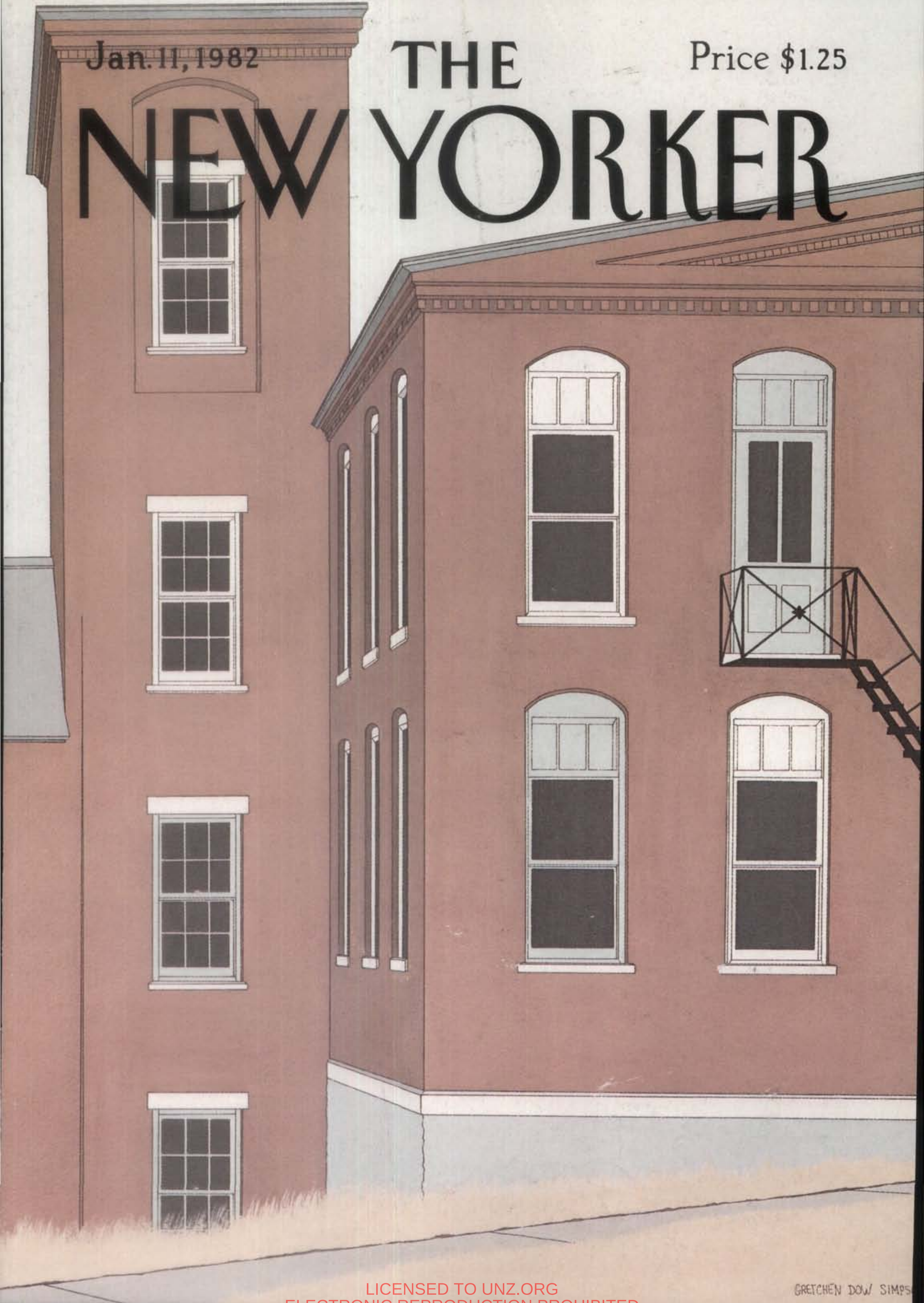
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/81.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes, wonderfully well acted. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dreams Deferred—A play by Laurence Holder. Opens Thursday, Jan. 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dresser—An oddly Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1947 musical **STREET SCENE**, with music by Kurt Weill, lyrics by Langston Hughes, and a book by Elmer Rice based on his own play of the same title. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Francis—A musical based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Joseph Leonardo (book), Stephen Jankowski (music), and Kenny Morris (lyrics). John Dossett has the title role. Reopens on Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Good Parts—A comedy by Israel Horovitz, with Tony Roberts at the head of the cast. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 6:45. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Jan. 8, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grown Ups—Jules Feiffer has written an almost plotless play about a neurotic *Times* man and his dreary family. The literary method employed is largely that of furious harangue, with a few Feifferian jokes thrown in. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 18 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays a 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevi Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lope as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a youn bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons The performances, under Barnet Kellman' direction, are all that any dramatist—new o old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Tw productions in a revival of sixteen plays an musicals that were originally presented during the sixties. Through Sunday, Jan. 10: **TH UNSEEN HAND**, by Sam Shepard. Nightly a 7. . . . **GODSPELL**, by John-Michael Tebelak an Stephen Schwartz. Nightly at 8. (La Mama 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Mis Horne is on vacation now. The show wil reopen on Tuesday, Jan. 19.

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday Jan. 10: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday Jan. 13: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Eastside, 33 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays throug Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays a 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's cleve

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DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Ed Arno, Charles Saxon, Charles E. Martin, Arnie Levin, Roz Chast, Leo Cullum, Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Burt Silverman, Chon Day, Dana Fradon, Frank Modell, Roz Zanengo, Mischa Richter, Charles Barsotti*

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talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie and **Playing with Fire**—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

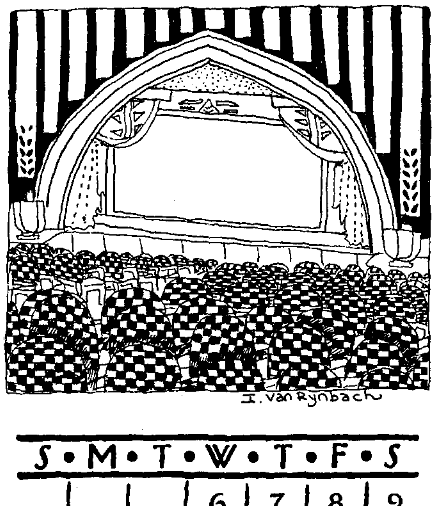
Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

No End of Blame—Scenes from the frustrating life of a Hungarian political cartoonist who eventually gets a job on a left-wing newspaper in London. The English dramatist is Howard Barker, and much of what he has written is shrewd and humorous and ingenious, but the play as a whole is somewhat curdled by his own bitterness about such matters as truth and freedom. The performance, under Walton Jones' direction, goes very well. With Gene O'Neill, Michael Gross, and Robin Bartlett, among other competent actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Phoenix Theatre—John Lithgow in a one-man show, **KAUFMAN AT LARGE**, adapted by him from the writings of George S. Kaufman. Good actor though John Lithgow is, he is not ideally cast as G.S.K. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and



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Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

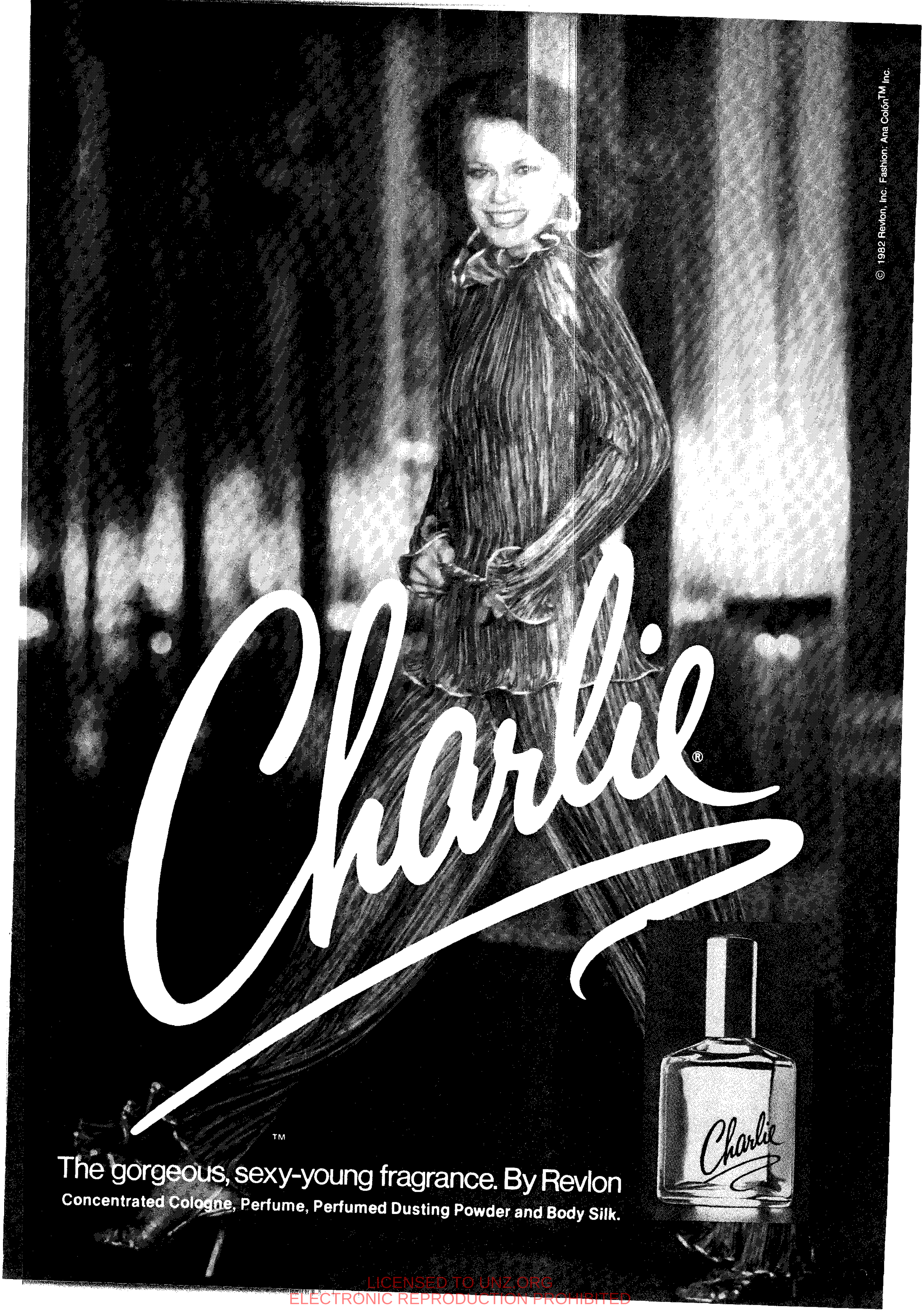
Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Twelve Dreams—A fantasy, by James Lapine, based on a case history of Jung's, about a little girl's self-destroying nightmares. The Jungian appurtenances are trying, but the script is expertly written, and the production, under Mr. L.'s direction, is rich and imaginative. The beautiful score was composed by Allen Shawn. With James Olson, Carole Shelley, Marcell Rosenblatt, Stefan Schnabel, Valerie Mahaffey, Thomas Hulce, and Olivia Laurel Mates (as the dreamer). All are good. (1/4/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A so-called "comedy with music," written, directed, and acted by Melvin Van Peebles, whose talent, energy, and attractiveness are everywhere apparent but who has plainly undertaken more than any one man should. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Loudon, and Regina Baff fill this rather thin little comedy with a brisk and sometimes touching liveliness. The author is Ernest Thompson, who wrote "On Golden Pond." (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS**: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Firth plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM**: David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246 0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the ar of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and Pete Evans. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus job in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541 6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author i Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A sentimental musica about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,024 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St, at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY**: Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET**: Once upon a tim there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brother musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical tha has been fashioned from the movie musical i just as silly but by no means as wonderful With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757 7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through



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Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Treat Williams, Patrick Cassidy, Kaye Ballard, George S. Irving, David Garrison, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines (who has just taken over for his brother, Gregory) and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting a double bill of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 7-8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "In G Major," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Ballo della Regina," "Andantino," "Capriccio Italien," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 10: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 10: "In G Major," "Capriccio Italien," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Ballo della Regina," "Andantino," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "The Goldberg Variations," "Mozartiana," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Ballade," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

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PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:30: "Molly's Not Dead," "The Detail of Phoebe Strickland," "Day Two," and a solo dance. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Bonsai," "Walklyndon," "The Empty Suitor," "Monkshood's Farewell," and two solo dances. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8 and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Ciona," "Walklyndon," "Shizen," "Untitled," and two solo dances. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 14—Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Jan. 13, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Fête Noire," "The Four Temperaments," and "Firebird" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2: "Paquita," "A Streetcar Named Desire" (company première), and "Troy Game." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY—Final performances of a full-length work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 6-10, at 8.)

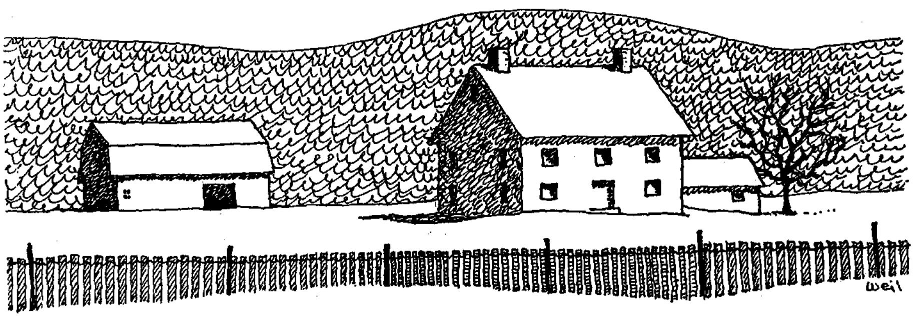
SATORU SHIMAZAKI AND DANCERS—A program featuring two Isadora Duncan works ("Mother" and "Revolutionary") and two premières by Mr. Shimazaki ("Autumn" and "Nocturnal"). (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 6-9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 246-8484.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will occupy it at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. **TAL FARLOW,** the stunning heir apparent to Charlie Christian in the forties an fifties, until he dropped out of the musi scene in 1957, came back last year, and her he is again, his touch and his harmonic sensibilities intact. Watching him play a set, on might wonder why he was in semiretiremen for so long—he appears to be totally at ease and he grins the whole time he's playing whether it's during his solos or during solo by his sidemen, which are generously lon and which receive his enthusiastic comping Mr. Farlow and his trio perform through Sunday, Jan. 10. On Tuesday, Jan. 12, **ANITA O'DA** will move in to sing here. There are usuall three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.



BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228 6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficien seating (there are tables and chairs for fou hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and what's more, the shows usually begin on time Thursday, Jan. 7, British folkie Richar Thompson will drop in; Friday and Saturday Jan. 8-9, American folkie **TOM PAXTON** wi trade sets with Interplay, an improvisationa music and comedy troupe; on Thursday, Jan 14, drummer Thelonious Monk, Jr., will lea his funk band, T. S. Monk; and on Friday an Saturday, Jan. 15-16, the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** guitarist **TONY PURRONE,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND**—will be onstage. Show Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirt and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining. Close Wednesday, Jan. 6.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228 6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, an inhabited by professional conversationalists who often take a break and listen to th worthwhile live music, after all these years The piano-bass lineup: **JOHN HICKS** and **AR DAVIS** through Saturday, Jan. 9, and **LARR WILLIS** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Monday Jan. 11. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eight Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swingin **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten i Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *ver* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets a impressive second wind. He's here from ten thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays Dining.

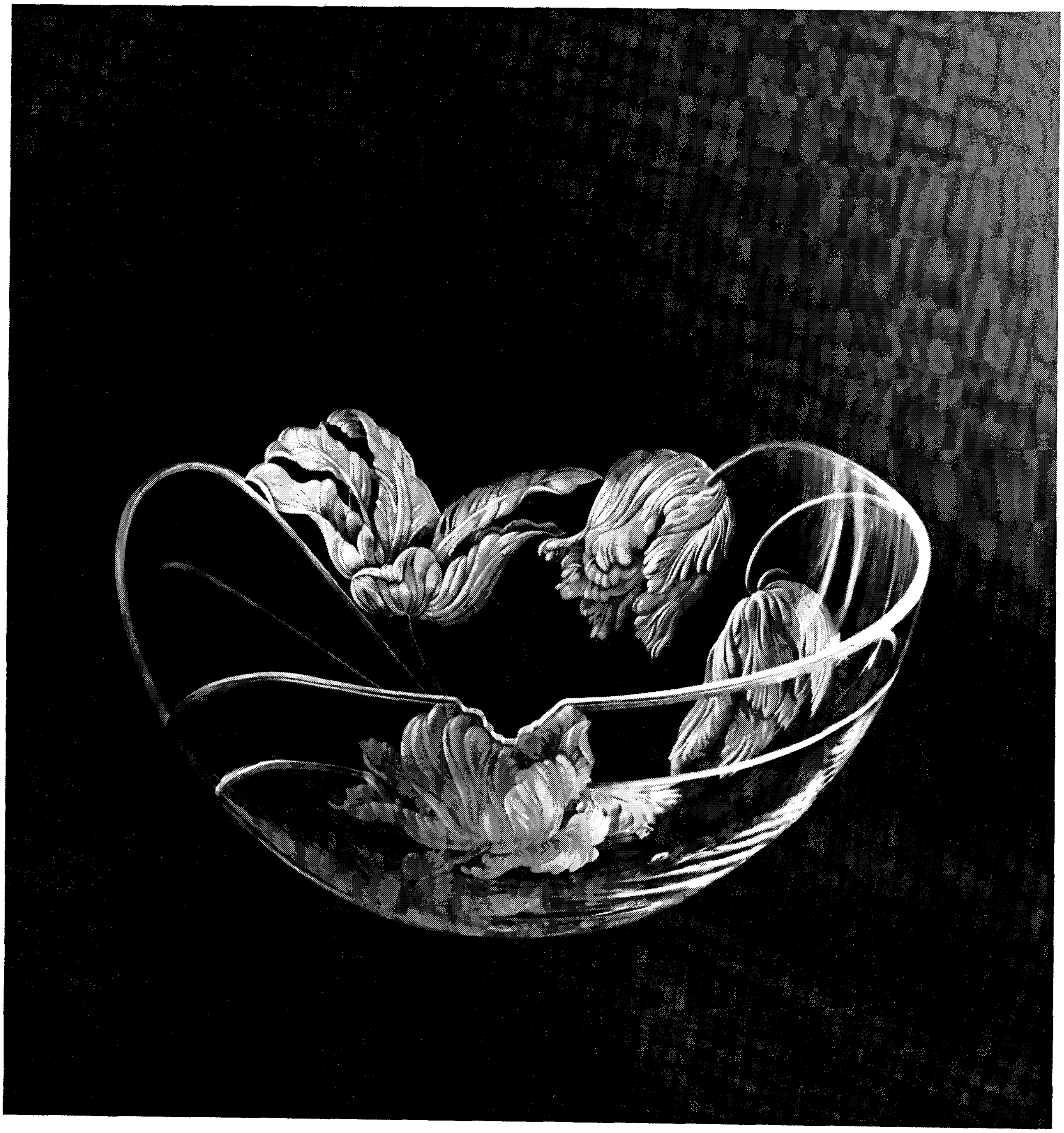
CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloa Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema an Copacabana beaches, and the more than fou million resident Cariocas is this second-floo Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there i recorded American and Brazilian disco musi and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. a 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on hi resonant seven-string (the seventh string is bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesday through Saturdays from nine to one. Dinin and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744 1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture o the Café Carlyle and now, it seems, a fre agent, is back for a visit (through Jan. 23) paying his respects to Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and others, while his admirers pay him theirs. He's got, as usual, bassist **BEVERLY PEE** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** with him, and they appear Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at he nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelman Bar.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757 9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLI LARKINS,** a diffident performer and a delicate elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnigh nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Roc



Only one will bloom this year

Tulip Bowl, by Luciana G. Roselli, is copper wheel engraved in meticulous detail. The first was made last year and only one will be made each year until the limited edition of five is complete. Diameter 12½". Signed Steuben.

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STEUBEN GLASS

and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Jan. 6, the Schemers, the Jammies, and the Rich Deans Band; Thursday, Jan. 7, the Tapes and Chris Moffa & the Competition; Friday, Jan. 8, Marshall Crenshaw and Excalibur; and Saturday, Jan. 9, the Swinging Madisons. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday-through-Tuesday slot has been filled by composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who presents show tunes, mostly in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 6, Louis Killen and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Jan. 7, Calle, Strade, Strasse; Saturday, Jan. 9, Diamonds in the Rough; Sunday, Jan. 10, guitarists Ian Buchanan and Ari Eisinger; and Wednesday, Jan. 13, Johnny Cunningham and the Derby Ram. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 10, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will lead a quartet that will feature **CHUCK WAYNE** on guitar, **RONNIE BEDFORD** on drums, and **REGGIE JOHNSON** on bass. From nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** the master, is here through Sunday, Jan. 10; on Tuesday, Jan. 12, **TITO PUENTE** will arrive with his timbals, his marimba, and his Latin-jazz outfit. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music from their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassists **AL HALL** (on Saturdays) and **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** pianist **GENE RODGERS,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—collectively, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—perform from nine on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. Three are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 6, singer Carmen Lundy; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN;** Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI;** and Saturday, Jan. 16, singer Lee Genesis. On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** is the musical attraction, and on Mondays bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** gig with guest players. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from seven to ten except Sundays, when singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** takes over the place from five until ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warm; besides, it's where you can hear **AL HAIG,** one of the first and still one of the best bop pianists, who will be here through Saturday, Jan. 9. On Tuesday, Jan. 12, **JOHN BUNCH** will take over the piano. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays.

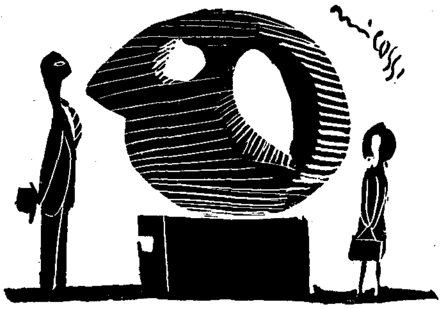
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style through Saturday, Jan. 9. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 10-11, **RED RICHARDS** will play piano from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Horn of Plenty, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—In the music room in this maze of dining rooms and floor levels, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is presenting concert-style sets in which she plays piano and sings in her clear, unembellished, diminutive voice. She's here from six-thirty to eight through Saturday, Jan. 9.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Bob Curtis is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Thursdays, guitarist and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides his ten-piece Brazilian band, **AMAZON,** which features **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will head up a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, the multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will move in with a quintet that features alto saxophonists **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and **JERRY DODGION** and that plays music from the Middle East, South America, and Tompkins Square Park. Music from eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL,** lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.



Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are two of the reasons; they're here Tuesdays through Saturdays. And **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who make up one of the livelier piano-bass duos in town, are two more good reasons; they have the Sunday-and-Monday shift. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 6, blues-folk singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Thursday, Jan. 7, Texas rock-and-roll keyboardist **AUGIE MEYERS;** and Thursday, Jan. 14, Texas swing and rockabilly fiddler **ALVIN CROW.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A brand-new jazz club. Strenuous long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** will perform with his unit through Sunday, Jan. 10; on Tuesday, Jan. 12, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden and of singer Barbara McNair, whose shows run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has settled in to work with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF,** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell South American woollens; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 6-7, French Toast; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Jan. 11, singer Miles Jaye; Tuesday, Jan. 12, Cookie Watkins; Wednesday, Jan. 13, Nitesprite; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music, from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. On Thursday, Jan. 7, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** which includes bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** and singer **ESTHER MARROW,** will perform some very fine R. & B.; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, will belong to Peggy Blue & the Blue Pearl. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big rock-and-rollers' space that could be

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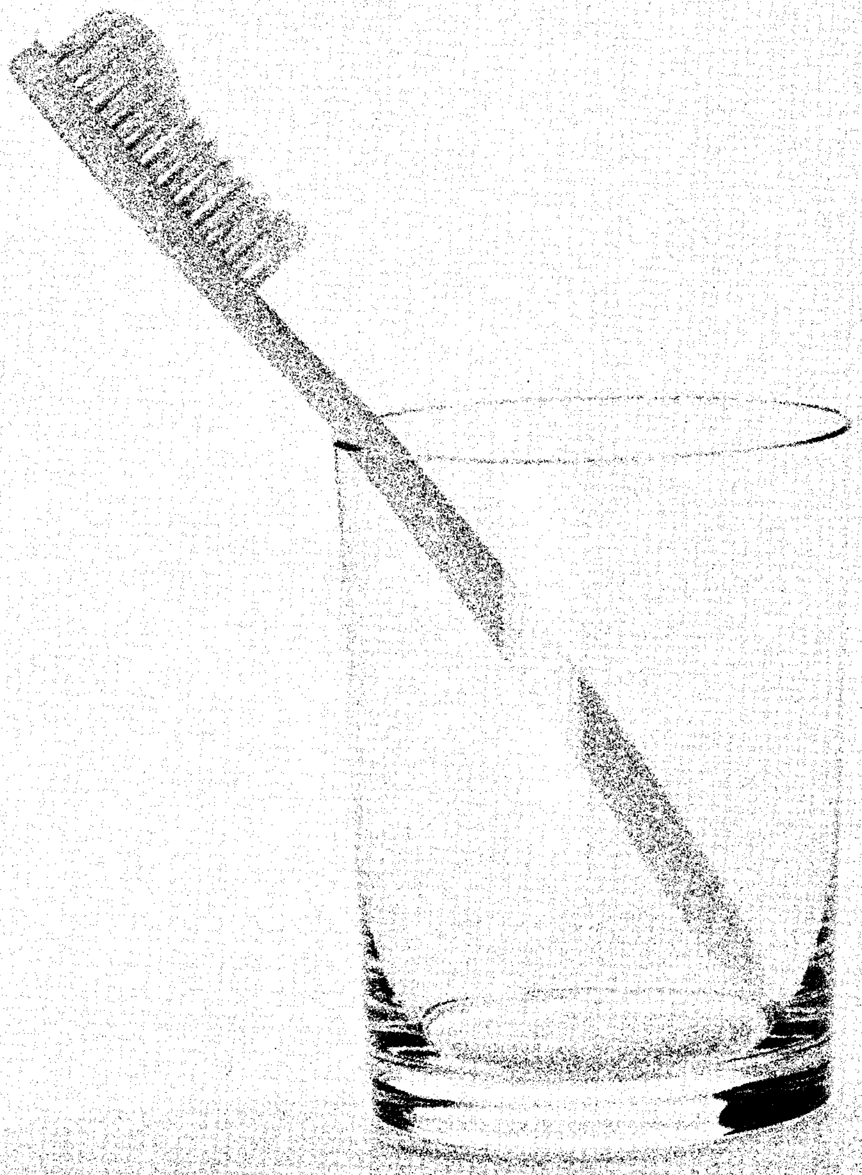

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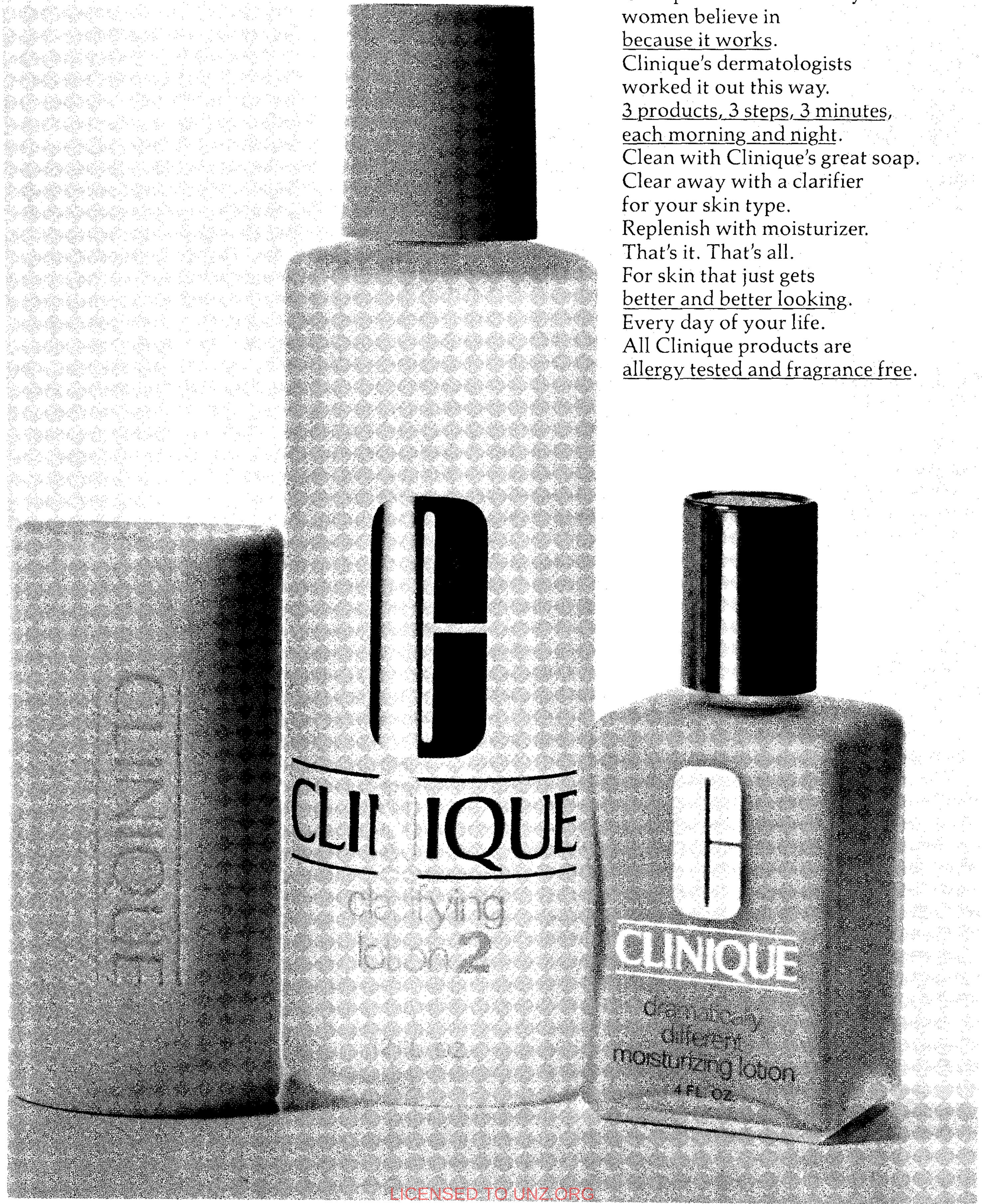
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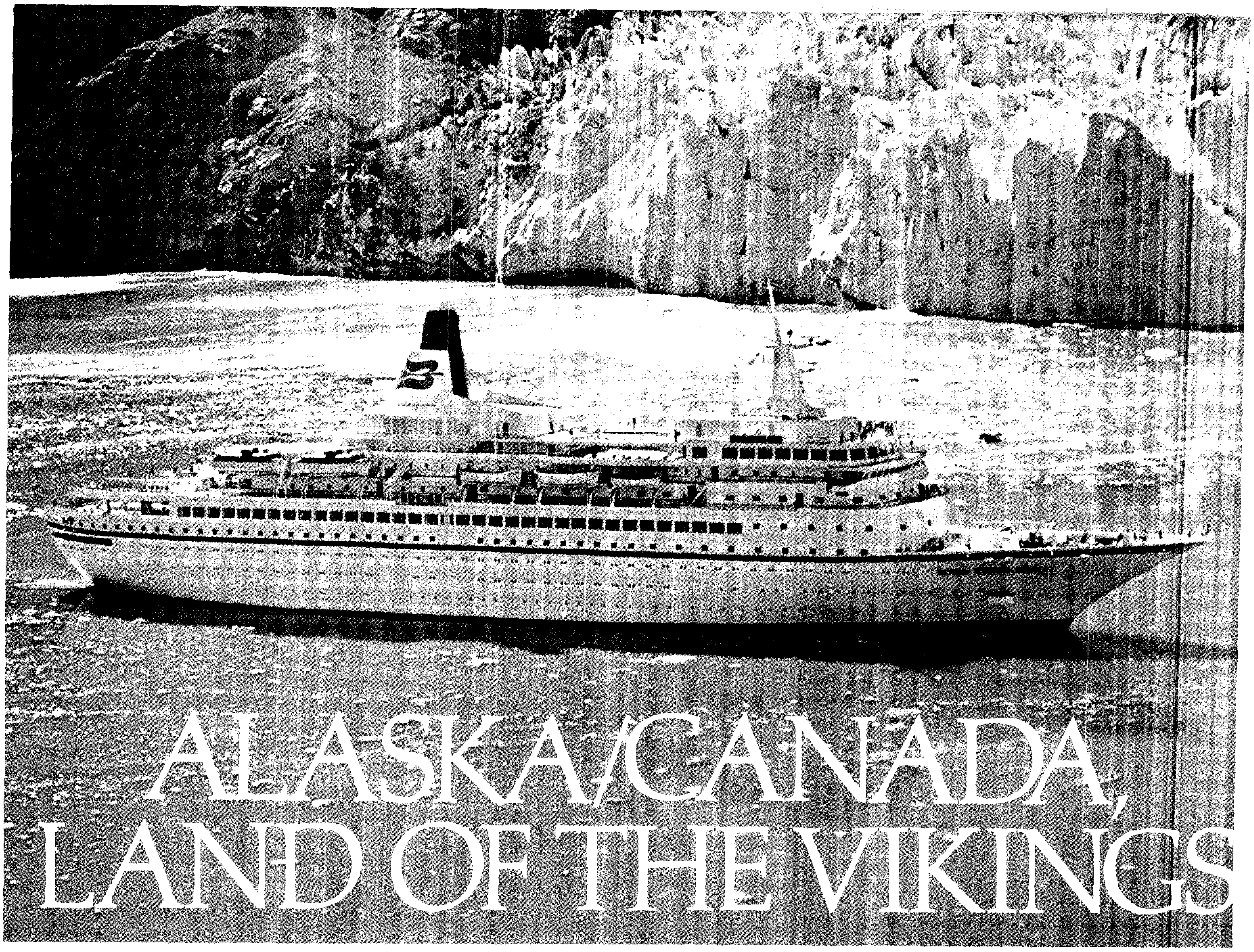

ALASKA/CANADA, LAND OF THE VIKINGS

Sail with Royal Viking Line this summer when the days are warm and twilight lingers on. Through icy blue waters where whales and porpoises play. Past mountains that rise from the sea. And islands, frosted green. A breathtaking journey, woven by snow-laced passages, to the unspoiled beauty of Alaska and Canada. Even more spectacular aboard Royal Viking Line.

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For more information or reservations, see your travel ager—the one person who'll plan your trip and book your cruise, c write Royal Viking Line, Dept. L-02, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, CA 94111.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, Jan. 6, the Heroes; Thursday, Jan. 7, the Del-Byzanteens; Friday, Jan. 8, **POLYROCK;** and Saturday, Jan. 9, the Drive-Ins and Panther Burns. The music *might* begin before midnight.

INBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building—one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. **SY OLIVER'S** bouncy dance orchestra is at work Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. 876-0440)—A large, busy establishment hat has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Z, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom hat dates from 1935, when the building was emodelled—the building itself dates from .889—to accommodate neighborhood social-lub dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, ixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday hrough Friday, Jan. 6-8, Nils Lofgren; Saturday, Jan. 9, Shirts and Rousers; Monday, an. 11, Moonbeam; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, the **PRETENDERS;** and Friday nd Saturday, Jan. 15-16, Ian Hunter. Shows end to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in he city leads to one of the most stunning hoel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House f Tributes. The current tribute, "They Say t's Wonderful," honors Irving Berlin and tars Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays hrough Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and leven-thirty. Dining.

ENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-oor jazz club, in which most of the walls are efreshingly austere. Much of the music is mplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-hirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 6, Liette Wilson; Thursday, Jan. 7, pianist **JOANNE RACKEEN;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **AIR**—drummer **STEVE MC CALL,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** nd saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**—the avant-arde trio that plays red-hot ragtime (and ther things); Sunday, Jan. 10, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft; and Tuesday, Jan. 12, Chuck Loeb and Friends.

R AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pre-entious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **CEDAR WALTON** nd **RON CARTER** will team up on piano and ass, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-6, another piano-bass duo, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **ARTY RIVERA,** will be on hand. Music from bout ten.

ET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. 242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** has ounded up bassist **RICHARD DAVIS,** pianist **KENNY ARRON,** drummer **FREDDIE WAITS,** and saxophonist **RICKY FORD** to perform through Saturday, an. 9; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 10-11, ianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will be accompanied y bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **BILLY HART;** nd on Tuesday, Jan. 12, **ABBEY LINCOLN** will egin singing. Shows from about ten. Dining.

MPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, . & B., and reggae music: Wednesdays hrough Saturdays are now the property of New Orleans pianist and singer **COUSIN JOE.** If ou wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find he **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, seting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," teely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that igh-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin ometime after nine-thirty.

X, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. 799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The nderstated entrance is easy to miss. Some of he musicians: Wednesday, Jan. 6, Candy

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Apple and Rhythm Method; Thursday, Jan. 7, the Locals, Hooks, and Colors; Friday, Jan. 8, Shrapnel; Saturday, Jan. 9, Robert Hazard & the Heros and Blotto; Monday, Jan. 11, Ruts D.C., Gas, and Roll-Ons; Tuesday, Jan. 12, Pam Windo and Bangs; Wednesday, Jan. 13, Nobody's Fool and Pedestrians; and Thursday, Jan. 14, Gary Shann. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine-thirty for exuberant audiences; on Monday, Jan. 11, **TITO PUENTE'S** Latin-jazz band and La Sensual will perform, as will their guest soloist, conga drummer **DANIEL PONCE.** On Friday, Jan. 15, trombonist **AL GREY** will head up a combo from ten-thirty. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his seventeen-piece band are playing every night through Monday, Jan. 11, and with a special guest soloist, trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER,** too. On Tuesday, Jan. 12, cool-school trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER** will bring in his quartet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

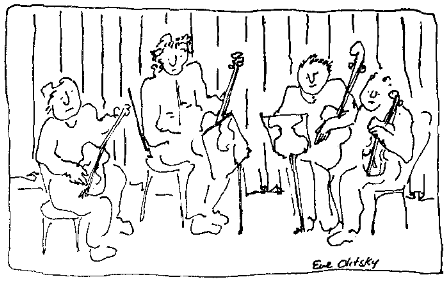
WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** through Friday, Jan. 8; blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE'S** quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10; drummer Shelton Gary on Wednesday, Jan. 13; and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY'S** Jazz Sultans Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 14-16. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JURY'S IRISH CABARET OF DUBLIN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Saxophonists Pepper Adams, Sonny Fortune, Scott Hamilton, and Bob Wilber honoring their predecessors—including Sidney Bechet, Johnny Hodges, and Charlie (Yardbird) Parker. Also performing will be Tommy Flanagan, Connie Kay, Phil Flanigan, and Pug Horton. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

PRETENDERS—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday through Monday, Jan. 9-11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.



ALAN STIVELL—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.

AL GREY AND THE JAZZ REVUE—With Byrdie Green, Willene Barton, Bernadine Warren, and others. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Friday, Jan. 15, at 11.)

JACO PASTORIUS—With Randy Brecker, Bobby Mintzer, and others. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 9.)

BUTCH MORRIS—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GEORG BASELITZ—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by this German artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

THOMAS HART BENTON (1889-1975)—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—New paintings, a number of them self-portraits. Through Jan. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ANTHONY PADOVANO / JOHN HELD, JR. (1889-1958)—Smooth and textured abstract stone sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. / Watercolors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID SCHIRM—Abstract paintings and drawings, plus small constructions. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

WALASSE TING—Figurative paintings in acrylic washes on rice paper; some of them are of nudes. Through Feb. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM TURNBULL—Bronzes: small figurines, primitive masks, and torsos. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Small-scale oils and drawings: figure studies (nudes, mostly) and still-lifes, all from the sixties. Through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROWNE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints, often witty, of people making prints, and of others looking at them. Included are one work apiece by Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec and three by John Sloan. Through Jan. 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings—sixty in all. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A single conceptual piece each by Vito Acconci, Rudolf Baranik, Joseph Beuys, and Ana Mendieta. Through Jan. 23. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DIANE BURKO AND MARIANN MILLER—Large-scale landscapes in colored pencil on D'Arches paper by Miss Burko, and in oil on canvas by Miss Miller. Through Jan. 30. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Stabiles, mobiles, and gouaches. Through Jan. 23. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JACK CHEVALIER—Constructions derived from motifs in American Indian and African artifacts. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—New abstract works. Through Jan. 23. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAAS—Photographs and models of some of the trompe-l'oeil façades he has painted on buildings, among them his first mural, at 112 Prince Street. Through Friday, Jan. 15. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Hall / John Willenbecher—Paintings, among them a twelve-foot canvas showing an ocean liner being docked at night by tugboats. / Geometric constructions that bring classical art to mind. Through Jan. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings dating from 1937 to the year before his death. Through Jan. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Lord—Earthenware sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Landscapes, some of which the artist looks out upon from his upstate-New York studio windows. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67) / **Hans Namuth**—Watercolors and a few oils from 1945 to 1951, predating his monochromatic compositions. / Seventy photographs of artists, among them Saul Steinberg, Ad Reinhardt, Louise Nevelson, and Joseph Beuys. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Stephen Mazoh & Co., 13 E. 76th St., is showing ten oils by Reinhardt which date from 1937 to 1952. Through Friday, Jan. 8.

Charles Seliger—Abstract watercolors. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Geri Taper—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract paintings from the past four years. Through Jan. 30. (Sachs Gallery and Haber Theodore Gallery, both at 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Turner—"The Marked Woods," and other paintings by an artist attracted to wooded landscapes. Through Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Valenta—Constructions: cadmium-yellow canvases tied to wood frameworks. Through Jan. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—New paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jim Youngerman—Narrative watercolors; some are remakes of familiar masterpieces with alterations and additions—an electric fan in Jan van Eyck's "Arnolfini's Wedding." Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Friday, Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with it in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Balthus, Vija Celmins, Irving Petlin, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Swain, Dee Shapiro, Edgar Buonagurio, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Deborah Clearman—Paintings of people relaxing at lakeside campsites. Through Jan. 20. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

William N. Copley—Recent comic, bawdy paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Carolyn Parker / Jackie Carson—*Photo-Realist* paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

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Leon Polk Smith—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Andy Spence—Geometric paintings and preparatory drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Boaz Vaadia—Recent sculptures in which cedar logs support pieces of found stone, such as bluestone. Through Jan. 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Paintings and other works on religious themes but not necessarily reverential. For instance, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt uses tinfoil to make an altar, and Italo Scanga's representation of Jesus is a stick figure on a carved totem. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Three artists: Joseph Raffael showing flower and fish monotypes, Alan Siegel showing chair forms, and Philip Wofford exhibiting abstract drawings and prints. Through Wednesday, Jan. 13. . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Erté, Jean Cocteau, William Crovello, Clayton Pond, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **MARINO**, *489 Broome St.: Works on paper*, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PROTETCH**, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, John Hejduk, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 23. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 392 West Broadway: New work by some of the gallery artists, including a wall-relief-and-mosaic that is Ned Smyth's study for a sculpture commissioned for Penn Station; large Polaroid photographs by William Wegman; and a two-color painting by Valerie Jaudon. Through Jan. 27. . . . **STEWART NEILL**, 136 Greene St.: Clouds as seen in still-lifes, landscapes, and abstractions by more than forty artists, among them Helen Miranda Wilson, Yvonne Jacquette, John MacWhinnie, and (quite appropriately) Ivy Sky Rutzky. Through Feb. 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

Alan Kikuchi-Yngojo / Roseanne Generalli—Collaged color photographs. / Drawings in pastel and watercolor. Through Jan. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Friday, Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Kazuo Shinohara—Photographic blowups, models, floor plans, and section drawings for eleven private houses by this Japanese architect. Through Friday, Jan. 8. (Institute for *Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th* St.)

Cooper Union—A hundred and eleven artis and architects showing, in response to an i vitation from two Cooper Union professo designs for three architectural elements: wi dow, room, furniture. Although an eight-inc square paper was specified, some took libe ties with this restriction. Through Jan. 2 (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Buil ing, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays throu Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Group Show—Paintings and photograph mostly, with admittedly ludicrous subjec i.e., dogs dressed in shirts and ties. Throu Jan. 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; op Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A hundred and fifty pho graphs tracing the artist's years as a portr photographer in Paris (the twenties) and a documentary photographer in New York (t thirties). Through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Intern tional Center of Photography, 1130 Fi Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ another room at the Center: A group sh that pairs photographs of similar subj matter—for example, Abbott's Second A nue El alongside Andreas Feininger (Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Richard Avedon / The Howes Brothers—Pa fashion shows from the forties and fifties a a group of portraits. / Turn-of-the-cent New England platinum prints by three it erant commercial photographers who reco ed all aspects of life there, from men a women in their workplaces to the homes those for whom they undoubtedly work Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Neikrug, 224 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 6.)

E. J. Bellocq (1873-1949)—The first exhibiti of all eighty-eight of his portraits of Sto ville prostitutes. They were printed by I Friedlander from Bellocq's glass-plate ne tives. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Freid 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Richard Benson—Photographs of the Brook Bridge and other subjects. Through Saturd Jan. 9. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert D'Alessandro—Photographs of landsca and sky (New Mexico) and architecture a sky (New York and other cities). Throu Feb. 5. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 6 St.)

Ralph Steiner—Photographs recently prin from old negatives, a number of them fr the twenties. Through Jan. 23. (Prakapas, E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8

George A. Tice—A retrospective of photogra from the past three decades. Through J 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42 St.—"American Photographers and the N tional Parks" documents (in close to t hundred photographs by thirty-five artis the parallel histories of landscape phot raphy and the national parks. There are h torical and contemporary views by Watki O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, West and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety- early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hi and others) owned by the library. Throu March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **LEDEL**, 168 Mercer Vintage prints by Ansel Adams, Ruth Be hard, Alfred Stieglitz, and others. Throu Thursday, Jan. 14. (Opens at noon.) . . . **LIG** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A tenth-anniv sary show of recent work by twenty-four p tographers associated with the galle among them are Harry Callahan, Fra Gohlke, Emmet Gowin, Robert Heineck and Linda Connor. Through Jan. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. The Costume Institute's tenth annual fash show, focussing primarily on the eighteen century French woman but also encompa ing her European and American count parts. A 1770 French evening gown an 1759 wedding dress from the Netherlands two of nearly a hundred and twenty-five tumes worn by nearly a hundred and twenty-five mannequins; almost all are creations of embroidered silks appointed with lace and ribbons, but here and there there are examples of clothes designed for outings of lesser extravagance, such as riding habits and a red woollen hooded cape from 1775 America. . . . ¶ A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Twenty hand-colored aquatints by Robert Andrew Parker. Through Jan. 24. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." All the works are from the John M. Crawford, Jr., Collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth-anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor) but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Hera which incorporates slides, film, and audio. . . . ¶ Installations by twelve artists (Warner Wada, Judith Schwarz, and Richard Miller among them); Benny Andrews was the curator. Through Saturday, Jan. 16.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nearly a hundred and fifty books by Russian avant-garde writers and artists, from 1910-30. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photocopy art. Through Feb. 6.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Peg Ahrens (music), Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Defunkt (music), Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; Liza Bear (video), Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30; Stephanie Skura & Yvonne Meier (performance), Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Liz Pasquale (performance) and Jim Neu, John Nesci, and Paul Galasso (performance), Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Christian Marclay (performance) and Charles Dennis (performance), Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation (lights, video, sound, and drawings) by Joseph Nechvatal. Through Jan. 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 11: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gwynn Cornell, Gerd Brenneis, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 6. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 1:30.)

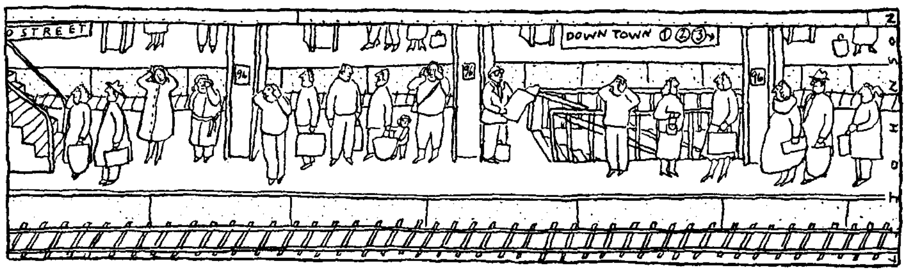
Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Vaughan Williams' "Hugh the Drover," staged by Linda Brovsky, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30: A Brahms-Prokofieff-Hindemith program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8, and Friday, Jan. 15, at 2: A program including the première of George Walker's Cello Concerto, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and Lorne Munroe, cello.

New Orleans Philharmonic—Philippe Entremont conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Janos Starker, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting.



(Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 8, a Mozart-Tippett-Debussy program, with György Pauk, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8, a Debussy-Dvořák program; no soloists.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Marcy Rosen, cello, and Naoko Tanaka, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Agostino Steffani's opera "L'Amor Vien dal Destino," in concert form, with D'Anna Fortunato, Elaine Bonazzi, and Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-sopranos; Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; John Ostendorf, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a *Haydn-Mendelssohn-Prokofieff* program, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and Katsurako Mikami, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the New York première of Undine Smith Moore's oratorio "Scenes from the Life of a Martyr" and Beethoven's "*Der glorreiche Augenblick*," with Esther Hinds, soprano; Isola Jones, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Arthur Woodley, bass; and William Warfield, narrator. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. *Saturday*, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Diane Walsh—Piano, in an all-Mozart recital. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Daniel Phillips, violin and viola; and Sharon Robinson and Jeffrey Solow, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Gervase de Peyer—Clarinet, with Christopher O'Riley, piano, and Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with Sharon Robinson, cello; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program entitled "The Golden Age of Brass: Venice Around 1600." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—A program entitled "Music, Computers, and Electronics." With Ronald Anderson, trumpet, and George Shirley, tenor. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

John Browning—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Mozart-Verdi program, with Ida Kavafian, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and André-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.) . . . ¶ Ik-Hwan Bae, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; and Earl Wild and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music—The Juilliard String Quartet, with Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

David Hollander—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

The Bach Winterfest—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Linda Comparone, flute; Joanna Jenner, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. For information about *tickets, call 666-9427.*)

Susan Starr—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available forty-five minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Harry Clark and Sanda Schuldmann—Cello and piano, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The seventh in a series of eight concerts will be performed by Jaap Schröder, violin; Louis Bagger, harpsichord; and Myron Lutzke, cello. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Todd Crow—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

I Amici—A seven-member chamber ensemble, with Yuval Waldman, violin, and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Allegri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 2.)

Chantal Juillet—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Sylvia Zaremba—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Craig Sheppard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Zitta Finkelstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8—there will be a pre-concert recital devoted to Israeli music at 7:15.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by William McKinley, Ben Weber, Stravinsky, and Paul Alan Levi. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Roberto Aussel—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Soprano and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The second of four programs to be presented this season will be devoted to music from medieval times, with Julianne Baird and Cheryl Bensman, sopranos; Allan Fast, countertenor; Patrick Romano, *tenor*; William Sharp, baritone; Kurt Richards, bass; and instrumentalists performing on original antique instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Syracuse Society for New Music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Douglas Reed—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a Beethoven-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

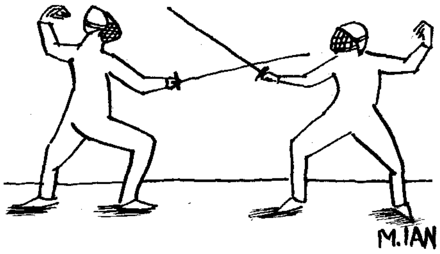
Janos Starker and Shigeo Neriki—The first of two recitals devoted to Beethoven's complete works for cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music for a While—A program of music of fifteenth-century Burgundy. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Alfred Schnittke Retrospective Concert—A program of his works performed by Continuum, a group including Jane Bryden, soprano; Marilyn Dubow, Geoffrey Michaels, and Elisabeth Perry, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, harpsichord; Joel Sachs, pianist-conductor; the Canticum Novum Singers, directed by Harold Rosenbaum; and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Washington, Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Monday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Thursday, Jan. 14. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Jan. 11, at 8:05. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, March 12.

Tennis—Volvo Masters: Jose-Luis Clerc, Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Roscoe Tanner, Eliot Teltscher, Guillermo Vilas, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 13-15, at 1 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 16, at noon; semifinal doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 7:30; and *final singles match and final* doubles match, Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 685-8780.)

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 8, through Saturday, Aug. 7.

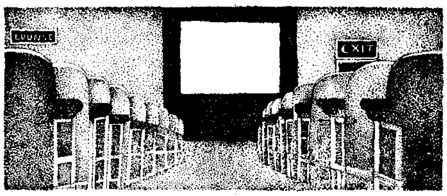
ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—T. Carmi reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ June Jordan and Alberto Rios reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional walk-through model of Manhattan is back, with a taxi that can be climbed into (complete with passenger and talking driver) and a tableau depicting the purchase of the island from the Indians. (Burlington House lobby, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6; entrance fee of $2 or less, depending.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

tle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
'American Success" (directed by William Richert), with Jeff Bridges and Bianca Jagger.

t, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
'Chariots of Fire." (†)

Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 7: "Arthur" (†) and "Nine to Five." (†)
an. 8-14: "Cutter's Way" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
rom Jan. 15: To be announced.

amercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
'Arthur." (†)

y Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
'Reds." (†)

rray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
'Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

ews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-544)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

h St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
'Ragtime." (†)

tside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
'Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

ton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
'Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

tham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
'Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

za, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
'Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

nhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-420)
heatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Atlantic City." (†) From Jan. 13: A seven-day festival of Israeli films, eleven in all, shown in Hebrew with English subtitles. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules.
heatre 2: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

onet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-663)
heatre 1: "Ragtime." (†)
heatre 2: "Reds." (†)

W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

iema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-022/0774)
heatre 1: "On Golden Pond." (†)
heatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

mini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
heatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
heatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

kman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

ws New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-339)
heatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. From Jan. 8: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
heatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

h St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

ws Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Absence of Malice." (†)

d Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; ondays through Thursdays, theatre opens the late afternoon.)
hrough Jan. 7: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
an. 8-14: "Arthur." (†)
rom Jan. 15: To be announced.

A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
hrough Jan. 14: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.
rom Jan. 15: "Boogens."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Traveling Hopefully" (directed by John G. Avildsen); and "In Our Water" (Meg Switzgable).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 16 (tentative): "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Jan. 8: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
Theatre 2: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 8: "Blood Wedding" (1981, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: "Pixote." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pennies from Heaven." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Four Friends." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Jan. 14: "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maxmilian Schell; in German).
From Jan. 15: "Over the Edge" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Absence of Malice." (†)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André." (†)
Theatre 3: "Pixote." (†)

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Opera Prima" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse. From Jan. 15: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "The Devil's Playground." (†) From Jan. 8: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Jan. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 14: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Jan. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 14: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 14: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. From Jan. 15: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. From Jan. 8: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 8: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 3: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir, an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 3: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle" (1978; François Leterrier), with Sylvia Kristel.
Theatre 4: "Body Heat."
Theatre 5: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

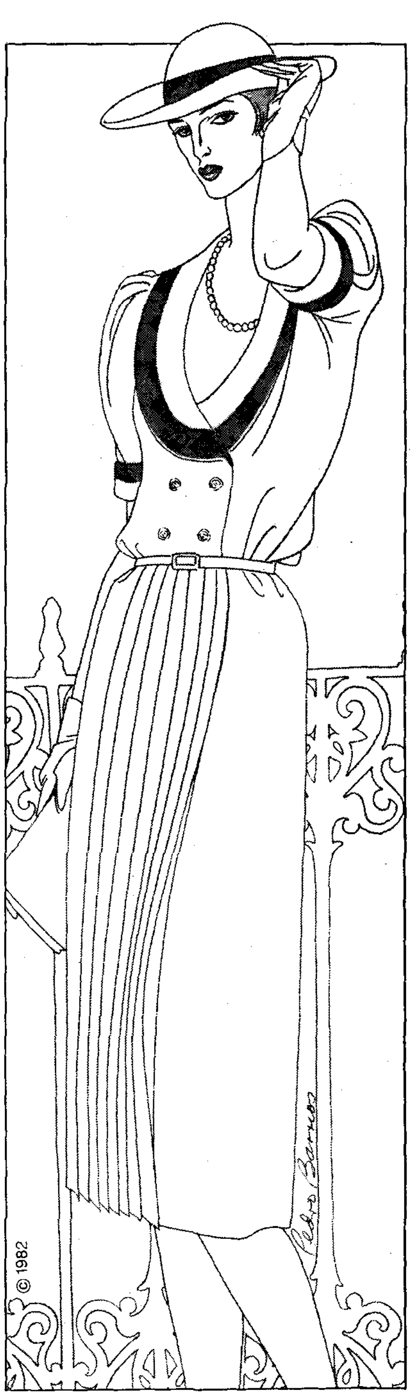
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 14: "Fighting Mad" (1978), with Jayne Kennedy and Leon Isaac Kennedy. From Jan. 15: "Revenge of the Shogun Women." In 3-D.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 14: "Time Bandits." (†) From Jan. 15: "Revenge of the Shogun Women." In 3-D.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Modern Problems" (Ken Shaprio), with Chevy Chase.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "An American



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. Jan. 8-14: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris; and "Preacher Man." From Jan. 15: "Boogens."

R.K.O. Century Cinerama I and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. From Jan. 8: "Graduation Day."
Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 6: "Limelight" (1952; directed by Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
Jan. 7: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.
Jan. 8-9: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Jan. 10: "King Lear" (†) and "Richard III." (†)
Jan. 11: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel; and "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields.
Jan. 12: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "This Transient Life." (†)
Jan. 13: "Waiting for Godot" (1971; Alan Schneider), with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.
Jan. 14: "Potemkin" (†) and "Ten Days That Shook the World." (†)
Jan. 15-16: "Woodstock." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Jan. 7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 8-9: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Jan. 10 through the afternoon of Jan. 11: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Flying Down to Rio." (†)
Jan. 11 at 8:30: "Broadway Bill" (1934; Frank Capra), with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. Miss Loy will be present.
Jan. 12: "Bringing Up Baby" (†); and "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette.
Jan. 13-14: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs." (†)
Jan. 15-16: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 7: "Rebel Without a Cause (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dear Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, an Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (195 Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, Jame Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richar Davalos.
Jan. 8-9: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Ber nardo Bertolucci; in French and English with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider
Jan. 10-12: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Pete Brook), performed by the Royal Shake speare Company; and "Equus." (†)
Jan. 13-14: "Room at the Top" (†) an "Brief Encounter." (†)
Jan. 15-16: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; Davi Hemmings), with David Bowie; and "Som Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), wit Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jac Lemmon.

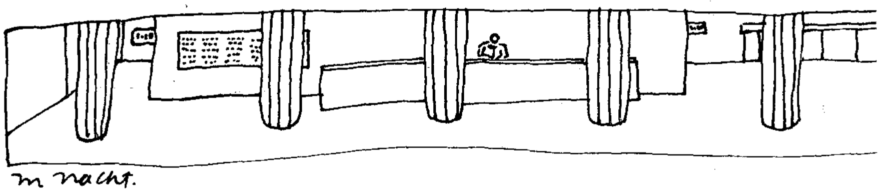
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mo days through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 14: "Raiders of the Lost Ark. (†)
From Jan. 15 (tentative): "Citizen Kan (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jose Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moor head, and Everett Sloane; and "Kir Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Erne B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robe Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47 (246-0717)
Through Jan. 10: To be announced.
Jan. 11-13: "Gentleman's Agreement" (194 Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Doroth McGuire, and John Garfield; and "Th Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, ar Humphrey Bogart.
Jan. 14-15: To be announced.
From Jan. 16: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfr Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Jo Fontaine; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfr Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Grego Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, ar Leo G. Carroll.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47 (246-0717)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 9: "Gaslight" (1944; Geor Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergma Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dan May Whitty; and "Wuthering Height (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Obero Laurence Olivier, and Flora Robson.
Jan. 10-12: "Henry V" (1944; Lauren Olivier), with Olivier.
Jan. 13-16: "The Awful Truth" (†); ar "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), wi Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myr Loy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 6: "Short Eyes" (1977; Robert Young), with Bruce Davison and José Pere and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (197 Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton ar Michael Greer.
Jan. 7: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like M (1973; François Truffaut; in French), wi Bernadette Lafont; and "Bed and Boar (1971; François Truffaut; in French), wi Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.
Jan. 8-9: "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Mall with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarand Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; ar "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Lou Malle; in French), with Lea Massari.
Jan. 10: "That Obscure Object of Desir (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fe nando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Ange Molina; and "The Discreet Charm of t Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in Frenc with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, ar Delphine Seyrig.
Jan. 11: "The Lord of the Rings" (197



Ralph Bakshi), an animated film, and "Animal Farm." (†)

Jan. 12: "The Lady Vanishes" (1979; Anthony Page), with Cybill Shepherd, Elliott Gould, Herbert Lom, and Angela Lansbury.

Jan. 13: "Mater Dolorosa" (1917) and "The Folly of Dr. Tube" (1916), both silent films, directed by Abel Gance.

Jan. 14: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Autumn Leaves" (1956; Robert Aldrich), with Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson, Vera Miles, and Lorne Greene.

Jan. 15-16: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 6: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Jan. 7: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler.

Jan. 8-9: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Jan. 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†); and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Jan. 11: "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "A Day in the Country." (†)

Jan. 12: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case." (†)

Jan. 13: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a silent German film), with Louise Brooks.

Jan. 14: "The Girl from 10th Ave." (1935; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, and Colin Clive; and "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, Ruth Donnelly, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

Jan. 15-16: "The Great McGinty" (†) and "Sullivan's Travels." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Jan. 12: "Fire Walls Four" (1981; directed by Bill Stephens), a multi-channel video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Stephens will be present on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Jan. 6 at 8: "Film Portrait" (1971; Jerome Hill). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" (1928; Jean Epstein, a French film, no English titles) and "Le Sang des Bêtes" (1949; Georges Franju; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Bells of Atlantis" (1952; Ian Hugo), "The End" (1953; Christopher MacLaine), "Little Stabs at Happiness" (1961; Ken Jacobs), and "Blonde Cobra" (1962; Jacobs and Fleischner). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: A program of five films by Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Buster Keaton; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Ballet Mecanique" (1924; Fernand Léger), "Ménilmontant" (1927; Dimitri Kirsanoff), "Lister to Britain" (1941; Humphrey Jennings), and "In the Street" (1945-52; Levitt, Agee, and Loeb). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: A program of eight films by George Landow. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: A program of films by Willard Maas, Marie Menken, and Mike and George Kuchar. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1963-68; Jonas Mekas).

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in April.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the basically insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force investigating the disappearance of a union leader. The story is false—the federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim, and the movie is about how he turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. It's doubtful that people who are out to get even are as calm and well-balanced as this character; Newman gives revenge class, so we can all enjoy it. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires. Sydney Pollack's directing is efficient, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance (especially in the one scene when he blows up at the reporter and hisses his rage right into her ear), and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. As the head of the strike force, Bob Balaban must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Thalia; Jan. 11.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Jan. 8-14.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Jan. 12.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's in top form here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Regency; Jan. 13-16.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Cinema Village; Jan. 13-14.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of

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simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 8-14. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 8.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Visually, it recaptures the Impressionist period; in tone, it accomplishes a transformation from light nostalgic comedy to despair. In the late eighteen-hundreds a merchant (Gabriello) takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his innocent young daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced—the one delightedly, the other tremblingly, like a captured bird. Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Cinematography by Claude Renoir and Jean Bourgoin; music by Kosma. Originally this film was part of the three-part film "Ways of Love." In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

The Devil's Playground (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. With Thomas Keneally, Arthur Dignam, and Nick Tate. (12/7/81) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 7.)

Equus (1977)—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Cinema Village; Jan. 10-12.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10 through the afternoon of Jan. 11.)

Four Friends—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class youth, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, particularly in his sense of humor, and Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America," and in order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The characters are always learning life's important lessons. In a key sequence, we get crosscutting between Danilo folk-dancing in the sunshine with his immigrant worker friends and the girl with her soul-sick druggie-hippie pals at a strobe-lighted psychedelic revel. It's health vs. sickness, life vs. death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, Jim Metzler, and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy as a rotten-rich swine, and Lois Smith as his wife—she gets to let out a yelping sound that's like a grandmommy of a scream. So may you. (1/4/82) (Little Carnegie.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival. . . . ¶ Loews New York, Waverly, and New Yorker; starting Jan. 8.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13-14.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than $350,000, he made his début as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him) and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15-16.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Brook has a unified vision and never lets go of the reins; there are no accidental pleasures in the movie—and no deliberate ones, either. This "Lear" is made essentially plotless not by removing the plot (that is practically all that *remains* of the play) but by using the plot as a diagram for movement abstracted from psychological and dramatic meaning. By the time you've seized the outline, the cutting has become jaggedly mannered, with sudden shifts from one angle to another and from long shots to closeups, often while someone is speaking, and then your eyes are punished by blinding flashes that are like exploding bombs. The cutting seems designed as an alienation device, but who wants to be alienated from Shakespeare's play and given the drear far side of the moon instead? Though Paul Scofield's stage appearances as Lear are world-famous, he gives a freezing performance here. Only Alan Webb's Gloucester has a sneaking humanity that occasionally flickers through the stylized acting. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 10.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde

Chermayeff & Geismar

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Life on Earth, published by Little, Brown and Company, is available at local bookstores.

Mobil

theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. (Actually, they taped their conversations two or three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script, in which they play comic distillations of aspects of themselves.) Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, who's like a sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, and in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart, when the men and women of the theatre became dissatisfied with the limits of stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. Shawn, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism and offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nine to Five (1980)—A feminist-revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I.)

The Paradine Case (1947)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Talky and stiff, the film never finds the passionate tone that it needs. The story (taken from a Robert Hichens novel) is about a barrister (Gregory Peck) who louses up a murder case because he falls in love with the defendant, his mysterious client Mrs. Paradine (Alida Valli). The judge is played by Charles Laughton, and Ethel Barrymore (looking very elegant) is his sensitive, mistreated wife. Also with Ann Todd, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, Isabel Elsom, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. The script was pinned on Alma Reville, but probably her husband (Hitchcock) and James Bridie and Selznick himself also struggled with it. Cinematography by Lee Garmes; music by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

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Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge but didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary. (There are breathtaking re-creations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.) (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Potemkin (1925; also known as "The Battleship Potemkin")—Voted the greatest film of all time by an international panel of critics in Brussels in 1958, as it was in 1950, and at just about every other competition, "Potemkin" (Russians and purists pronounce it Po-*tyom*-kin) has achieved such an unholy eminence that few people any longer dispute its merits. Great as it undoubtedly is, it's not really a likable film; it's amazing, though—it keeps its freshness and its excitement, even if you resist its cartoon message. Perhaps no other movie has ever had such graphic strength in its images, and the young director Sergei Eisenstein opened up a new technique of psychological stimulation by means of rhythmic editing—"montage." The Odessa Steps sequence, the most celebrated single sequence in film history, has been imitated in one way or another in just about every television news program or movie with crowds; it has been parodied endlessly. And yet the power of the original is undiminished. Montage is used in this film for revolutionary political purposes: the subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin, and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. But policies in the U.S.S.R. changed: mutiny could no longer be sanctioned, nor could experimental film techniques, and under Stalin, Eisenstein was purged, partially reinstated, and then fell from grace over and over. "Potemkin" looks astonishingly like a newsreel, and the politically naïve have often taken it as a "documentary." The more knowing have a graceful euphemism: Eisenstein, they say, "sacrificed historical facts for dramatic effect." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews State.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ *8th St. Playhouse*; through Jan. 14.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor

Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. In the first half, she's presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile, dissatisfied woman, and the film moves on the messy currents of sexual politics. In the second half, she is made to set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland; she makes her way across the icy tundra in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivagooey), and then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardship to be with her man. This second half moves more swiftly but with conventional epic situations and very familiar visual rhetoric. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g.: Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calender art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." With Stanley Baker, Norman Wooland, Pamela Brown, Alec Clunes, Nicholas Hannen, Laurence Naismith, John Laurie, Helen Haye, Michael Gough, and Esmond Knight. The adaptation is by Olivier and Alan Dent; the design and costumes are by Carmen Dillon and Roger Furse; the cinematography is by Otto Heller. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 10.)

ROOM AT THE TOP (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the breakthrough English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (Cinema Village; Jan. 13-14.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly—William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Robert Warwick, Porter Hall, Eric Blore, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Willard Robertson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Roscoe Ates, Dewey Robinson, Chester Conklin, Arthur Hoyt, Robert Grieg, Frank Moran, Harry Rosenthal, Monte Blue, and others. Sturges himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside the movie studio. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15-16.)

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1927; also known as "October")—Eisenstein followed "Potemkin" with this epic celebrating the ten days in 1917 during which the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government. It continues his striking experimental methods—the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas, and the concept of masses as hero. The movie also has a niche in the history of political falsification: the Soviet government commissioned the film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, but it was not shown. Trotsky was one of the main characters in Eisenstein's original version, and Trotsky at the time was organizing demonstrations against the Communist Party; Eisenstein had to spend five months reëditing the work to dislodge Trotsky from his place in the making of the Revolution. Even this edited version was later banned, as "formalist." And, indeed, it is a rather cold film; this certainly can't be said of "Potemkin" or of Eisenstein's brutal, bloody 1924 "Strike," which has a charge and a sense of a new direction. The satire in "October" is heavy-handed, and its visual puns are too simpleminded. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14.)

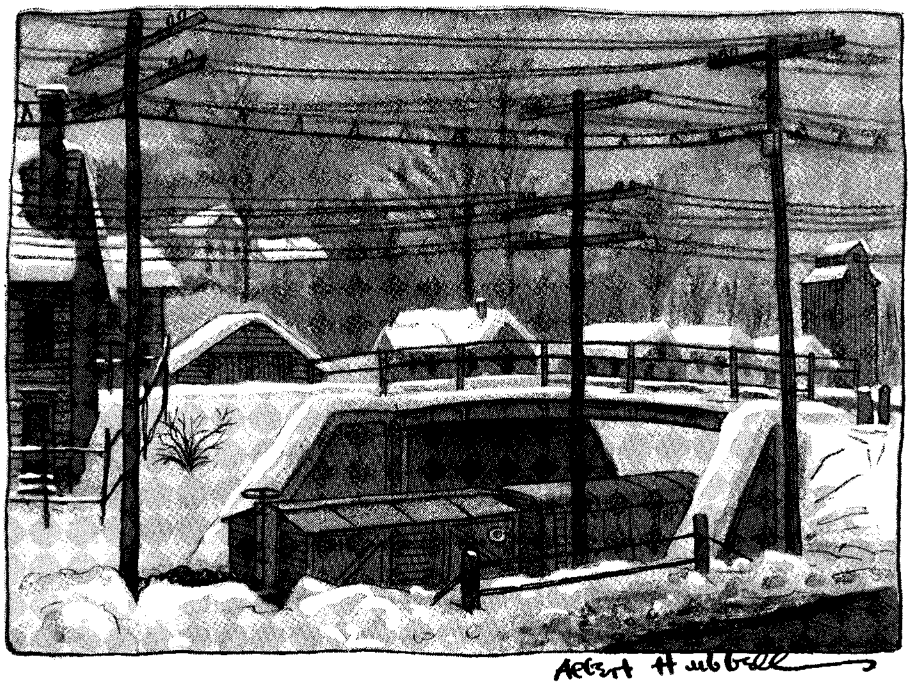
THIS TRANSIENT LIFE (1970)—A film, directed by Akio Jissoji, that reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 12.)

TICKET TO HEAVEN—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 15.)

TIME BANDITS—Written by two members of the "Monty Python" group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on d. & d. (dungeons and dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mis-timing; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffers from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Jan. 14.)

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. The conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, dispatches her in three different ways—the three ways are set to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 10.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15-16.)



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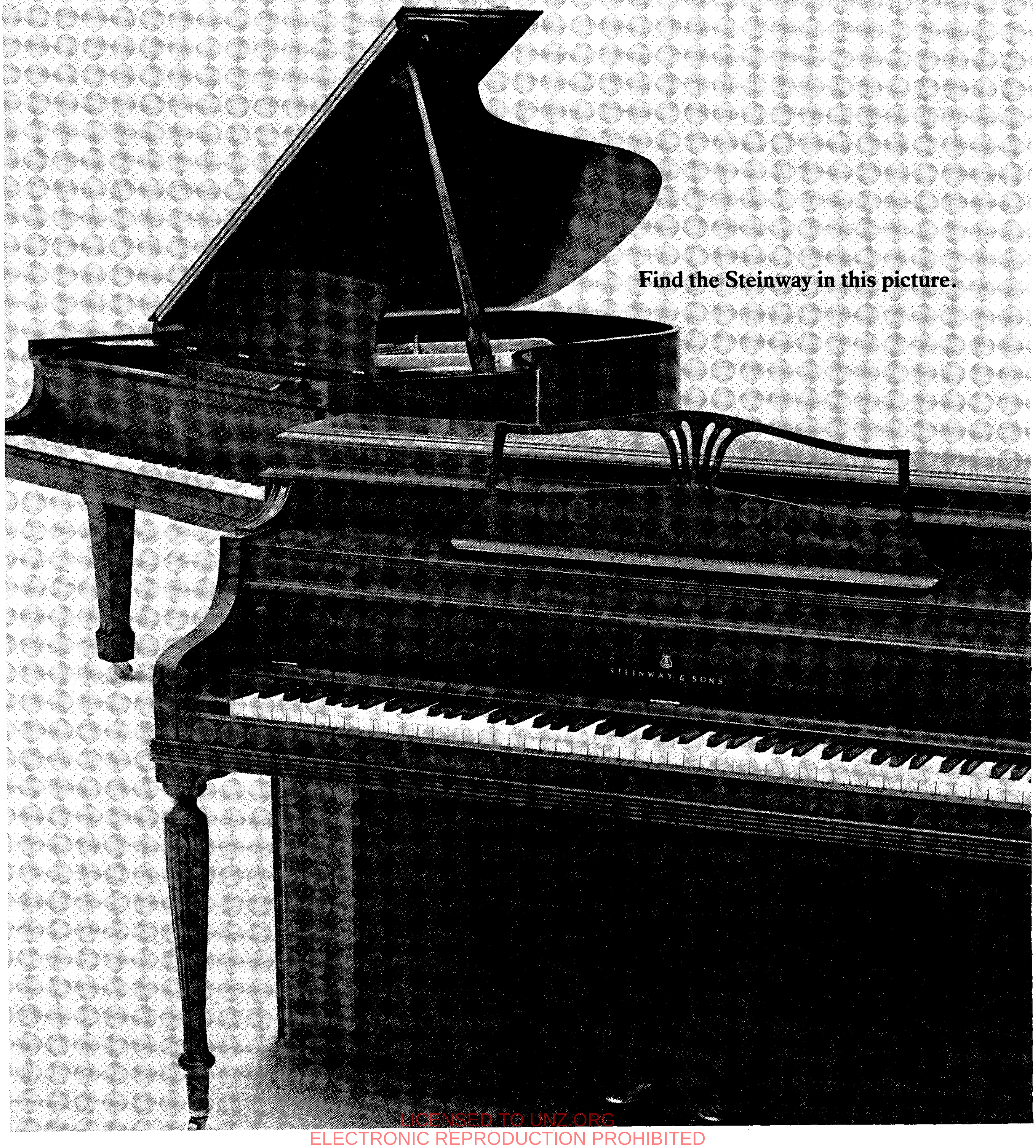

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the most surprising features of the martial law that has been declared in Poland is the thoroughness of the blackout of information, both within Poland and between Poland and the outside world. All at once, Poland appears to have been plunged into an earlier century, when news, much of it unreliable, took months to travel from province to province, from country to country. Yet there is a certain appropriateness to this blackout. The Solidarity movement, in its sixteen months of legal existence, was a light—a light that shone with the radiance of the aroused will of a people trying to win its independence and liberty—and only the most profound darkness could result from its being extinguished, even temporarily. Solidarity was a movement that lived by breathing the openness it created around itself. Jaruzelski's brilliant insight was that the way to weaken the movement was not so much by attacking it directly as by smothering the openness it lived on. For months, everyone had known everything. Now, suddenly, no one seemed to know anything. Were strikes going on? Had there been many deaths? How many and who had been arrested? Where was Walesa? What was the Pope doing? Nobody knew.

Solidarity was probably the most nearly perfect instrument for the expression of a people's will that our times have seen. Being based on the support of millions of people, it was characterized by respect for the opinions and wishes of its individual members and by openness to contributions from others. Having grown out of the daily life of the people, it encouraged and enriched, and also drew its energy from, the life of the people. Its success was a matter not so much of "grass-roots support"—the most that the political parties of the Western democracies hope for—as of that much rarer political miracle the grass-roots initiation of policy and action. Though perhaps short-lived, it may have attained the American ideal of being of the people, by the people, and for the people more thoroughly than we ourselves have. One should not wonder, then, that in order to crush this movement the Communist military junta was obliged to stop the whole Polish nation cold—to lock up the nation's true leaders, to cut off the telephones, to suspend everyone's freedom of movement, speech, and assembly. The efficiency with which all this was done was a terrifying demonstration of the exceptional vulnerability of modern technological societies to sudden takeovers by regimes willing to employ violence and repression. Someone throws a switch somewhere and the telephones are out; another switch is thrown and the television screens are blank or all stations are beaming the single image of the new strong man. Meanwhile, the police, not necessarily numbering more than a few thousand, make their midnight arrests, and the soldiers, themselves in fear of each other, take up their positions in the public squares.

However, it is one thing to suspend the life of a nation and another to govern that nation over the months and years. Eventually, the telephones must be restored, the people must be permitted to move around and speak to one another, and the rhythm of daily life must be resumed. If the public is apathetic, a coup is likely to succeed, but if the public is resolute, as it has been in Poland, the resumption of daily life offers the opportunity to speak and act again. It is a sign of the deep fear of the public felt by the junta that while it theoretically wants everyone to get back to work it has found itself forced in practice to *forbid* the workers at certain plants to return to the job, as though it recognized that daily life had become its enemy. And in a quite practical sense it is true that the movement led by Solidarity did represent life—life's energy, life's variety, life's spontaneity. And in an equally practical sense the junta, as the events of the last several weeks have shown, represents death, and everything that death means: inertia, paralysis, decay, silence. In the coming months, a contest will be waged between these two forces, and no one can predict its outcome. But in judging one outcome there is no need to wait. In the contest over who is to represent the spirit of the Polish people, the junta has lost, and the Solidarity movement has won. Just to be what it became is already victory.

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The Morning Watch

BEFORE dawn not long ago, we arrived at Comsat's new Launch Control Center, in Washington, D.C., flashed an "INTELSAT VF3" security badge given to us a few days earlier, and slipped in to watch the main event in the life of the largest commercial satellite ever launched. Fred Weber, a hefty, unflappable engineer, who directs the center, gave us the lowdown. Intelsat VF3—the spacecraft, or the bird, as a satellite is often referred to by the experts—had gone up two nights before in the nose of a two-stage Atlas Centaur rocket. In less than half an hour (at T plus 1651.4 seconds) after blastoff, the rocket had delivered the satellite to transfer orbit—an elliptical path varying from a hundred and twenty-three miles to twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventy miles above the earth. The satellite had now made five shakedown passes around the earth while scientists at ground stations from Zamengoe, Cameroon, to Carnarvon, Australia, and Tanguá, Brazil (marked by a Chiquita Banana sticker on one engineer's map), worked with Mission Control in Washington to track the spacecraft. At the farthest point of the sixth pass, Mission Control planned the big maneuver: Apogee Motor Firing, or AMF, to kick the satellite thirty miles out and into a round and geosynchronous orbit, keeping it above the Atlantic Ocean. From there, it could serve as the primary relay post for thousands of simultaneous telephone calls and for two color-television broadcasts between continents. According to Mr. Weber, the forty-two seconds of AMF would determine "the whole ball of wax." If the satellite's rocket didn't fire at the right angle ("We're talking tenths of a degree"), the spacecraft could drift off into an eccentric orbit that would be impossible to correct; if the rocket backfired, the satellite would blow up, as one is believed to have done two years ago, and would take with it an investment now worth seventy-seven million four hundred thousand dollars.

Intelsat, we learned from a glossy brochure, is a consortium of organizations from more than a hundred countries (Comsat, representing the United States, is the largest shareholder), and it has seven full-time satellites, which carry two-thirds of all "overseas international public telephone calls." Since 1964, when Intelsat was formed, the number of circuits (microwave connections from ground station to satellite to ground station) for telecommunication in general has grown at a remarkable rate, and satellite aficionados say that capacity and use aren't close to peaking. The profitable climb in satellite use for data processing, telecommunication, and entertainment led Comsat to build its new center in Washington, in order to keep tabs on domestic satellites after they are launched from Cape Canaveral. To track international missions, Comsat leases the center to Intelsat.

Beyond glass partitions that separated sky-blue data consoles from a visitors' gallery, the center looked streamlined and efficient, just the way you might expect a Space Age office to look. In a corner, two Hewlett-Packard minicomputers processed five hundred and twelve digital bits of information from the satellite every half second. In reclining chairs designed for marathon vigils, dozens of scientists in jeans and turtlenecks leafed through charts, monitored video screens displaying each bit of information from the satellite, and, through lightweight headsets, exchanged casual, jargon-filled chatter with colleagues in the room and at ground stations around the world. Stray Coke cans and traces of Twinkies, Ritz crackers, and cold-cut sandwiches suggested that the crew had been on duty for a long stretch. Otherwise, the center looked shipshape. Each expert's station had a nameplate, each headset came in a blue plastic envelope that matched the chairs and consoles, and all eyes darted regularly to the red numbers of a couple of digital wall clocks. One gave Greenwich mean time by day of the year, hour, minute, and second; the other ticked off time to AMF, as in "A minus 05:56 and counting."

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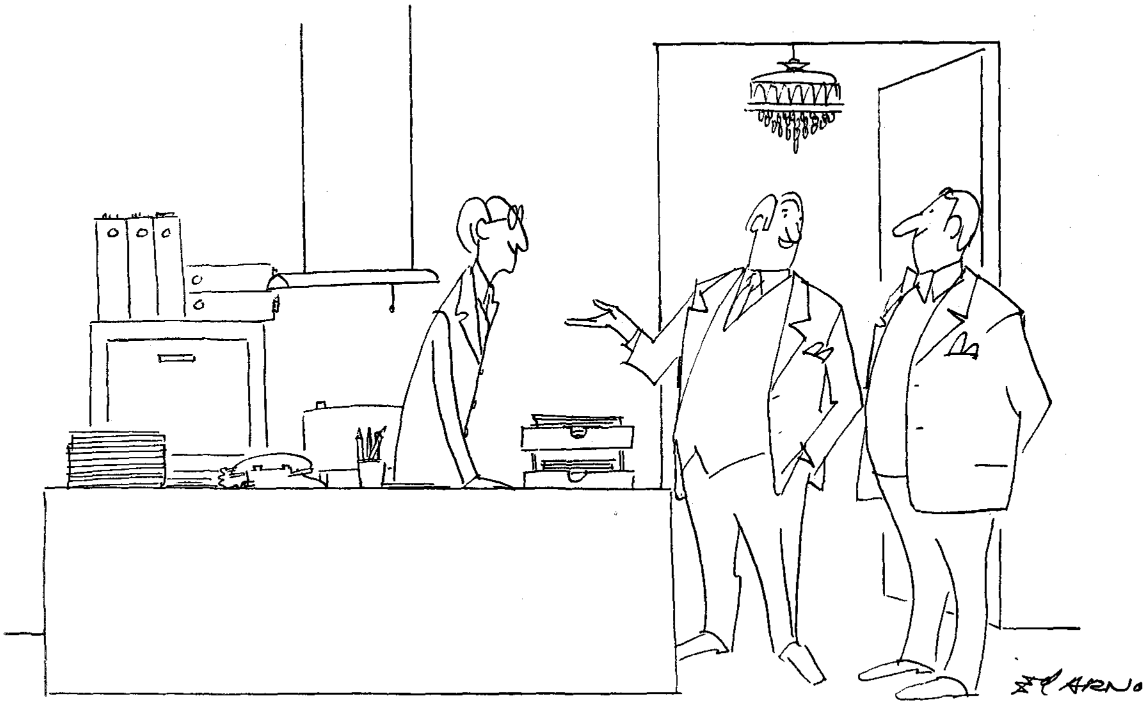
AMF was scheduled to take place at T plus 58:11 hours—4:41 A.M. at the center. About three minutes ahead of time, Mission Control went through a formal check of satellite systems, and all were go. Scientists at a ground station in Fucino, Italy, who were in direct contact with the spacecraft, listened to the rundown, and then Mission Control gave Fucino ("Do you read me, Gian Carlo?") the command to turn on the enabling switch of the satellite's rocket. ("That's a fail-safe," Mr. Weber told us. "You don't want to fire a nineteen-hundred-pound cannon inadvertently.") The engineers around us monitored Channel 10 on their video sets, which was the channel for Fucino, and the image they saw also filled a superscreen on a wall of the center. Labelled "Doppler shift," the picture showed a vertical stream of graph paper and an unwavering stylus, like the drum and marker of a huge barometer waiting for a Bermuda high. In a standard example of the Doppler effect, we recalled, the pitch of a train whistle seems to rise as the train draws near. If the satellite made the jump from transfer orbit to geosynchronous orbit and so drew closer to Fucino, its velocity would seem to increase and the stylus would reflect the Doppler effect. At T plus 58:11 hours, Mr. Weber flipped through a half-dozen channels to check the status of the satellite. Through a headset, we heard the crackling of static and, from the computer room at Mission Control, the report "Solutions are starting to agree." The stylus moved up the paper in a smooth, diagonal, seventy-seven-million-four-hundred-thousand-dollar line. We waited for a whoop of relief, but the scientists simply continued to go about their business.



"Roberts, here, is our man in charge of periodically reviewing who we are."

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Sylvia Marlowe

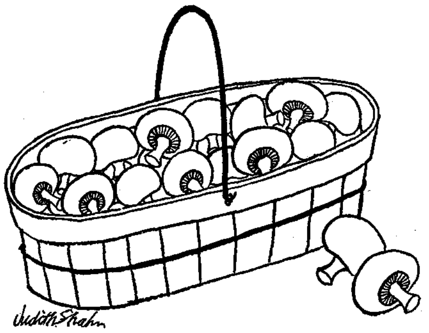
WHEN Sylvia Marlowe, the harpsichordist, died last month, a piece of New York fell away. New York *is* people like Sylvia Marlowe, in whom passionate work, strong flavor of personality, a constellation of diverse friends, and a stretch of the city's intellectual and social history are combined. It seems unlikely that Sylvia Marlowe, strenuous, combative, enmeshed in hard work and adult relationships, and without children herself, ever took a small child to Macy's to see Santa Claus, as we did on the day we heard she had died. Yet, because such an expedition is a New York ritual, because Herald Square in the Christmas season—the extra excitement of the crowds, the way that taxis look jostling in a thin, brilliant mid-December light—is so New Yorkish, it seemed both incredible that this was going on without her and comforting that it was. Similarly, it might seem incredible that Konstantin Levin's estate, the very medium of his ideas and his character, existed after he had died, while at the same time the land would retain a feeling of his presence. The real terrain of a city like New York, however, is the insubstantial creation of the people in it, unsupported by an enduring, naturally conservative medium such as a stretch of countryside. In this case, though a mood remained, a part of the topography was actually gone.

Sylvia Marlowe's terrain took shape toward the end of the Second World War, although the primary elements were in place before that. She had grown up in Brooklyn, and knew many members of what is now called the Old *Partisan Review* Crowd from there, with whom she shared a passion for literature, painting, and politics; from the start she had ranged actively beyond her own field, breaking away from the excluding absorption in music which often isolates musical people. She had also ranged far beyond Brooklyn: she had studied with Nadia Boulanger and Wanda Landowska in Paris and had become a cosmopolitan person, at home in international artistic and social circles. The flavor of Brooklyn, however, remained a constant in her personality, and it meshed with refinement in an unexpected, dynamic way. She was, certainly, an elegant woman—fine-looking, chic, and innately graceful. And yet her speech was tough, straight-talking Brooklyn Jewish—unpretentious, to put it mildly—as though she were saying, "My elegance is my own, make no mistake about who I am." This elemental quality could be startling if one had built up an image from record covers such as the one showing a dreamy princesslike figure playing a harpsichord in a field of flowers and apparently about to faint from sensitivity. By the end of the war, Sylvia Marlowe had also established herself professionally. With Ralph Kirkpatrick, another student of Landowska's, she had brought the harpsichord to America and, with it, a forgotten period of music. The focus at that time was on nineteenth-century German Romantic music, whereas the repertoire of the harpsichord was the rational, emotionally disciplined music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, much of it French. Furthermore, she was musicologically erudite—an unusual bent for a performer at that time. This combination of an intellectual attitude toward music and the introduction of a period of music that was itself cerebral by a person who was artistically passionate was one reason that many nonmusical people—writers, painters, and intellectuals—were attracted to her. Another was her contemporariness. She was equally interested in modern music, and throughout her career commissioned contemporary composers—among them Elliott Carter, Ben Weber, Vittorio Rieti, Henri Sauguet, John Lessard, Virgil Thomson, Alexei Haieff, Alan Hovhaness, and Ned Rorem—to write pieces for the harpsichord. There was nothing whatever about Sylvia Marlowe that suggested an escape into the past. She brought to everything she touched an energetic actuality: whether she was discussing Henry James or Middle Eastern politics, whether she was playing Bach or Carter, the feeling she communicated was that this is vital *now*. In 1948 she married Leonid Berman, the son of a

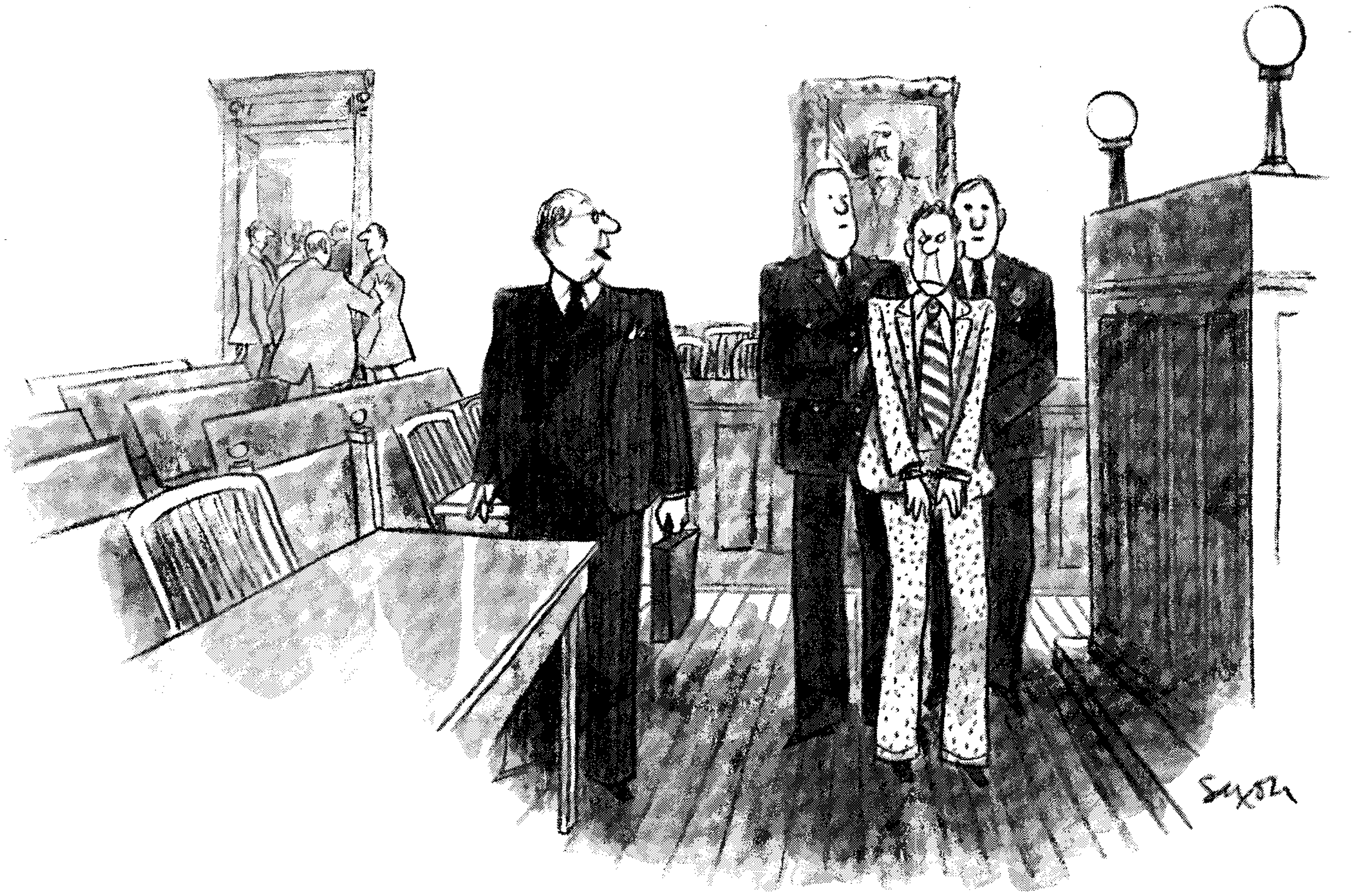
Russian banker and himself a neoromantic painter, who was already famous in Europe, and who brought to the marriage his own extensive friendship among Russian émigrés and European artists. Leonid Berman combined a turn-of-the-century suavity with a shrugging, down-to-earth unexcitableness. Where Sylvia Marlowe's elemental quality was militant, Leonid Berman's was philosophical. She was temperamental—almost disastrously high-strung. He was always supremely unhurried, always exactly the same. To be with the two of them was like riding a bucking bronco and gliding in a canoe at the same time. The success of this marriage between two such different and seemingly incompatible people provoked a tender amusement among their friends. The depth of the union, however, was not fully understood until Berman died, in 1976; then Sylvia Marlowe went into a decline, and though she fought it with a scrappy, stubborn fury, she was unable to reverse it.

By the late forties, Sylvia Marlowe and Leonid Berman were living in their apartment on East Sixtieth Street, where both lived out their lives. The high main room was furnished sparsely with two Victorian sofas, a few chairs, a low marble table, and a small wooden table in a corner which served as a bar. The walls, in contrast, were covered with paintings almost from top to bottom. Many of them were Berman's—large landscapes of flat expanses, often marine, often in the kind of light in which the horizon blurs into the sky and small details are caught in an unearthly brightness. While Sylvia Marlowe read widely and voraciously, Berman once mentioned that he was reading "Madame Bovary" for the sixteenth time and saw no point in reading any other book. In a sense, he also painted the same painting over and over, and achieved a similar depth of perfection. There were other paintings in the room, however—almost all modern, many by painters who gathered there. The paintings made it a very lively room, yet it was one with plenty of space—an excellent one for parties. Sylvia Marlowe gave excellent parties. Among the people who gathered there regularly were W. H. Auden, Virgil Thomson, Pavel Tchelitchew, Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg, Lionel Trilling, Aaron Copland, Alfred Kazin, Max Ernst, Mary McCarthy, Edmund Wilson, and Marcel Duchamp. "New York was a cozy, bubbly place after the war," says a friend. "There were many groups, and there was more fighting over political matters—among the Trotskyites or whatever—than there is now, but it was also cozy. Everyone knew everyone. Many artists and writers from Europe had come here. It was jumping. Kirk Askew, of the Durlacher Gallery, which represented Leonid, had the famous salon, but that was very chichi. Sylvia was an Askew favorite, but she also created her own salon—a more informal one—where a great mixture of bright people would gather, and some from the chichi world, too, who would go just because it was interesting there. Every party was marked by lightness, hospitality, and gaiety. Every party was a success."

While a litany of names captures the liveliness and the feeling of intelligence and strong personality that characterized Sylvia Marlowe's parties—and she continued to entertain, just as she continued to work, until that last decline caught up with her—it is misleading in that it suggests awesome, self-consciously high-toned gatherings. That is not what they were. An index of the mood at those parties is that as time went on and new faces were added, these included the children of some of the original friends, and though the young people had no fame or accomplishment with which to advertise themselves, they felt completely comfortable, free to mix and free to speak there. Prima donnas were not an unknown species in that room, but they never set the tone, and the reason for this was the superior force of Sylvia Marlowe's tone—of unpretentious intelligence, of grappling with life in a way that left no room for affectation and plenty for its deadly enemy, a robust and caustic wit. (Leonid Berman's air of being supremely unimpressed helped. At one illustrious gathering, he was found in the back room reading "Madame Bovary.") Sylvia Marlowe was a serious person: not solemn, far from humorless, certainly not pious, but serious—serious in the refreshing way that emergencies can elicit, when out of necessity poses must be dropped and there is time only for a realistic and practical approach, when risks cannot be avoided and therefore the highest possible standard of judgment is not competitive or snobbish but something upon which life itself depends. It was seriousness devoid of seriosity. It was the kind of seriousness that, without being the least bit naïve about the foolishness of human beings or the character of life as a fool's errand, nevertheless believes passionately that life matters. Such courage and the dangerous laughter native to it can be hard on others, whose commitment to life may be more ambivalent. Friendship with Sylvia Marlowe was sometimes rough going. And yet it was just this rough-going seriousness that enabled her to combine in enduring friendship with so many people, for contact on that level is one of the most enlivening, indispensable forms of contact there are.



In summing up Sylvia Marlowe's career, her colleagues mention several facets: "She maintained a high level of excellence and musicality, without pretense, not pushing through *merde*, never crappy corn." "Her registration—the organization and distribution of available tones and colors—was ingenious and imaginative." "She did for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries what Callas did for Donizetti and Bellini." "By playing with her, performers learned Baroque ornamentation and rhythm patterns discovered through musicology and conveyed it to other performers." And then this: "Her greatest importance was her influence as a person on musicians and composers. She was frank, outspoken, and aesthetically intelligent. Many performers pussyfoot when they are talking to a composer about his piece. The minute she had an opinion, she spouted it. She was active. You had to cope with her." Active is the word: active with others and active with herself as well. Behind the success was a willingness to struggle, which to those who knew her was in itself a testament. Life in general was not easy for Sylvia Marlowe, and least of all the central endeavor of her life, performing. In thinking back over her career, we kept remembering the private side, the acute nervousness that she suffered onstage—no doubt because of her own high standards—and the fear of lapses from nervousness



"Come now, Mr. Hillman—everybody can't have a happy ending."

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which dogged her. Even the impeccable performances preserved on recordings were torture for her. We thought of this as well as of the outward success not only because struggle was so much a part of her but because struggle with fallibility is what kept her free of slickness, disdain, and smugness. It's what kept the seriousness open and actual, making her the sort of person with whom one had to cope—which is to say, with whom one had to be active in a way similar to her own. We thought of it also because one of the most striking features of her playing is the sense of a powerful personality making full emotional and intellectual contact with the music, and it seems unlikely that such contact could come about without struggle. Like her life, her music is a testament to a way of being, and, on looking back, one feels that this testament is the most valuable contribution of all.

It is what we will miss most, especially whenever we happen to walk along Sixtieth Street between Lexington and Park. The sense of loss will come as a surprise, just as, when Sylvia Marlowe was alive, it was always a surprise to realize that she was right there, in the heart of midtown, in the shadow of Bloomingdale's, of all things, where the sidewalks are too narrow for the crowds, and the crammed-in hubbub is as harassing and stressful as it is anywhere in the city. Remembering, one could call her from a phone on the corner—if it was toward evening, when she stopped work—and go up for a visit: if, that is, one felt strong enough for her critique of one's dubious purchases at Bloomingdale's, strong enough to cope with her on other levels. Now the apartment is empty. Someone else will soon be there, probably someone who knows nothing of Sylvia Marlowe, or what took place there, and so as far as anything that matters is concerned the apartment will no more be there than if it had been torn down. All that we will have is a recollection of a terrain and a memory of the testament that created it. But, thrust back on the city by her absence, we might see that the serious, spirited, willing struggle of people with life is what makes the city real; that without this it is a useless, ephemeral place, consisting mainly of glitter and dirt. We might get on the subway to ride home with more gumption than usual, with more happiness at being here than usual. And on the way we might remember that we also have something else. When we got home, we could play one of Sylvia Marlowe's records. We might pick the Goldberg Variations, for example, and hear in those grave opening phrases, with the strange, retroactive awareness that arises in the face of death, that she was playing for herself. Then that she was playing for us all. And then that life indeed depends on such playing.

Broken Toe

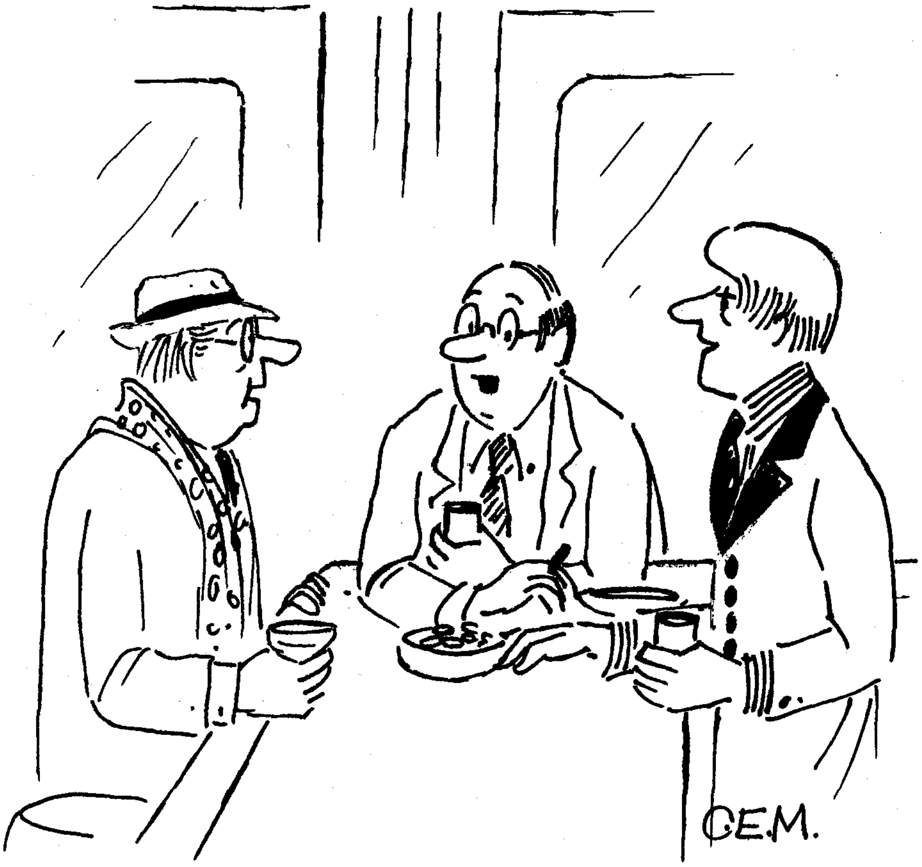
THE telephone rang. "My phone was disconnected," said a voice that sounded like Janet's. "I'm in a pay phone down the street with one shoe on. My broken toe is freezing. Call me back on my phone in five minutes. I can only receive calls."

We promised.

"I've taken some notes," Janet said when we called back, "and I wanted to talk to somebody before I forget what they mean."

We listened.

"I'm glad you called," she went



"What's going on in Washington reminds me of the thirties." *"To me, it seems like the fifties."* *"It's a lot like the sixties to me."*

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on. "This happens every month. Some kind of reminder from the phone company to pay my bill. Usually, I go around the corner to pay them and within four hours the phone may or may not start working again. Con Edison comes in person, either to turn off the gas and electric or to turn it back on. I offer them a drink and we discuss politics."

We cleared our throat.

"Before I broke my toe," Janet said, "I bought these two shirts at Saks, and they sent them loose in a carton, which was no good, because I had bought them as gifts. So I took the shirts back and waited in line while they arrested a thief in front of me. He gave back a shirt and then two men walked him away. One of them took him and the other one took the shirt. I felt very petty complaining after that. When it was my turn, I said I needed two gift boxes, but I couldn't carry them down to work, so they said they would send them, and the shirts came back to me in a carton and one gift box. But one's a medium and one's a large, so I need two boxes. I can't give them to the same person. It was reduced merchandise. Maybe they could afford to reduce it because they save on boxes."

We coughed.

"Besides the shirts," Janet continued, "I've bought some guest towels with parrots on them and some huge calendars, too big to wrap. I bought a lot of stuff that poor people can't use and rich people don't want. Is there anything I've mentioned that you can use?"

We murmured, "Maybe."

"I picked up six letters from poor people to Santa Claus at the post office the other day. You have to sign for the ones you take. Two of them are from the same girl. In one letter she says she is too fat and in the other one she gives all her sizes. In one of them she writes, 'P.S., if you just gave her the money, she could get things on sale and save you a lot.' Then there is someone with twenty grandchildren and she's sick. I have to call twenty friends of mine to see if they'll each take a grandchild. Last year, I climbed a lot of stairs and banged on doors and yelled 'Merry Christmas!' This year, a very nice record store said to bring the packages in and they'd mail them for me."

We coughed again.

"After I went to Saks to complain about the boxes," Janet said, "I went to a hamburger place on Forty-ninth Street, and I noticed a man at the end of the counter giving the waitress a pair of taupe gloves. When I told him I wanted some, he explained to me that his wife was on the corner selling gloves and this was the last pair of taupe. On my way out, I passed a dishevelled woman on her way in, and I saw that she had left all her worldly possessions on the sidewalk piled up on a shopping cart with a cute little dog attached to it. So I ran across the street to a market and got a big box of dog biscuits and put it on top of the shopping cart. Just as I was leaving, the woman came out and said, 'Oh, thank you very much, you are very kind, but I don't think he likes dog biscuits.' So we opened the box very carefully and gave him one. The dog wagged his tail and dropped the dog biscuit on the street. I asked her what he did like, and she said Alpo, so I closed the box very carefully and ran back to the market and traded in the dog biscuits for two cans of Alpo and some change, and I rushed back across the street. She was wearing blue eyeshadow, so I asked if she was an actress, and she said yes but she didn't know how she had got to be, living this way. She wouldn't take the change. She said, 'I hope something wonderful happens for you,' and I said, 'I hope something wonderful happens for *you.*' Then I went to the corner to buy a pair of tan gloves for five dollars, and the glove man said, 'I saw what you did. You can have the gloves for four dollars.' "

We smiled.

"The next day, I lost one of the gloves," Janet said, "and I broke my toe under a door. It either is or isn't healing. I can't tell, because of the toenail polish. My sister-in-law said to take the nail polish off and if the nail has turned black they bore a little hole through it. I decided to leave the nail polish on. Coming from East Eighty-sixth Street, I offered my seat on the bus to an older woman. When she sat down, I stared at her and said, 'Gee, I don't think you're any older than I am.' She said, 'Would you like your seat back?' Let's see. Here my notes say 'v unhappy.' I think the 'v' stands for 'very,' but I don't remember why. I have to hang up now. I want to think for a while."

We said goodbye.

THE STYLISH NEW YORK COUPLES

THESE four couples have different names and faces, but they have one thing in common—a strong tendency to appear in articles of this kind, because they are fashion individualists. One couple may prefer an eclectic style, another retro-amalgam, another mongrel revival, and another mixed-soupçon, yet each couple stands on his and her own as a single, unique personality. They show that to be one of a kind you have to be one of a pair.

ARTIST Marie Bane (25) and collector Morton Braine (30) dress in simple, bold fabric wrappings—colorful bolts and mill ends layered directly onto the skin with rubber cement. "We call it the Yardage Look," says Morton, whose current project is winding all the furniture in their Tribeca penthouse with colored thread inherited from his grandparents, Coco Chanel and David Belasco. Adds Marie, "When Julian Schnabel's show sold out, I thought it was only a matter of time before I'd be rich, too, but then Morton and I needed new outfits to be interviewed for this article."

Her clothes: Scalamandré, Museum of Tissues (Lyons), Taipei silkworm farms. Mad Frisson and Warren Beatty for shoes.
His clothes: Porthault, Einstein Moomjy. Galerie du Sabot (Brussels) for shoes.
Interests: Oneiromancy, vacuuming up bits of thread, intaglio hunting, reading.
Restaurants: Chive, La Petite Bière, Imperial Musk-Polyp, Charlie's Bum Steer, La Tricoteuse, Folie à Deux (Paris).

NEITHER William nor Mary Molding (both 88) has bought any clothing in over 50 years. They feel that they have "subsumed fashion under the category of pure tradition." Both dress exclusively in what Mary calls "lateral hand-me-downs: I wear Moldie's old clothes and he wears mine." Real-estate tycoon William likes to wheel and deal on their Park Avenue triplex telex in a Schiaparelli cocktail dress, and relaxes later in "nothing at all except a dab of vintage Shocking on pulse points." For Mary, founder of the Ghetto Repair League and president of the Don't Be Beastly to Congress Committee, living well still means "a dinner coat always"—the one handmade for her husband in 1909 by King Edward VII as a sweet-sixteen party favor.

Her clothes: His.
His clothes: Hers.
Interests: Reading, telephoning, telescopes.
Restaurants: "It is impossible to go out." Entertain close friends at amusing dinners famous for including musk-polyps in every course.

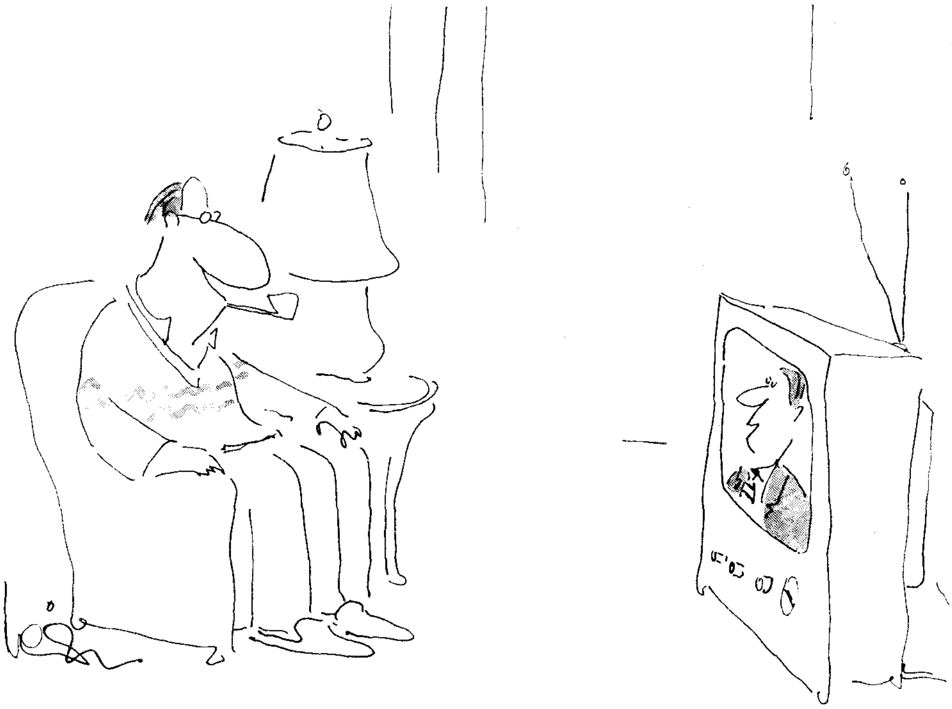
ANNABELLA CARISSIMA ("Pat") von Patina (49), a Milan-born architect, and Stanley Sohoux (18), former collector, have shaped each other's design sensibilities in the ongoing process of gradually removing everything they own from their fabulous 40,000-square-foot loft in the bone-meal district. "I'm a bit big on minimalism," says Pat, "but Stan is completely his own man and has thrown away many of *his* personal possessions, not just mine." Stan sometimes wears all his clothes at once "so the spatial interpenetrations of the open-plan closets can be kept unobstructed." True to her innovative "less is more" philosophy, Pat sticks to one label for clothes and keeps her efficient wardrobe stored flat behind the ceiling in a crawlspace.

Her clothes: Ralph Racquet for Women. Warren Beatty and Mad Frisson for shoes.
His clothes: Ralph Racquet for Women for Men.
Interests: Medicinal-brandy tastings, oneiromancy. Visiting friends (Stan). Reading, intaglio disposal (Pat).
Restaurants: La Tricoteuse, Huis Clos, Chive, Imperial Musk-Polyp, Folie à Deux (Paris).

THE proprietors of Chive, one of the most popular new dining places in town, Clive (35) and Olive (30) Alive are self-proclaimed "style immortals." Explains Clive, "By translating ourselves into commodities, we become abstract concepts of exchange; for that which hovers in a shop waiting to be bought is an immutable idea. As long as we are for sale, we cannot be used." Everything in their East Side apartment has its price sticker—even the much-mended antique purse seine covering the walls, to which are pinned costly holograph pages from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" and inexpensive crayon tracings of autumn leaves from their country estate ("Macy's" in Oxfordshire). The rare Sabayon carpet invites a visitor to lift it and explore the bargains beneath. Both Clive and Olive created their own wardrobes by stitching together labels bought in bulk at wholesale: "We transcend the material."

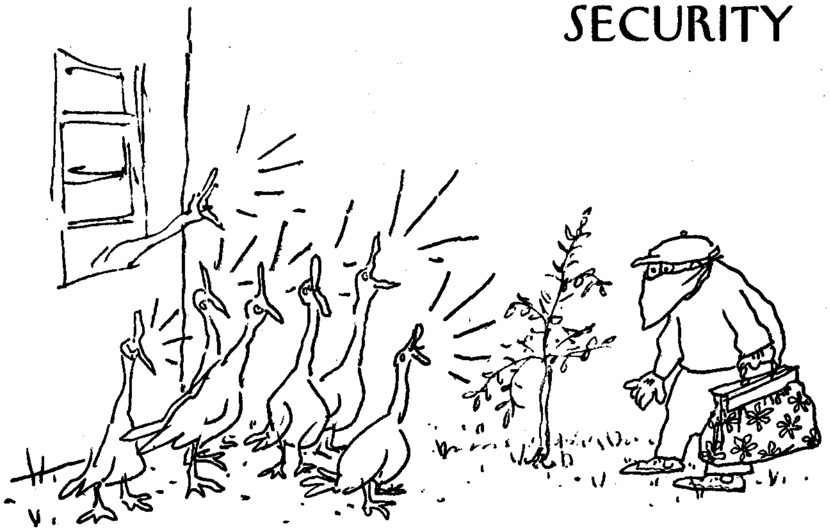
Her clothes: Calvin Mazuma, Yves Ducat, Vittorio Dinero, Simoleon, Made of Money. Mad Frisson and Warren Beatty for shoes; cobbles her own boots from Levi's labels.
His clothes: Mach Wash Tumble Dry, Property of the Harvard Athletic Association, I.L.G.W.U., It Is Illegal to Remove This Tag. Galerie du Sabot (Brussels) for shoes, Savile Row for sweatbands, Bloomingdale's in Barcelona for sneakers (worn on the wrong feet).
Interests: Vacuuming thread clippings, reading, taking inventory.
Restaurants: Betamax of Athens, Imperial Musk-Polyp, Folie à Deux (Paris).

—VERONICA GENG

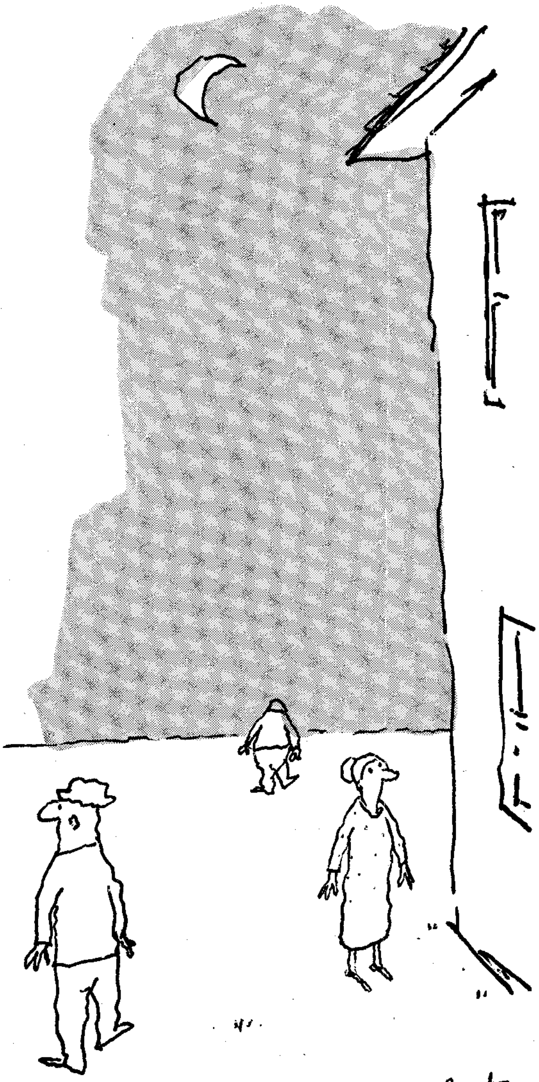


"And now here's Fred Crosley to subject you to the news."

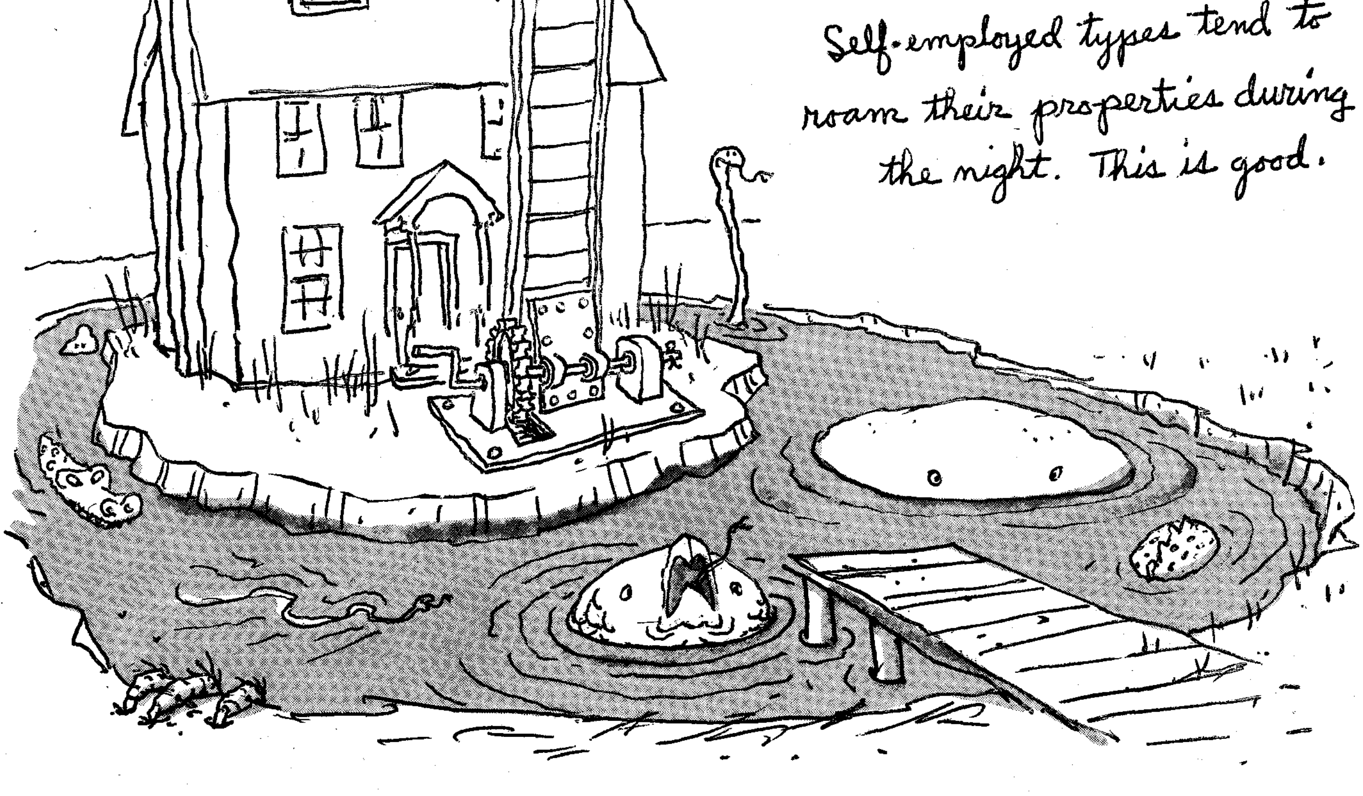
SECURITY



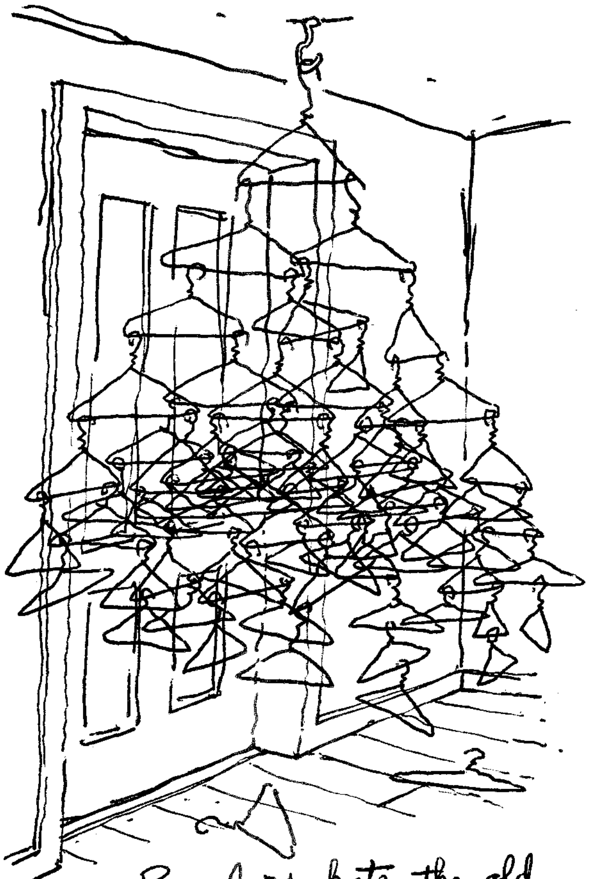
Geese will still do the job.
And you can always use the eggs.



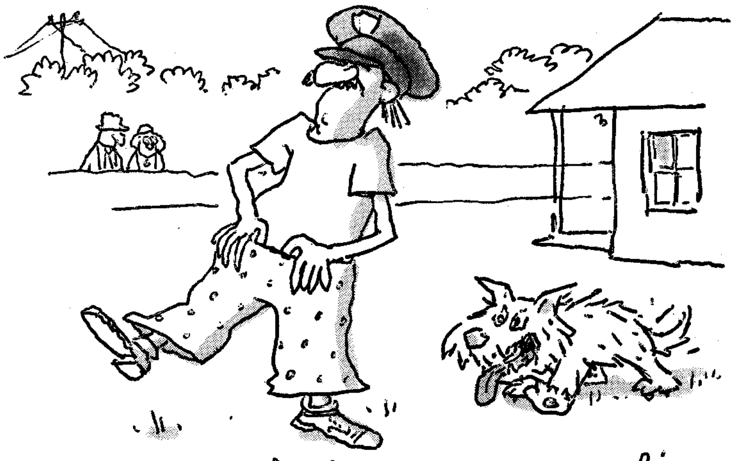
Self-employed types tend to roam their properties during the night. This is good.



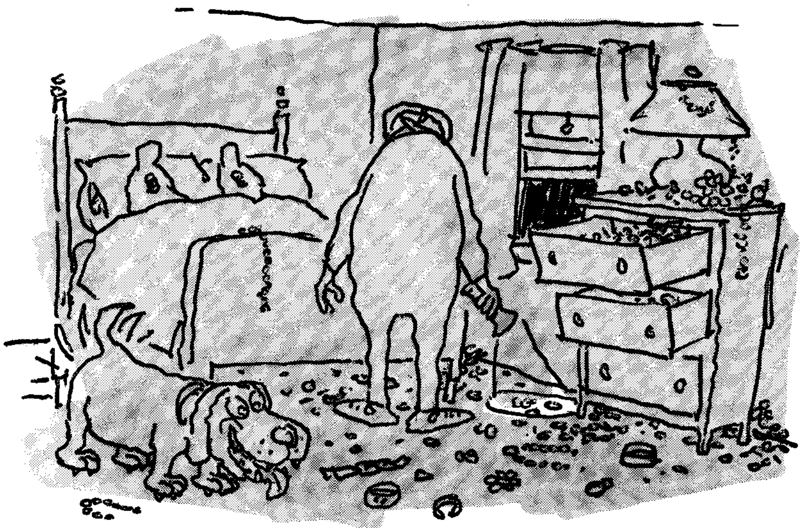
It is difficult these days to get well-stocked moats out of one's mind.



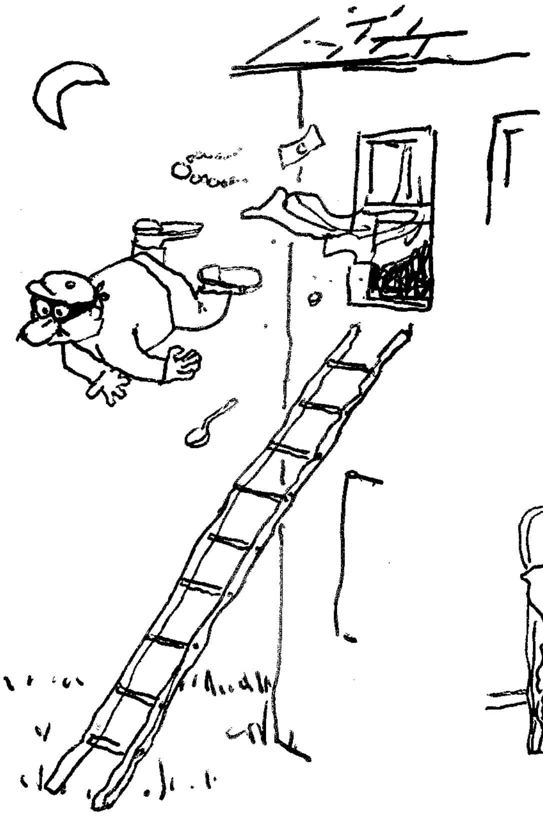
Burglars hate the old wire-coat-hanger alarm.



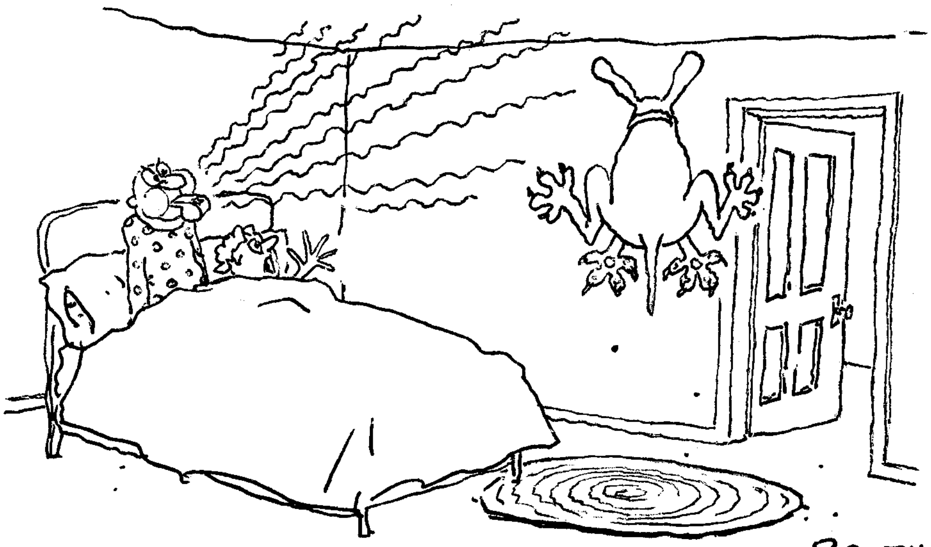
Those in the know wear a police cap during afternoon-saunter time.



Scatter fake jewelry all over the place. (Make a mental note of where you put the good stuff.)



Rig a trip wire to set off Ravel's "Boléro."



BOOTH

Blow a whistle every now and then. These are not ordinary times.

A LITTLE SPOON

IN 1944, someone in Washington ordered Albert Gering's father—a doctor and native-born American citizen—to leave his home in a prosperous farming town in central Kansas and to move with his wife and two children to the Trinity Alps, a mountainous, remote part of Northern California. Dr. Gering was a Mennonite, and had informed his local draft board that he could not serve in the Medical Corps or any other branch of the military. He was willing, however, to do any appropriate civilian work, and he was eventually assigned to be a doctor at a Civilian Public Service unit—in this case, ironically, a work camp for uncoöperative conscientious objectors. Dr. Gering took his wife and son and infant daughter along with him. His son, Albert, was only seven years old, and thus did not understand that he was to become one of the few neutral observers at what amounted to an American concentration camp. All he understood was that he was turning into a worrywart, as his mother put it.

The camp consisted of four standard barracks, constructed by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the nineteen-thirties, and placed in a row in a soggy meadow a few miles outside the small town of Minersville. The internees worked, or were supposed to work, on projects assigned by the United States Forest Service. There had been about a hundred and fifty C.P.S. camps set up during the Second World War to house conscientious objectors, but the Minersville camp was reserved for the most intransigent objectors—those who refused on principle to coöperate in any way with Selective Service. At the other camps the residents—Mennonites or Quakers, for the most part—worked willingly and did not see themselves as forcibly incarcerated. But at Minersville many of the men were too principled even to lift a shovel or wield an axe as long as the government laid claim to their labor. There were guards at the camp who wore sidearms and even brandished them occasionally, when it seemed necessary to enforce some semblance of order and discipline over the bored and disputatious men in their charge. Although the inmates had not been officially sentenced by any judge or jury, they were for all practical purposes prisoners of the federal government.

The guards, who never lasted long, were unemployed loggers and sawmill operators from the town. Minersville had once enjoyed a modest boom in gold mining, but by the time Albert and his family arrived the mining machinery had been hauled away or left to rust. Huge denuded mounds of rock and gravel almost filled the narrow river that trickled through the middle of town. A few old men still hung around the main street, mostly loitering in front of a decrepit wooden hotel that had an iron staircase spiralling up from the sidewalk to a second-story balcony, but the gold was gone. The new local industry was logging, and young men drove lumber trucks at breakneck speed right through the center of town, raising clouds of dust around the benches where the old-timers waited. Later, well after the war was over, a water-reclamation project completed the destruction of the town, and today Minersville, the C.P.S. camp out in the woods, and the entire mountain valley lie at the bottom of Clair Engle Lake, a reservoir that forms part of California's extensive water-distribution system. The spoon in this story is probably down there, too.

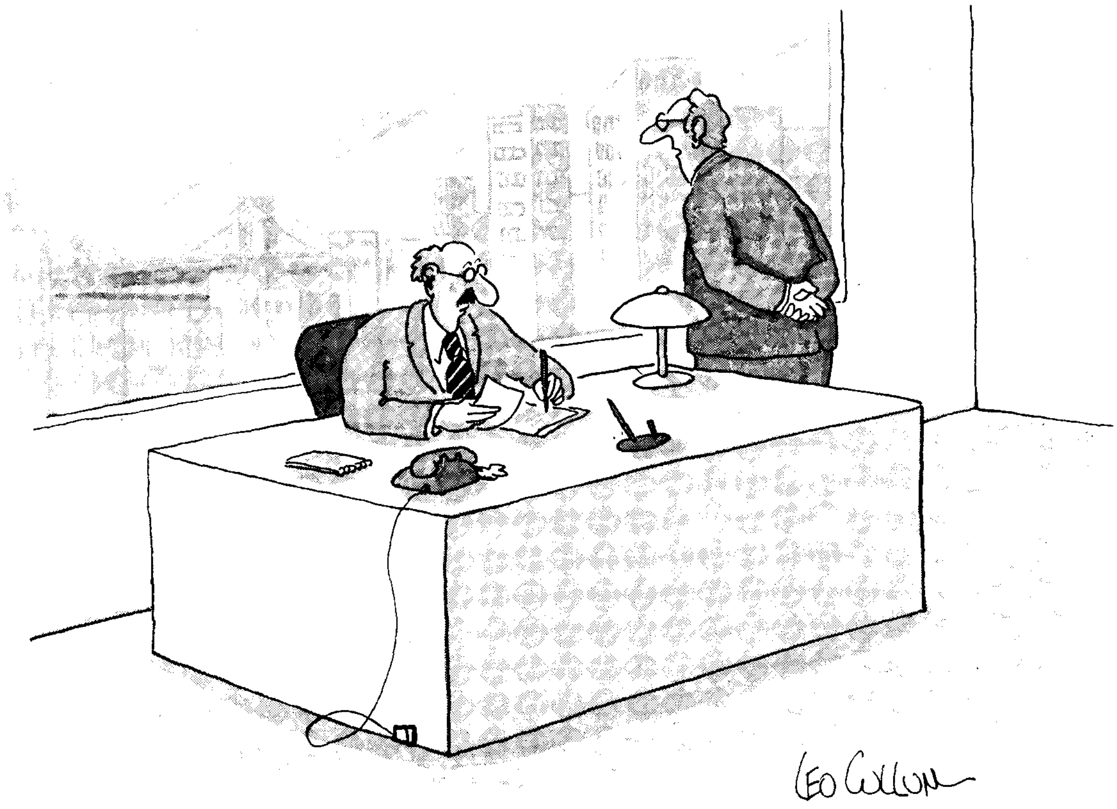
The guards at the camp went back to their homes in Minersville at night, but, oddly, none of the inmates ever tried to escape. Albert's father also came home every evening, to a rundown log cabin built in a clearing along the road, halfway between camp and town. The Gerings rented the cabin for fifteen dollars a month from a hard-bitten old man named Littleberry, who lived in a shack on the other side of the clearing. Littleberry eked out a living by sharpening saws or working on cars or butchering. Albert sometimes watched him string up a pig or heifer, but the old man was poor company and never had much to say. Occasionally, the family made a weekend trip to town, but Albert felt uneasy there; he noticed that one of the elderly patriotic loungers by the hotel would spit on the ground contemptuously when his father passed. The only other place to go was the camp, but Albert's father felt such a strong dislike for it that he kept postponing his promise to the boy to take him out there someday for a visit. The boy spent most of his time in or around the Gerings' cabin; it was the first place he would remember as home.

When the family moved in, the cabin's interior walls, made of rough-cut one-inch boards, were covered with interesting-looking newspapers, but Mrs. Gering had stripped them off and hung up wallpaper with a pale-pink floral design. Albert did not have a room of his own. He slept in the kitchen, on a wood-and-canvas army cot that his father put up each night

A THING OR TWO
Out of order
On the fritz
Out of commission
Busted
R Chast

and knocked down each morning. His baby sister slept in an overstuffed chair, which, with the extension of a matching hassock, was made into a tiny bed each evening, promptly at eight.

Everything in the cabin began to seem simultaneously very fragile and precious to Albert. Once when his sister pulled over the floor lamp and shattered the large translucent bowl that guarded the light bulb in the center, Albert cried for the tragedy of it. His mother tried to convince him that floor lamps were too cheap and ordinary for tears, but when Albert saw the cross-hatched pieces of glass scattered on the floor he felt that a thing of irredeemable beauty had been smashed forever. More than once he woke up in the night and lay there alone in the kitchen, next to the cold wood-burning range, worrying about death.



"Have I ever told you about the time I went to New Jersey?"

• •

To keep Albert away from Littleberry, Mrs. Gering gave the boy a three-hundred-piece jigsaw puzzle. She showed him how to do the borders first, and it wasn't long before he caught on to the austere pleasure of finding the beautiful picture in the meaningless fragments. One of the pieces was a perfect X shape some ten times larger than all the other jagged but almost uniform pieces. It was a fancy-looking X, with the same design, the boy noticed, as the gold trademark on the Lucky Lager beer-bottle label. The scene that eventually emerged from the puzzle was an Eastern American hardwood forest in winter—white in the foreground, with brown trunks and branches in the back. There was a peaceful lane leading to a lovely little house, with smoke curling from the chimney. This picture was so much more scaled-down and domestic than the ravaged Douglas-fir forest just outside Albert's window, and so much more secure than the images of combat that dominated the newspapers and magazines, that Albert found it extremely satisfying. He often lay on the floor looking intently at the little house, trying to imagine himself approaching it down that dwindling lane, deep within the picture but somehow not flat like the rest of the scenery. Then, placing his thumb on the house, he would realize with a shock how big, how thick, he really was.

Sometimes Albert would be on the floor, curled around the assembled puzzle, gazing at some feature with half-shut eyes, when his father walked in the door after a day at camp. He would look around his cluttered little cabin and shake his head slowly, as if words failed him, and sigh deeply. Albert guessed that his father was not at all like the men in the camp, even though they were all pacifists, too. After sitting down to supper at a slender-legged pine table, Dr. Gering would launch into a fresh complaint about the latest outrage at camp—how some raggedy loudmouth had organized a work shutdown that allowed a shipment of ten thousand Douglas-fir seedlings to dry out at the root, how someone else had tried to coerce him into signing an inflammatory protest against the opening of personal mail. Mrs. Gering nodded her head in sympathy. It was too bad, she said, that they were so far from their friends at church. If only there were just one other Mennonite family in the valley!

Dr. Gering said that no one could possibly get along with such a pack of anarchists and Eastern agitators—men who read the books of John Steinbeck or spent the whole day arguing about Trotsky. They were so angry and stiff-necked and uncoöperative that they sometimes reminded him, he said, of that fellow Thoreau, who had raised beans instead of wheat. Some of the prisoners had been active labor organizers before the war, he said, and many were philosophical pacifists who had no religion at all. Most of them were city people. With so many radicals in camp, he explained, it was not surprising that complaints, petitions, work slowdowns, and shouting matches were always breaking out there.

One night, Dr. Gering told Albert that he had tried that day to convince some of the men that he, too, was a conscientious objector but nobody seemed to believe him. He said he had tried to give them a brief history of Mennonite nonresistance, explaining that his ancestors were peaceable German farmers who had first moved to the Ukraine in order to escape military service and had later emigrated to Kansas in the eighteen-seventies. He was a conscientious objector by birth as well as by conviction, he told them, because he was a Mennonite. But for some reason the men in the camp didn't care for explanation. After a pause, someone asked, "How did you vote in the last election?" and when the doctor said, "Republican," they all roared with laughter.

There was one man at the camp who annoyed Dr. Gering most of all—a Communist named Anatole. He always pronounced the doctor's name "Göring," as if to suggest that he must be related to the infamous Reichsmarshal. Albert's father complained almost nightly about Anatole, and as he listened to his father's stories Albert pictured Anatole as a man of abounding corruption—a tireless and laughing intriguer whose only pleasure was to make trouble for people willing to do their work.

After supper, Dr. Gering would settle down in the easy chair for a few minutes before it was made into his daughter's bed and would try to read the *Mennonite Weekly Review* or the newsletter from the National Service Board for Religious Objectors. But comfort never lasted long with him. Either Albert would tease his baby sister until she cried or he would play so noisily that his father would slap down his paper and glare at him. Father and son could find no common amusement. The only game they could join in on now and then was an old family invention called Baby Deer, during which Albert would lie flat on his back on the floor, draw up his legs, flap his hands helplessly above his face, and demand in a high voice that fresh berries be dropped in his mouth. Caught up in the pleasure of the game, he pleaded in turn for blackberries, boysenberries, strawberries, huckleberries, serviceberries, dewberries, and so on. But Dr. Gering had limited patience for such foolishness, or perhaps for the boring role of Father Deer, and when he withdrew from the game Albert would turn weepy and accusing. The evening often ended with the boy's getting a good shaking.

THE KINGFISHER

In a year the nightingales were said to be so loud
they drowned out slumber, and peafowl strolled screaming
beside the ruined nunnery, through the long evening
of a dazzled pub crawl, the halcyon color, portholed
by those eye-spots' stunning tapestry, unsettled
the pastoral nightfall with amazements opening.

Months later, intermission in a pub on Fifty-fifth Street
found one of them still breathless, the other quizzical,
acting the philistine, puncturing Stravinsky—"Tell
me, what *was* that racket in the orchestra about?"—
hauling down the Firebird, harum-scarum, like a kite,
a burnished, breathing wreck that didn't hurt at all.

Among the Bronx Zoo's exiled jungle fowl, they heard
through headphones of a separating panic the bellbird
reiterate its single *chong*, a scream nobody answered.
When he mourned, "The poetry is gone," she quailed,
seeing how his hands shook, sobered into feeling old.
By midnight, yet another fifth would have been killed.

A Sunday morning, the November of their cataclysm
(Dylan Thomas brought in *in extremis* to St. Vincent's
that same week, a symptomatic datum) found them
wandering a downtown churchyard. Among its headstones,
while from unruined choirs the noise of Christendom
poured over Wall Street, a benison in vestments,

a late thrush paused, in transit from some grizzled
spruce bog to the humid equatorial fireside: berry-
eyed, bark-brown above, with dark hints of trauma
in the stigmata of its underparts—or so, too bruised
just then to have invented anything so fancy,
later, reëmbroidering a retrospect, she had supposed.

In gray England, years of muted recrimination (then
dead silence) later, she could not have said how many
spoiled takeoffs, how many entanglements gone sodden,
how many gaudy evenings made frantic by just one
insomniac nightingale, how many liaisons gone down
screaming in a stroll beside the ruined nunnery;

a kingfisher's burnished plunge, the color
of felicity afire, came glancing like an arrow
through landscapes of untended memory—ardor
illuminating with its terrifying currency
now no mere glimpse, no porthole vista
but, down on down, the uninhabitable sorrow.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

As his father grew more and more unhappy, Albert found himself increasingly curious about the camp and the men there. He wanted to see what they were like—these men who were so childish and troublesome. He began to ask almost daily if he could accompany his father on his rounds, reminding him that he had promised him this visit, until at last Dr. Gering relented and said he would take Albert to the camp for Sunday dinner. He told Albert the day would be an educational experience.

On the way out in the family car, Dr. Gering explained that the men they would be eating with would all have beards and might act a little funny. They might curse some. Albert was to keep in mind that the men had been away from their wives and little girls and boys for a long time. They would not say grace before eating.

"Will we?" Albert asked.

"Not this time," his father answered, with a little smile. He said the men might yell and generally raise Cain. Once, he'd seen someone throw

HALL
F. EDGAR
DUNPHY
1901 • 1980
STEIN
LODER
BARRY
HIS
LIFETIME
PEN

some food all the way across the dining room with such force that it stuck to the log wall there.

"Was that Anatole?" asked Albert.

"I think so."

"Why did he do that?"

"He didn't like the way it tasted, I guess."

"What kind of food was it?"

"I don't remember. Some kind of mush, probably." Dr. Gering generally took a sack lunch to camp rather than share the internees' meal.

At the camp Dr. Gering took his son to a woodpile at the edge of the meadow to show him a large ponderosa pine, not straight enough for the sawmills, that he had cut down in his spare time and was chopping up for barracks firewood. He heaved a foot-thick round of the pine up onto an immense chopping block, to show Albert how it was done.

A short fat man with a large bald head walked up, grinning. "Don't give you enough to do here, do they, Doc?" he said loudly.

Dr. Gering didn't reply or even look around. Albert supposed that the men here all knew, just as he did, that his father had far too much time on his hands during the long hours at the camp infirmary. There was so little doctoring to do that he drove himself to find useful work, no matter what.

The fat man kept riding him. "I thought you had principles against working on Sunday. Or do you call it the Sabbath?"

Albert felt nervous. He had never heard his father addressed sarcastically, and he was surprised that a grown man didn't know the Sunday rules.

Then the man pointed to Albert. "Hey, who's the little draft dodger?" he said.

"This is my son, Albert," Dr. Gering said.

"Glad to meet you," said the man. He sat down on a bolt of wood and looked Albert in the eye. "Hey, Albert, when your father's done here, why doncha come over to the dining hall and try your luck on a punchboard we got here?" He had a lively, cheerful voice.

The boy questioned his father with a glance. Albert didn't know what a punchboard was, but it sounded like something that might be classified with race tracks and slot machines at his home. Apparently absorbed in splitting out his bolt of wood, Dr. Gering said nothing.

"Come on, Al," the man coaxed. "That's five dollars I'm talking about."

Albert had almost never heard the short form of his name before. It seemed as intimate and friendly as a wink.

"I'll bet you have a pretty good chance of winning," the man went on. "There's still eight winning numbers. Hey, it's a nickel a punch for those other jokers, but for you it's free. It's on me. Come on, Al, give it a try!"

Dr. Gering raised his axe and brought it down with a loud *chunk*, cleanly dividing a pie-shaped piece of wood into two smaller pieces.

"I think I ought to stay and help my dad," said Albert.

"We can all stack it later," said the man. "Doc, you're surely not going to let your son pass up a chance to earn five easy dollars, are you?"

"*Earn*," Dr. Gering said sarcastically. He sank the blade into the chopping block and stood back. "All right," he said unexpectedly.

The three of them walked to the long barracks that served as a kitchen and dining hall. On one side of it was a pile of tin cans and broken glass. Albert had to jump over a puddle of water to get to the front steps. Indoors, the building had an odd look, Albert thought, because it had no ceiling, so he could see the whole framework of bare trusses that supported the roof. There were long tables and benches ranged up the big room, and these were crowded with bearded, noisy men. The instant Albert entered, the volume of sound seemed to go up.

The fat man brought a punchboard over to Albert. The board was about a foot square, and it was covered with holes arranged to form a design of gold stars clustered around a fancy purple horseshoe. A group of bearded faces and white teeth surrounded the table where the board was ceremoniously set down.

"Now, Al," said the fat man, "I'm going to introduce you to one of our local customs. I bet your old man hasn't initiated you yet, has he?"

"Watch it, there!" said a loud voice, and the rough bearded mouths opened in raucous laughter. Albert couldn't see his father.

"No kid that size ought to know what 'initiated' means," said another voice.

"Don't pay any attention to those fools, Al," said the fat man. "They're so dumb that when they cut a tree down and holler 'Timber!' it generally lands on their own heads. That's why they look so crazy. Look at that man there. Doesn't he look peculiar?"

The man he had pointed out tried to look peculiar. Albert understood that this was funny and smiled politely.

"Nobody yells 'Timber!' around here," someone retorted. "They only do that in books. Haven't you found that out yet, you city slicker?"

"And you don't cut a tree down—you 'fall' it."

"All *right*, already," said the fat man. He handed Albert a wooden match with its head broken off and told him to poke it through one of the holes. Each hole contained a tightly rolled-up piece of paper with a number on it, he explained, and if Albert punched out a paper that had three digits the same—like 111 or 222—he'd win five dollars. Instantly.

The fat man held the punchboard up, and Albert pushed the match into one of the holes. Out the other side came a small, crisply folded piece of paper. Albert opened it. It was 389.

"Tough luck, Al!"

"Gonna let him try again?"

"Come on! Give him another chance!"

"Now, I want you to try a second time, Al," said the fat man. "There's one thing I forgot to explain, though. Besides those numbers I told you about, there's one other winning number. It's a secret, and I'm the only one who knows it. Now, think hard and try again."

This time Albert punched out number 743.

"That's it!" shouted the fat man. "The secret number! Hey, you did it!"

Several other men congratulated Albert and patted him on the shoulder. "Good work, Al!" they said. The fat man reached deep into his pocket and counted out five silver dollars for Albert—more money than he had ever before been able to call his own. The heavy coins made a wonderful chinking sound as they fell into Albert's cupped hands.

"Soup's on!" someone yelled out from the kitchen. Pushing and elbowing each other, the men sat down on benches placed on either side of the tables—rough planks supported by sawhorses. Albert took a place next to his father, and when he was seated Dr. Gering bent over and told him in a low voice that the fat man was none other than the dreaded Anatole. Albert began to worry again, especially when he saw Anatole sitting directly across the table from him.

"This bench is too low for me," Albert whispered to his father.

"Try kneeling on it," said his father.

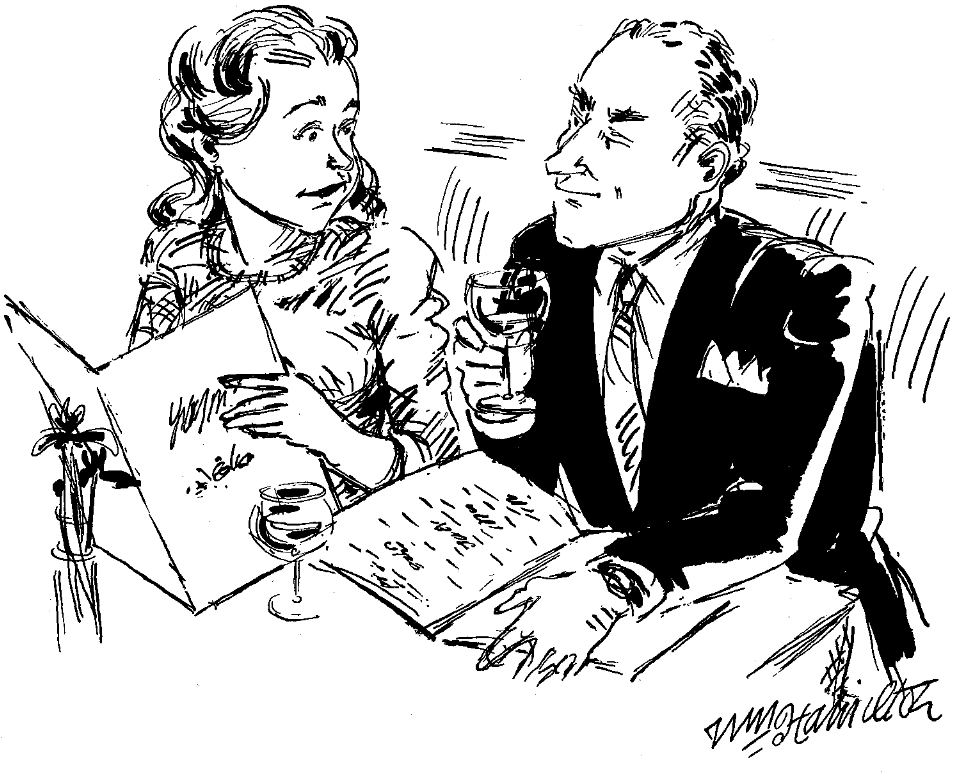
"Hey, what's going on over there?" said Anatole. "You need a higher chair, Al?"

"No," said Albert, getting up on his knees.

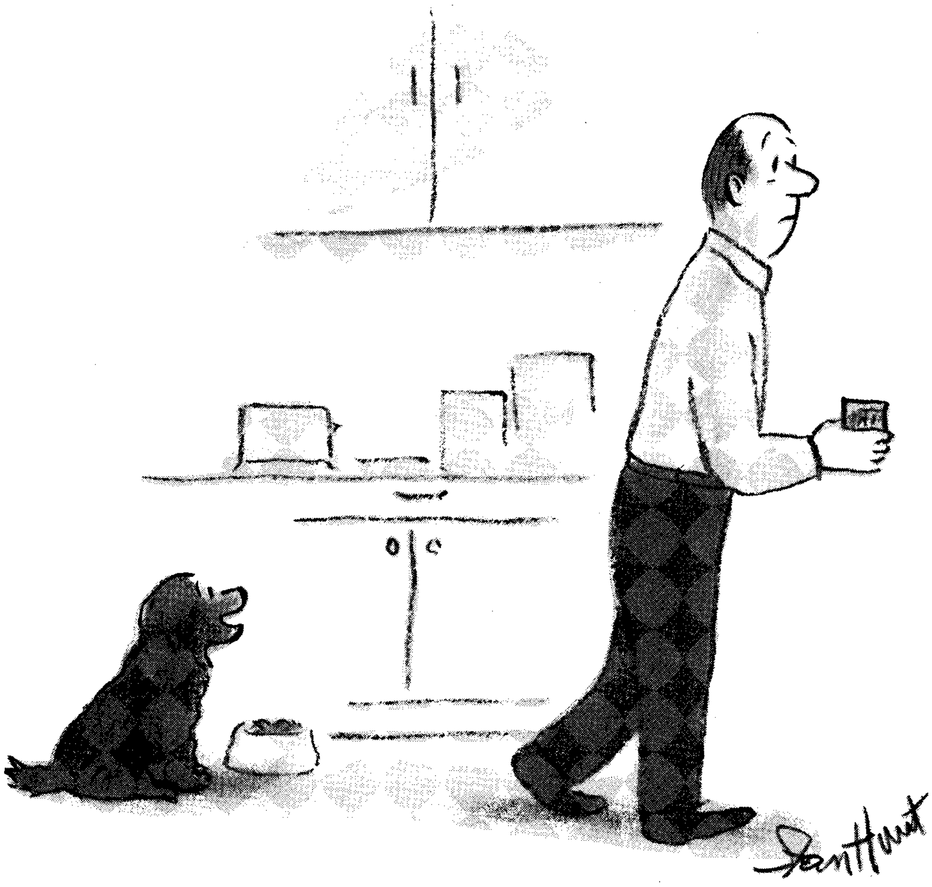
"He doesn't need a high chair, you old agitator!" someone yelled. "All a kid that big needs is a telephone book. Am I right, kid?"

"Yeah, but you've seen that damned local phone book," someone else said. "It's so thin you could roll it up and stick it in your ear."

"Wait," said Anatole, getting up from his side of the table. "We got to fix Al up proper." He trotted off and soon returned carrying a stack of old magazines. Albert felt himself grabbed by the shoulders, hoisted, and set down on top of the slithery pile. It was better, being up with everybody else, but he felt more conspicuous.



"And I thought I would never know more about you than the ripple you make on the way to your office!"



"I just want you to know, Ted, that I think you're a good boy, too."

• •

Large bowls of kidney beans were set down in front of each man. Albert's bowl was as big and as full as the others, but someone said to him, "You don't have to finish it if you don't want to." Up and down the table the men were already spooning the beans into their mouths with greedy, slurping noises. Just as his father had warned, nobody had paused to say grace.

Albert now discovered that he had been given a large spoon—it looked even bigger than a tablespoon—to eat his beans with. He whispered the mistake to his father.

Dr. Gering showed Albert that he had a big spoon, too. "We're not home now, Albert," he said. "You'll just have to manage. Try using your fork."

"But that won't work," said Albert. "This is like *soup*."

Anatole was watching them from across the table. "Now, slow down over there, Doc," he said suddenly. "Just *taaake* it easy. There's no rush. Nobody here is going anywhere at all, and there's nothing at all to do. What we have here is a problem, and I suggest that we try and solve it fairly and correctly. Al here needs a little spoon. He could eat with a fork or a big spoon if he had to—I can tell that Al is one smart kid. But he's a kid, after all, and kids need little spoons. So let's find out whether anybody at this table has a little spoon that Al can use."

Albert glanced at his father. "Kid" was not regarded as a proper word for "child" at home.

The men at the table held up their spoons, as if for inspection. Every one was a tablespoon.

"What do you think about that, Al?" Anatole asked. "I mean, not having any little spoons?"

"I think it's kind of funny," Albert ventured in a small voice.

The table exploded.

"You said it, kid!"

"Funny is right!"

"He said a mouthful!"

Anatole stood up and leaned solemnly across to Albert. "Did you ever in your life have to eat with a big spoon?"

Albert grinned shyly. "No," he said.

Everyone around the table shouted with indignation.

"Fellas," said Anatole, "we have got to find a little spoon before we can settle down and enjoy Uncle Sam's Sunday dinner."

"Hey! *Hey!*" Another man at Albert's table was on his feet and shouting at the other tables. Albert was astonished. He had not known that grown men ever acted like this. "Atten-*shun!*" the man roared. "Will you guys shut *up!* Doc's boy here needs a little spoon for his beans, and we don't have any. Is there anybody here who has a little spoon?"

Spoons were raised high all up and down the long room. Apparently, there was not one little spoon in the whole dining hall. There was a brief silence, and then the room erupted. A dozen men stood up and demanded a little spoon from the government. One table set up a chant for a little spoon: "Give us a *spoon!* Give us a *spoon!*" A couple of cooks peered out from the hot kitchen. A guard with a holster and gun jumped up on a bench and yelled for order. Two men actually clambered up on the shaky trusses of the building and pretended to look for a little spoon under the rafters. Another man, grasping a vertical roof support, began a mock oration. Food and utensils sailed through the air.

Looking up at his father, Albert was astonished to see him smiling in a delighted, almost boyish way. He had never seen quite such a look on his father's face. He was not paying attention to the shouting, cheerful men around him but instead seemed to be staring at someone or something just in back of Albert himself. Albert quickly turned around and saw an immense, sweating, black-bearded, white-capped face—the face of a cook?—right in front of him, rapidly searching Albert's eyes, mouth, nose, forehead, as if looking for some absent child of his own. Albert looked down at the man's open hand, and there was the little spoon. —ALFRED HABEGGER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

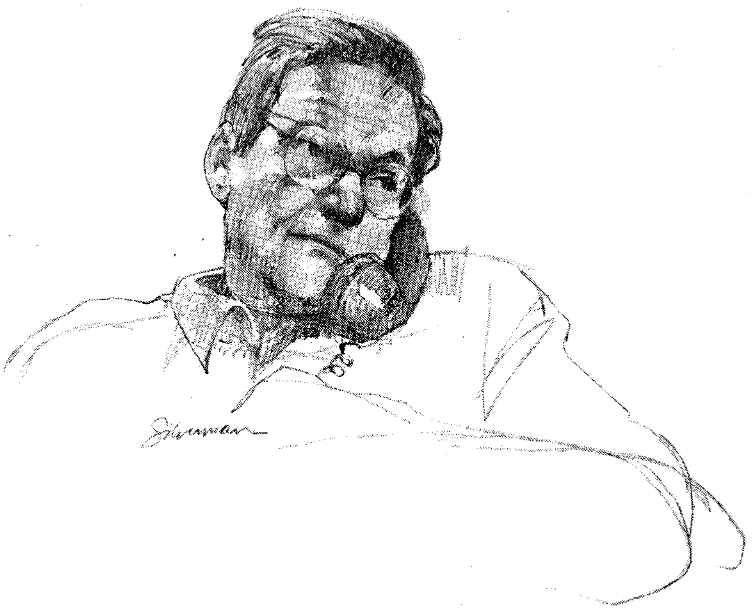
[*From the police blotter of the Mason City-Clear Lake (Iowa) Globe-Gazette*]

VANDALISM

Ball glued to pool table—at Senior Citizen Center, reported at 3:54 p.m. Friday by Frank Mullen, no estimate of damage.

PROFILES

DEALMAKER



Sam Cohn

SOME people who live and work in Los Angeles have the impression that New York City is a franchise owned and operated by a hyperactive and highly intelligent man named Sam Cohn. These people run the movie studios. They spend their days deciding which motion pictures will be made—and more often, of course, which ones won't be made. Reflecting upon Sam Cohn, one studio vice-president said not long ago, "I think he's the Mayor of New York." Most days, the telephones in Cohn's offices, on West Fifty-seventh Street, ring about two hundred times. The people who live and work in Los Angeles frequently call to say that they will be in town next Monday or Wednesday. They definitely want to get together with Cohn for lunch or dinner. Cohn maintains steady habits. Lunch means the Russian Tea Room—for him, a brief stroll west on Fifty-seventh Street. Dinner usually means Wally's, a steak house eight blocks south and one avenue west of the Tea Room. Cohn does not arrive for these appointments with a police escort, nor does he make occasional trips to Rego Park or Sheepshead Bay to take the pulse of the voters. In truth, he is not the Mayor of New York. He confines most of his activities to a fraction of midtown Manhattan. According to a certain view of reality, however—say, the transcontinental view from the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank—his seigniory is vast. Cohn seems ubiquitous. He inspires hyperbole, deep faith, and extravagant investments of other people's money.

Cohn is a motion-picture and theatrical talent agent. Many people who regularly do business with him, as well as many people who wish that they regularly did business with him, contend that he is the most effective agent in circulation. During the past few years, former agents have presided over virtually all the large motion-picture companies. These executives lead dynamic lives; they come and go. Cohn has stayed put. Several times, he has received lucrative offers to try to run a studio. He has declined these tempting opportunities. He prefers to try to manipulate Warner Brothers, Paramount, Universal, Columbia Pictures, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox, and all their brethren from three thousand miles away. Besides, if his office were on Sunset Boulevard rather than on Fifty-seventh Street it would make for a long commute to Broadway, which also falls within Cohn's sphere of influence. At International Creative Management, the agency where he works, his title is "head of the New York motion-picture department." An agent from the William Morris office, I.C.M.'s chief competitor, was feeling expansive recently and said, "Sam Cohn is the single most important force in the motion-picture business in New York. What he is doing now has as much to do with how movies are made—is as significant—as the role the studio pioneers played in the early days." The woman who made this remark was born after "Gunga Din" and "The Wizard of Oz" were released and has therefore never had dealings with the likes of Louis B. Mayer and Darryl Zanuck and Irving Thalberg. Nevertheless, she has had dealings with Cohn, and she speaks with conviction. Another woman, a movie producer, has said, "You simply aren't in the movie business in New York if you don't have a working relationship with Sam Cohn." A friendly rival agent said not long ago, "When in doubt, assume that Sam Cohn's involved somehow." Encomiums such as these are always delivered in grave tones.

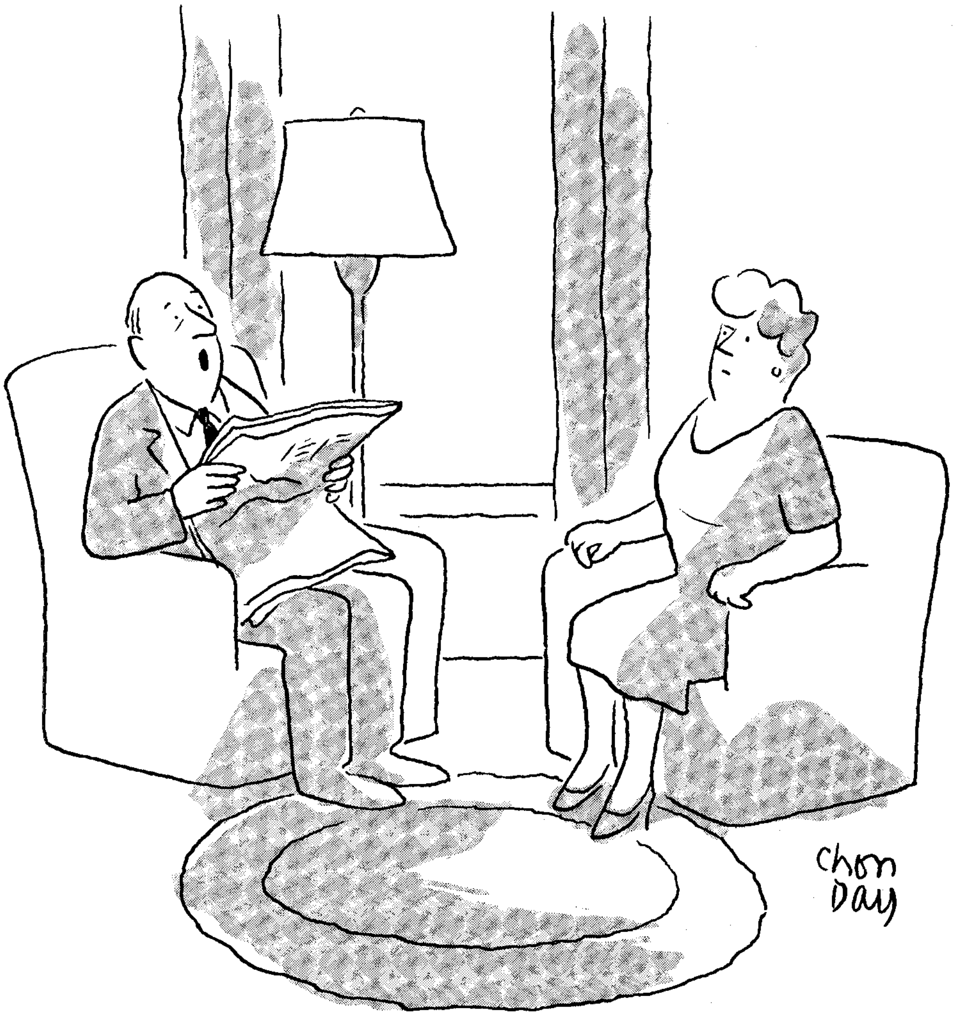
By nature, Cohn is diffident and modest—not necessarily useful traits in his chosen profession. To compensate, he has developed an orally aggressive manner—a confident staccato, as unstoppable as a bunch of marbles rolling down a hill—that could easily be mistaken for unrestrained egotism. His conversational style is as crisp and breezy as a morning d.j.'s. He laughs a lot—a popping laugh that sounds like a can of beer being opened, followed by a wheeze. Transacting business, Cohn proceeds forcefully. He charms. He needles. He behaves in a peremptory and seemingly rude fashion. His charm can be exasperating. His rudeness can beguile. Robert Montgomery, the head of the entertainment department of the law firm Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, said recently about Cohn, "Where he's a great agent is in his ability to know the client's needs. He senses what the creative people in the business want, and he serves them brilliantly. I think he's adorable, and I also think that he's a monster to do business with—especially when he's on your side. When you're on opposite sides, it's not so bad, because he's not the sort of agent who sets out to exact onerous terms in a deal. It's just the way he acts. He views the lawyer simply as a functionary. He's unbelievably cavalier. He tries to hector you into submission. I'm very fond of him. And I'm just delighted, whenever a

Sam Cohn deal turns up in this office, if I can somehow avoid getting involved."

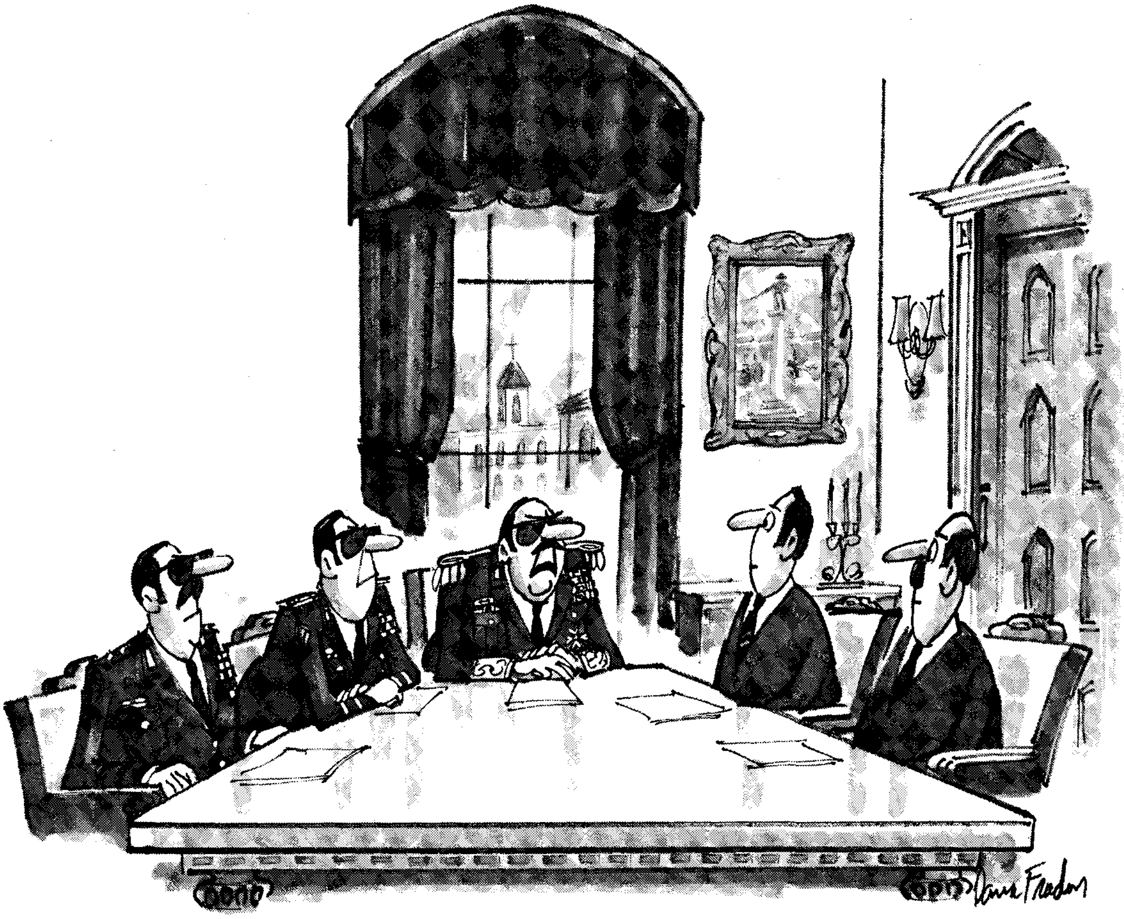
Cohn can be trusted to try to dominate any set of circumstances, business or nonbusiness, regardless of how many other parties are involved. Several years ago, when a smoky fire broke out in the offices of I.C.M., Cohn took charge and herded forty of his co-workers into a glass-walled office, where they spent two panic-stricken hours before being rescued. Later, the survivors—everyone survived—presented him with a fireman's helmet. In the summers, on eastern Long Island, Cohn plays in a regular Sunday softball game. The other participants implicitly acknowledge that they are members of "Sam's team." They indulge him in his insistence upon pitching every game as well as his tendency to castigate anyone who is thoughtless enough to commit a fielding error. Apparently, Cohn owns the softball. His etiquette on the tennis court—he plays doubles every weekend, year-round—approximates his demeanor on the softball diamond. Frequently, when Cohn attends a business meeting in someone else's office, it will at some point occur to everyone he is conferring with that he has appropriated the host's chair and has his feet propped on the desk. It is said that Bernard Jacobs, the president of the Shubert Organization, remains seated when he sees Cohn enter the room.

The reality of Cohn clashes with the stereotype of the mythical show-business agent—particularly the Hollywood variety. It is no coincidence that Cohn does not think Los Angeles is a fun place. Whenever duty forces him to spend time there, he burns a fair number of calories complaining about the programming on the local classical-music radio station or making caustic remarks about "the parking-lot attendants to the stars" or visiting friends in their carefully decorated offices at the studios and saying things like "Hmm, pretty tacky" and "I get such an *up* feeling here." According to the stereotype, most agents are named Morty or Marty and go around wearing shirts that show off their chest hair and saying things like "We'll max it at three hundred thou." A friend of Cohn's, intending to be flattering, said not long ago, "Sam's success reminds me of what Karl Marx said about John Stuart Mill—that 'his eminence is due in large part to the flatness of the terrain.' " Praising Cohn's intellect, Jeff Berg, the president of I.C.M., has called him "the Adlai Stevenson of the agency business."

Cohn lacks the well-tailored, lean-and-hungry style that many agents, for whatever reason, seem to cultivate. If he has cultivated anything, it is bagginess. He is five feet eight but seems shorter, because of a tendency to wear old cuffed trousers that barely reach his ankles. Cohn also likes to wear white wool socks with what were authentic Gucci loafers until he took a razor blade and removed the buckles. The rest of his wardrobe is often a bit frayed. The net effect could be called preppy dishabille. He frequently wears sweaters—Shetland and cashmere crew necks and V necks, usually thinning at the elbows—along with vintage button-down cotton Brooks Brothers shirts or polo shirts. In cold weather, he often puts on a tan corduroy jacket. Striding into the bitter winds, with his hands dug deep in the pockets of this jacket, he strongly resembles a baseball manager on his way out to settle the pitcher down. Physically, he is an odd combination. One often hears Cohn described as "a fat fellow," but the characterization is inaccurate. Rather, he is an almost spindly man who for the time being, out of a healthy affection for rich food and drink, elects to wear a larger person's midriff. His face has a squarish cast, and it also has dimples. There is a considerable gap between his front teeth. He has lank auburn hair that has now mostly gone gray. Despite this, he does not look his age, which is fifty-two. He has a thin, crinkled mouth, a pink complexion, and blue eyes that can't see very far. Behind his eyeglasses—thick lenses in translucent flesh-toned frames—he squints. The squint gives him a look that is a mixture of curiosity and amusement. If Cohn were less nearsighted, he could see the same expression on the faces of



"I'm sorry, dear, I must have lost consciousness. What were you saying?"



"Why don't you damned civilians in this junta wear sunglasses?"

• •

many people who know him well and are anticipating his next move.

Cohn's world is remarkably snug. Its dynamics are reminiscent of animated film strips for beginning chemistry students—the ones that show bright-colored gas molecules bouncing off the narrow walls of a stoppered flask, frequently colliding and frequently bonding. This is because Cohn seems to view the making of a movie or the staging of a play as a potentially coöperative venture that stands to benefit the maximum number of his clients. He represents dozens of directors, writers, and actors who, in various permutations, often work on the same productions—and thereby constantly exposes himself to the inference that he represents potentially conflicting interests. He is often referred to as a "creative agent." It is hard to know whether this is a euphemism or means something usefully specific. It is hard to know, in other words, how to describe just what a Sam Cohn does. Sue Mengers, a well-known agent who works for I.C.M. in Los Angeles, has addressed herself to the enigma of Cohn by describing him as an "agent-auteur." She means this as a compliment.

Moviemaking, whether high art or low commerce, is supposed to be a collaborative enterprise. Across the years, the creative role of the studio in this collaboration has steadily dwindled. Instead of keeping the same actors, writers, directors, and producers on the payroll for long periods of time—instead of operating a huge repertory company—the studios have largely ceased to function as motion-picture manufacturers. They have become, for the most part, oligopolistic jobbers with polished marketing skills and long lines of credit. They buy services and goods from independent contractors and resell the finished goods to the ticket buyers. Meanwhile, vacuums have been created, hierarchies of authority have been reordered. Different dates and events are cited as marking the so-called demise of the studio system and the dawn of the age of the independent motion-picture producer. For the sake of argument, let us say that it happened within the past thirty years. Subsequently, the sources of financing for films have become quite disparate, and independent producers have had to look to lawyers and agents to negotiate their deals for them. The processes of financing films and making films have diverged. This development has led to a considerable growth in the influence of certain agents and entertainment lawyers. Cohn, who happens to be a lawyer by training as well as an agent, has a reputation for becoming inordinately involved in the creative decision-making process. Along the way, he has been called a packager—a term that he resents. Although he is acknowledged to have high standards and good taste, he does not enjoy being called a packager, because, like the word "agent," the word "packager" carries some negative connotations.

"Sam Cohn's a very shrewd packager," a man named Mark Rosenberg has said. One morning not long ago, Rosenberg, trying to illustrate what he meant, began rearranging some objects that were cluttering the desk in his office, at Warner Brothers, in Burbank, California. It was a large antique pine desk. Rosenberg is a production vice-president. "Sam's not a hard-sell artist," he said. "He will find a buyer for what he wants to sell, and he'll find a market for it. But he's not a travelling salesman. I mean, he's not a hype artist. Now, I am aware of motion pictures in which Sam has had clients, and there might be people involved whom Sam does not love, and he might drop very interesting hints that if So-and-So would go home he could find someone else to fill that slot. But he never says that sort of thing outright. Agenting is not necessarily what it appears to be."

As Rosenberg spoke, he began to move several objects on his desk—a

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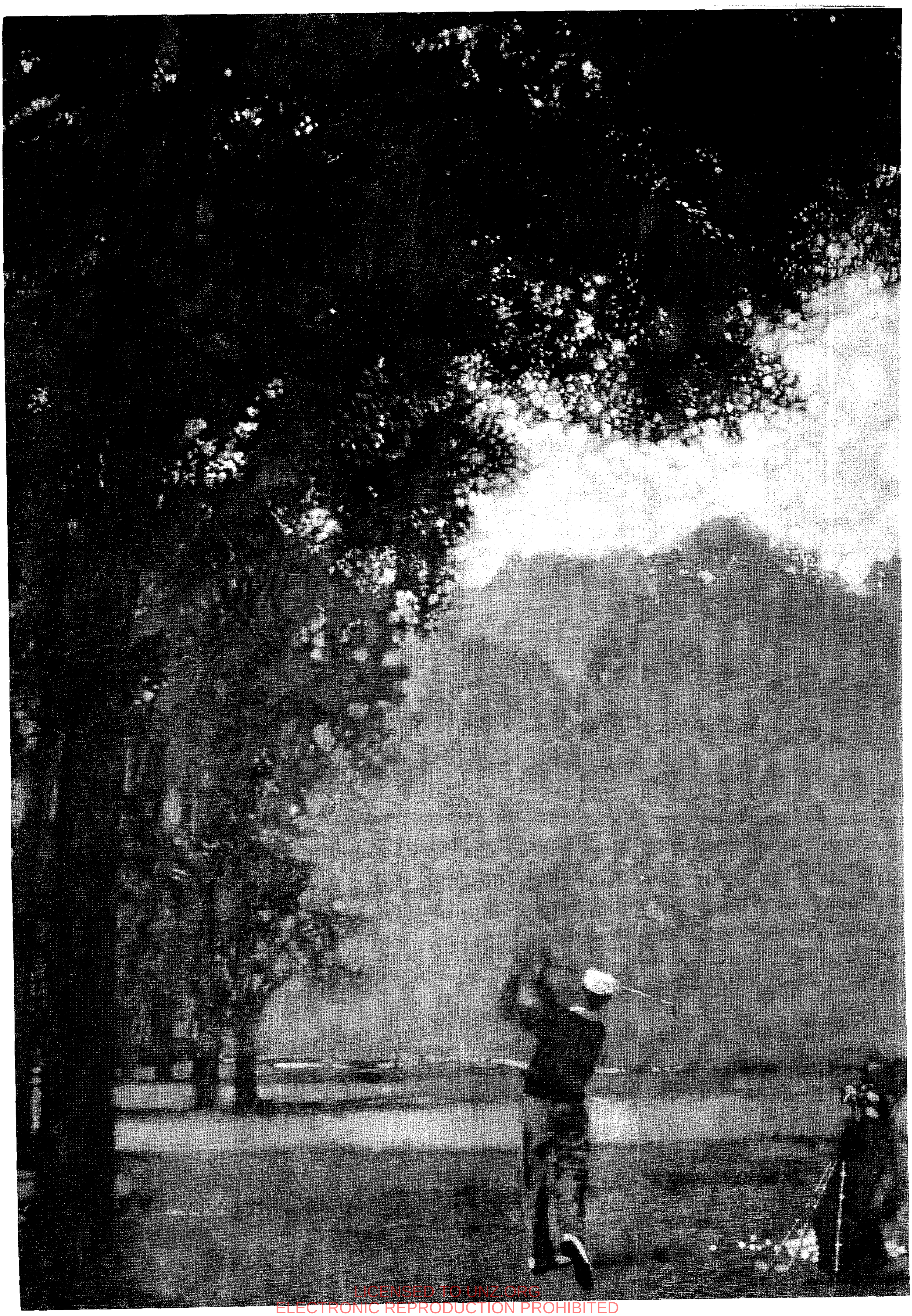

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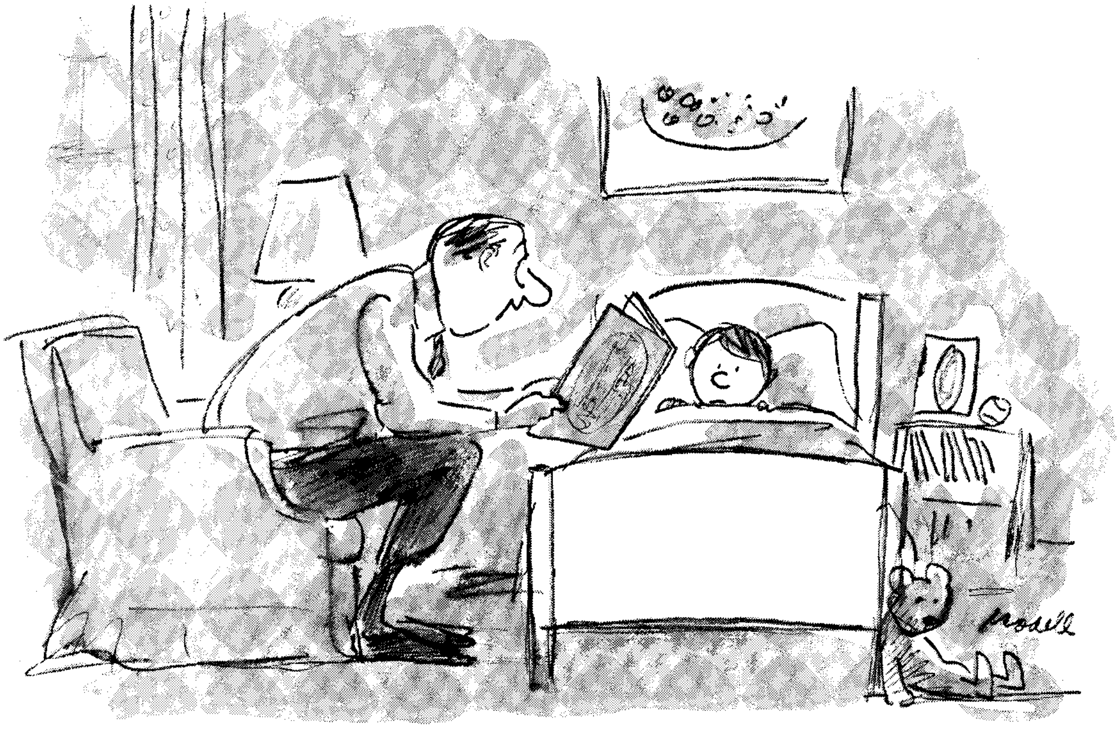


"Now here comes the kicker."

couple of matchboxes, a copy of *Publishers Weekly*, a pack of Marlboro cigarettes, a paperweight, a large pair of scissors. His intention was for each object to represent a different element in a hypothetical movie package—a package of Cohn's clients—that his imagination was at that moment assembling. "Now, let's say I'm your agent and I call you up and I say, 'O.K., there are two offers this morning. The first one doesn't have a title yet, but it's being directed by Bob Fosse, and Steve Tesich is writing the screenplay, and Meryl Streep and Woody Allen are going to star in it. Your pay is twenty thousand. And the second offer is produced by Sandy Howard and it's called "Meteor." You're going to be the star and your pay will be a hundred thousand.' I suppose that's not a fair example, because you obviously take the twenty thousand. But it's one example that comes up often in an agent's life. The agent has a fiduciary responsibility to the client. It can become very muddy water. Sam is best at steering through that muddy water. Or he'll call up the studio and say that *he* has an element of a package—a package that's already largely intact. It's a Bob Fosse film with a screenplay by Tesich, and Sam wants it to star Leonard Sternfeld, whom he's just seen do something by Molière Off Broadway. The studio will say, 'You're out of your mind. We're paying a million to Fosse and half a million to Tesich, and we think Leonard Sternfeld's a lox.' "

At this point, Rosenberg rose from his chair in a manner that, for a moment, seemed personally threatening. However, he simply wanted to offer a creditable imitation of Cohn. "So," he continued, "the studio says Leonard Sternfeld's a lox. And Sam comes back, 'Well, *Fosse* thinks Leonard Sternfeld's *brilliant!*' And that's supposed to settle the matter." Rosenberg had the objects on his desk gathered in an appealing geometry, and now he lifted a sharp brass letter opener with his right hand. "So there's the package, and almost every other agent in the business would concede defeat and walk away. But here comes Sam, champion of Leonard Sternfeld"—he brought the letter opener down forcefully in the midst of the tableau, damaging the desk—"and Sam Cohn does not walk away!"

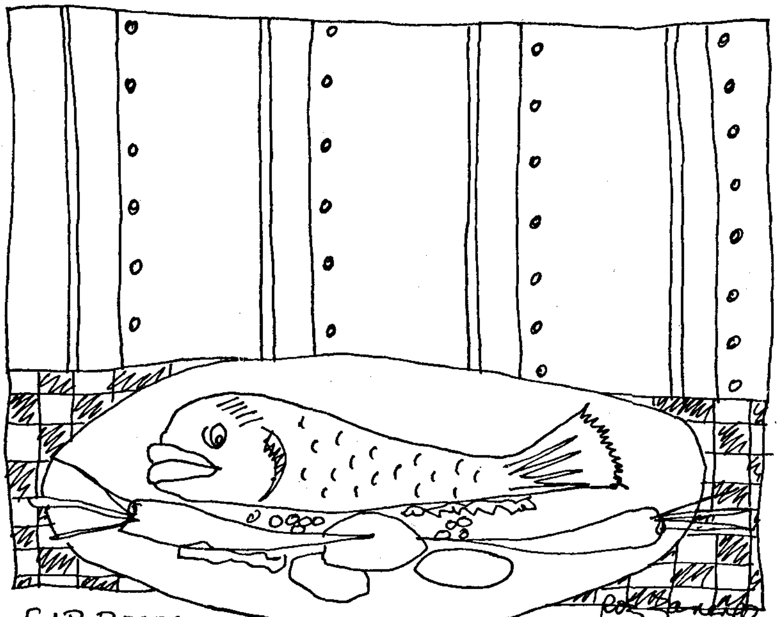
Eye-watering loyalty is a Cohn specialty. His attitude toward his clients has been described as being, variously, maternal, paternal, fraternal, godfatherly, avuncular, and mother-in-law-like—all of which characterizations assume, incorrectly, a margin of detachment and distance between Cohn and the client. More than merely representing a client as agent, he has a propensity—in public, at least—to merge with the client. He is a perfect specimen of the professional doppelgänger. One of my earliest encounters with Cohn took place just after I attended a preview of a film called "Eyewitness." The screening was held at Magno, a small, comfortably furnished private theatre in the M-G-M Building, at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue. Magno was rented for the evening, because "Eyewitness" was not an M-G-M picture. It was a Twentieth Century-Fox release, which, when it finally opened, a few months later, started off looking commercially promising but turned out to be a modest money loser. Not that that, Cohn would hasten to point out, reflects upon the film's intrinsic merits. At any rate, "Eyewitness" was an in-between movie. It had some thrills, some fine acting, and some funny lines at expected and unexpected moments. It also had an excess of plot. I came out of the screening room thinking that I had just sat through several movies (a murder mystery, an espionage story, a couple of family dramas, a romantic tale, a black comedy), a pilot for a weekly detective series, and a soap opera. There in the lobby, wearing his corduroy jacket, stood Cohn. "What'd you think?" he asked. His tone was hushed, as if he were a member of the immediate family asking the surgeon whether the patient would ever regain motor control.

"Eyewitness" was directed by Peter Yates and written by Steve Tesich. It starred Sigourney Weaver and William Hurt, and co-starred Christopher Plummer and Irene Worth. Of that group, only Hurt was not represented by Cohn. The film was edited by Cynthia Scheider, a client who is married to the actor Roy Scheider, another client. Being aware of this shrewd packaging, I felt distinctly put on the spot. I mumbled something about how I thought "Eyewitness" was pretty good, I nodded, and I did my best to put this man at ease while remaining noncommittal. Then I mentioned some minor things that hadn't seemed to work—bits of dialogue that didn't ring true, a twist of plot that lacked clarity. Suddenly, I got the feeling that my opinion no longer mattered, and I was correct. Cohn didn't respond to anything I had said. His face went blank, and in an instant he was off talking to someone else. I felt that I had just disappeared.

MORE often than his competitors, Cohn manages to become involved with films and plays that actually get produced. During 1981, ten feature films and nine Broadway or Off Broadway plays opened that were written, directed, or produced by one of his clients or in which a Cohn client had a major acting role. The films were "Prince of the City" (directed by Sidney Lumet, an I.C.M. client, who co-wrote the screenplay with Cohn's client Jay Presson Allen, who was also the executive producer); "True Confessions" (directed by Ulu Grosbard); "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (starring Meryl Streep); "Atlantic City" (directed by Louis Malle, who is now a client, and written by John Guare); "Arthur" (starring Liza Minnelli, a client of Cohn's, and Dudley Moore, an I.C.M. client, with Charles Joffe as executive producer); "Four Friends" (written by Steven Tesich, directed and co-produced by Arthur Penn, with Julia Miles and Michael Tolan as executive producers, and featuring Reed Birney, who has since become a client); "Ragtime" (novel and first version of screenplay by E. L. Doctorow); "Superman II" (written by, among others, Leslie and David Newman); *"Paternity"* (featuring Paul Dooley); "Student Bodies" (produced by Allen Smithee, the pseudonym of a client); and "Eyewitness" (practically everyone but the teamsters who drove the equipment trucks). Not all these movies did great box-office. Some—"Arthur," "Superman II"—made big money; "The French Lieutenant's Woman" performed well but not spectacularly; "Prince of the City," "True Confessions," and "Ragtime" did so-so; "Eyewitness" drifted off the Top Fifty Grossers chart and into oblivion. More than a dozen other films involving Cohn clients—among them "Annie," "Deathtrap," "The World According to Garp," "Sophie's Choice," "Stab," "Chain Reaction," "Barbarosa," "Personal Best," two untitled Woody Allen movies, "The Sting: Part II," and "Superman III"—were in preparation or in production. The extent of Cohn's involvement in any given project is hard to quantify. It varies from case to case, depending on the client. He is more wrapped up in the careers of certain clients—Doctorow, Tesich, Bob Fosse, Mike Nichols, Meryl Streep, Robert Benton, Sigourney Weaver—than others. The others accommodate themselves to this fact.

The Cohn-connected plays that opened within the last year or so were "The Floating Lightbulb" (written by Woody Allen, directed by Ulu Grosbard); "Alice in Concert" (written by Elizabeth Swados, starring Meryl Streep); "Woman of the Year" (with music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb); "The Amazin' Casey Stengel" (starring Paul Dooley); "Beyond Therapy" (starring Sigourney Weaver); "It Had to Be You" (written by and starring Joe Bologna and Renée Taylor); "Lunch Hour" (directed by Mike Nichols); "Grown Ups" (co-produced by Nichols, starring Bob Dishy); and "Foxfire" (co-written by Hume Cronyn, and just staged at the Guthrie Theatre, in Minneapolis). "One Night Stand," a new musical by Herb Gardner, was previewed for a week at the Nederlander Theatre, but it never officially opened. Three earlier plays were having long runs on Broadway: "Annie" (produced by, among others, Mike Nichols and Lewis Allen, directed by Martin Charnin); "Dancin'" (a Bob Fosse enterprise, produced by Jules Fisher); and "Amadeus" (directed by Peter Hall). In addition to representing all these clients as individuals, Cohn recently made an interesting arrangement with a new theatrical division of Paramount Pictures. Cohn now advises Paramount on its theatrical investments and productions, and I.C.M. takes an agent's commission on any profits. Paramount thus becomes a client to whom Cohn could conceivably sell the goods and services of another client. Such a glaring circumstance is queer enough to arouse the ironic sense that it is unavoidable and, in an odd way, unremarkable. Never mind appearances. Much of the time, Cohn seems to work in a hall of mirrors; his range is wide and cozy, vast and narrowly circumscribed.

Many agents can book an actor into a preëxisting entity or sell a screenplay. What Cohn does is secure commitments to have a film made or a play staged, and he does so more expeditiously than the average agent. "Can Sam Cohn sell air?" I once heard a motion-picture executive ask rhetorically, as if to express his pride that Cohn had never sold him any. If the germ of a movie—an idea, a rough plot, a not-yet-published novel—appeals to Cohn, he will line up financing for the writing of a screenplay; as the screenplay evolves through several drafts, he will arrange for a director, usually a client, to be hired to supervise its development; he will (perhaps scribbling on a napkin during lunch) project a budget for the finished movie; he will urge the studio to decide quickly whether to go ahead and make the movie; and he will play an integral part in influencing that decision. If the studio ultimately turns him down, he will seek a financial commitment



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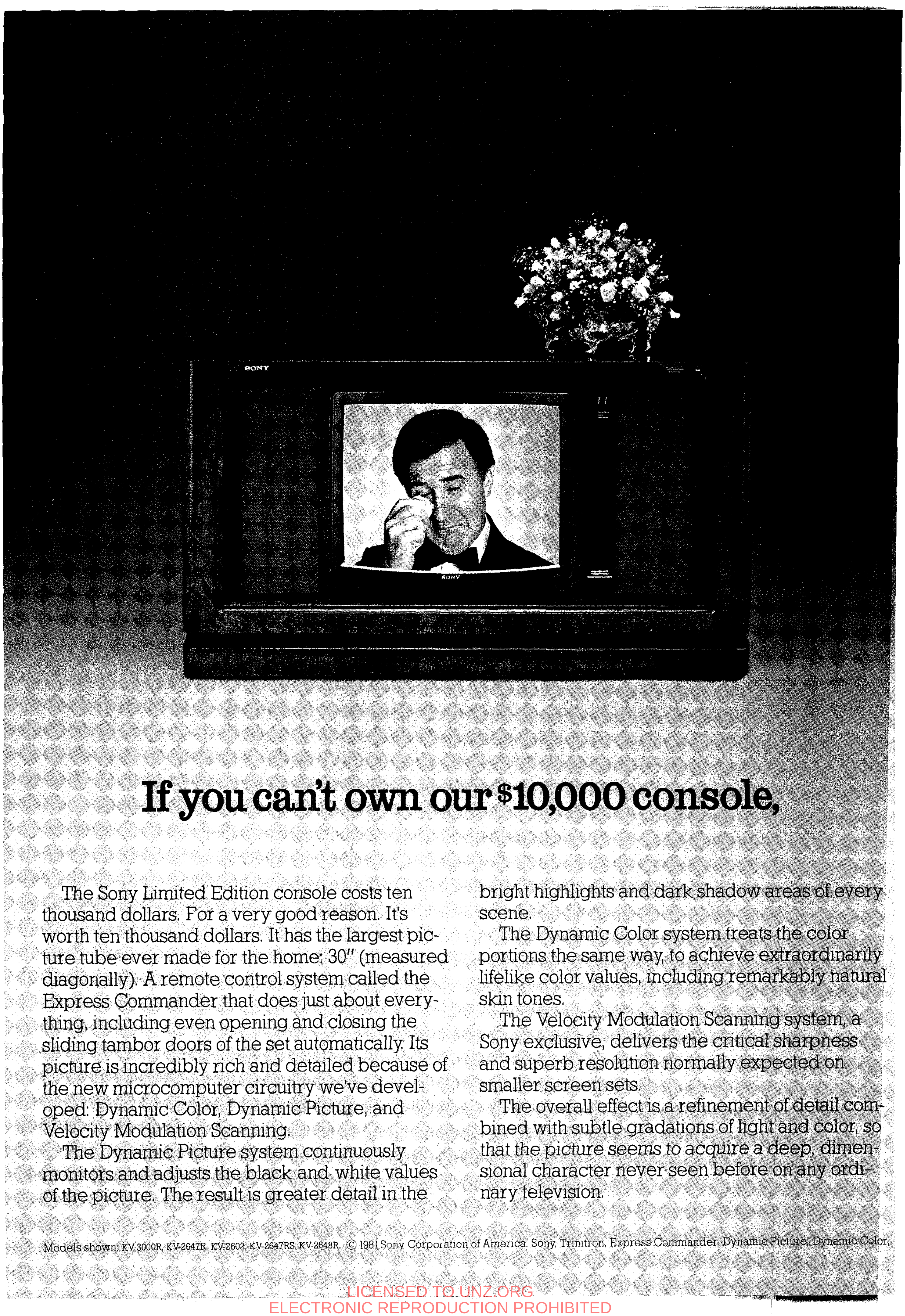

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from another studio or production company (this is the most difficult part, a step that can take months or years or, in some cases, an afternoon); once this occurs, he and the studio will agree on a date to start filming. In general, he will risk more of his personal credit than an agent should have to. Along the way, if the movie happens to be made in New York City—and an unusually large number of the movies that Cohn has a hand in are made in New York—he will watch some of the shooting. As things proceed, he will call up the director to remind him that there is a budget and that the studio wants him to respect it. When he finishes that telephone conversation, he will call the head of the studio to urge forbearance, explaining why the budget is less important than the aesthetic effect that the director is seeking. (There will be several such conversations, some of them heated.) He will monitor the weather reports, hire the publicity people, tell everyone he bumps into at the Russian Tea Room that the picture is going to be either fabulous or terrific. When the preliminary editing has been completed, he will watch a rough cut of the film, recommend changes, watch the next cut, attend previews, detain and interrogate members of the preview audience as they are leaving the screening room, remind the studio that the director hasn't received the latest installment of his pay, and interject himself into the studio's planning discussions for distribution of the film. If it's a project to which he feels especially committed, and if, as in the case of "All That Jazz," it's a movie to which he must devote two or three years before he finds a studio that is willing to make it, he may see a dozen more versions of the film before it is ready to be released. Depending on the circumstances, he may lose his composure and involve himself unnecessarily in efforts to influence the movie's Motion Picture Association of America rating. When the movie opens, he will read every review and check the box-office figures, theatre by theatre, in the big cities. If he happens to be in California at the right time, he may make an appearance in the marketing department of the studio to say a word or a thousand about the graphics of the newspaper-advertising campaign. If the project in question is a stage play rather than a motion picture, he will proceed through the theatrical parallel of each of these steps. In many instances, he will invest some of his

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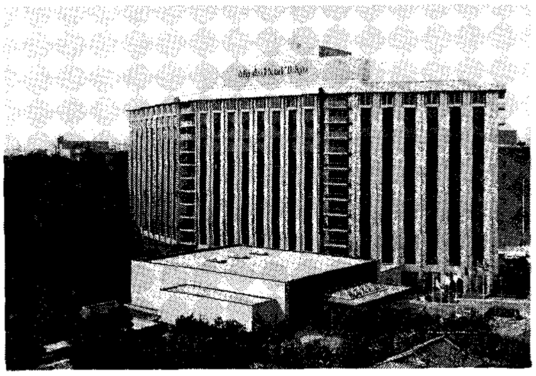

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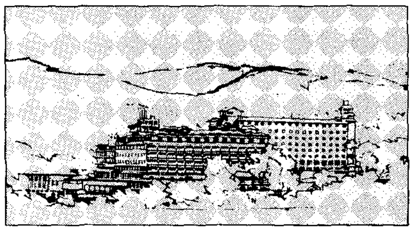

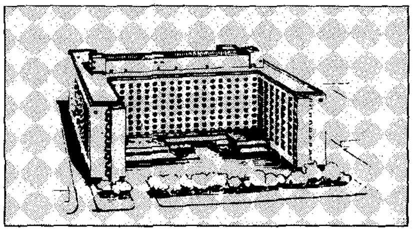

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personal funds in the play's production. Then, either before or after the play opens, he will negotiate the sale of the movie rights.

To try to understand the making of any of Cohn's deals requires grappling at some point with the ineffable. Apart from the question of how much the services of a given actor or director or playwright are worth, most agreements conform to certain longstanding formulas. Cohn insists that the majority of the business discussions he participates in are mundane and unstimulating. Even if that is true, there are worthy exceptions. Some months ago, after a protracted negotiation, Woody Allen, whose eight previous films were released by United Artists, signed a contract to make his next three films with Orion Pictures. Along with Jack Rollins and Charles Joffe, Cohn represented Woody Allen. Actually, Cohn also represents Rollins and Joffe, who are Woody Allen's business managers. A lawyer who participated has said, "It's rare that a filmmaker and a studio sit down and work out a deal from a blank slate; usually, deals are constructed within a groundwork set by the studio's 'standard' terms and conditions. These so-called standard terms and conditions are allowed to vary somewhat in individual cases, but even then the variance is generally quite limited. It depends upon how highly the studio regards the talent in a particular project and how important the talent is to that project. Because of Woody Allen's status as a singular filmmaker who occupies his own niche in the world of moviemaking, this deal was custom-made for him. The 'standard' terms and conditions were not automatically applied to the deal. This one was fascinating." Cohn can decipher a profit-and-loss statement—a talent rare among agents. He understands gross receipts and net profits and escalator clauses the way most people understand sales tax. Above all, he senses when the standard terms and conditions don't apply.

"I find Sam Cohn to be refreshingly vague," the president of a large motion-picture company has said, describing what it is like to negotiate with Cohn. "What do I mean by 'vague'? It's all *mushy*. A deal with Sam seems mushy." Because the formality of committing an agreement to paper takes time, Cohn does not usually address himself to the finer points of contract law. Obviously, where expediency counts, he regards mushiness and vagueness as virtues. Quite often, the final employment contracts for a motion picture are not drafted and signed until after filming has been completed. Not long ago, a theatre director went to Cohn's office to discuss a venture—a musical comedy—with which Cohn was having a brief romance. An I.C.M. client who was trying to produce the musical wanted Cohn and the director to meet.

"I believe in this project," Cohn said.

"I believe in it, too," the director said.

"The musical theatre needs to take a new direction," Cohn said.

"I definitely agree," the director said.

"I love this play," Cohn said.

"May I ask a dumb question?" the director said.

"I don't know," Cohn answered.

"What's your role in all this?" the director asked.

"I'll manage—" Cohn said, and then he paused. "I'll manage to find an economically rewarding role for myself in this somewhere."

In his theatrical pursuits, Cohn frequently does business with Bernard Jacobs and Gerald Schoenfeld, the president and the chairman of the Shubert Organization. At the moment, there are three projects on Broadway and Off Broadway in which Cohn and the Shuberts—as Jacobs and Schoenfeld are commonly called—have shared interests: "Dancin'," "Amadeus," and "Grown Ups." Jacobs, who has said that he would consider Cohn his peer as a negotiator "except that I like to think that I have no peers," feels reluctant to cite Cohn's specific gains at the Shubert Organization's expense.

"The problem is, if I start giving you examples where I've been had I make myself out to be a fool," Jacobs said. "The danger with Sam is that he can put a package together in such an expensive way that it becomes impossible for anyone but his clients to make money. If you give Sam an opening, it doesn't lie there very long. Sam likes to try to make the whole greater than the sum of the parts. Take 'Dancin'.' Thanks to Sam's machinations, his client, Fosse, turns out to be one of the show's producers as well as the director, author, and choreographer. The show has run now for almost four years, and, as a result of Sam's imaginative arranging of the deal, it's recouped, it's begun to make a profit, and the road company has recouped

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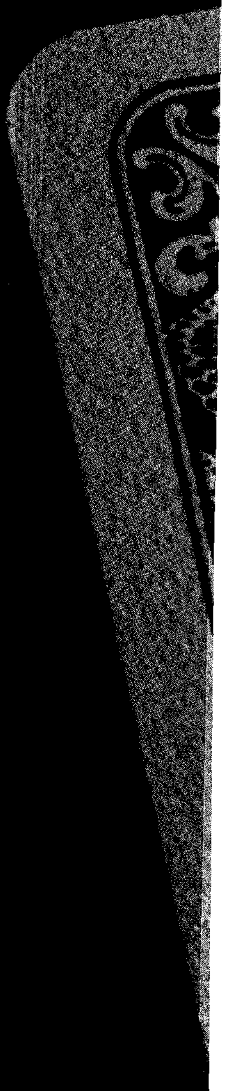

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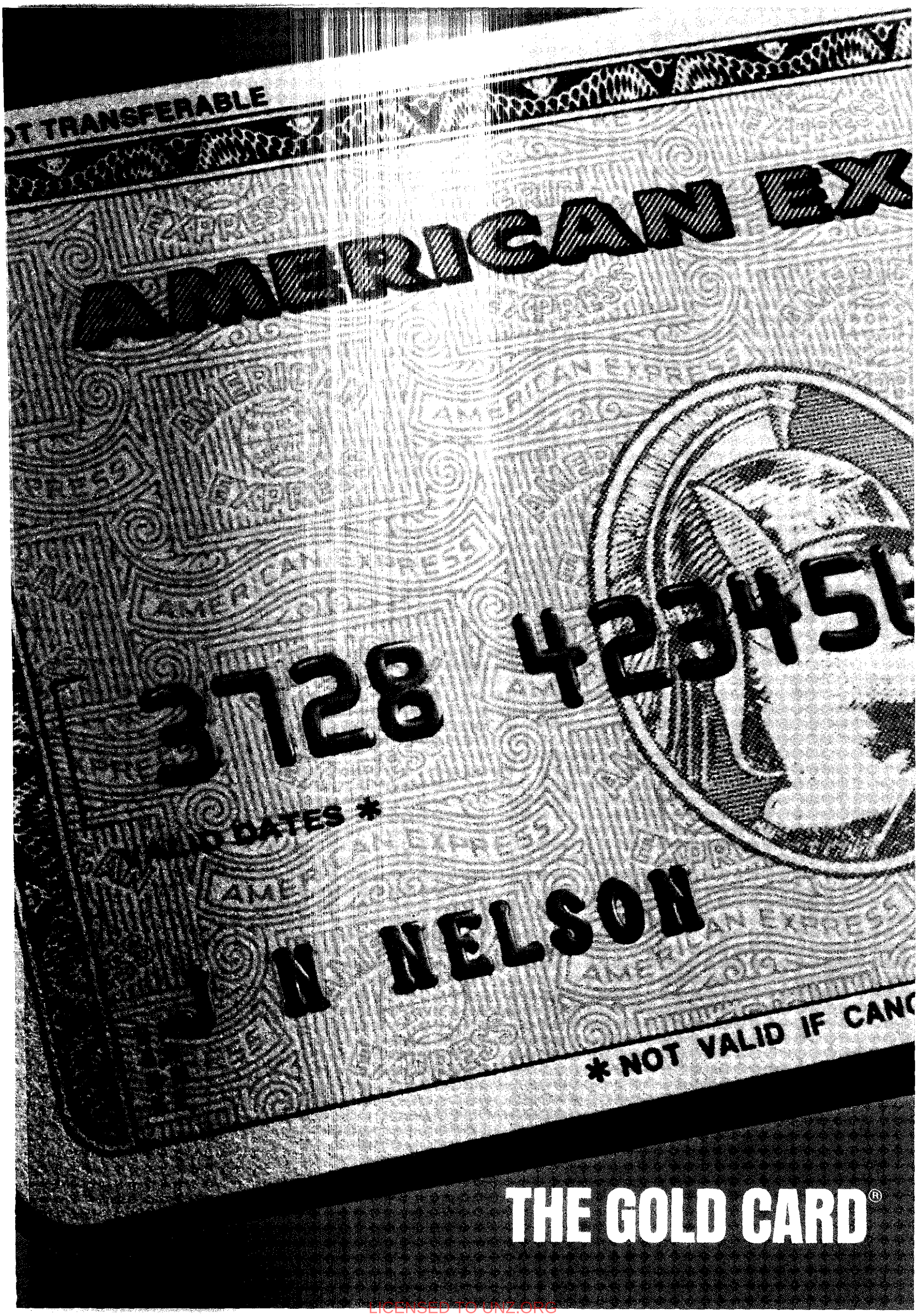
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and now makes a profit, but, most significantly, it's made a ton of money for Fosse. Sam happened to be an investor in that show, but mainly there's an example of his doing much better for his client than for himself."

Jacobs' partner, Schoenfeld, restated this proposition in a poetic way: "Sam gets away with more than anybody else I know can get away with. He does more what he wants to do when he wants to do it and in the way he wants to do it than anybody I know and gets away with it."

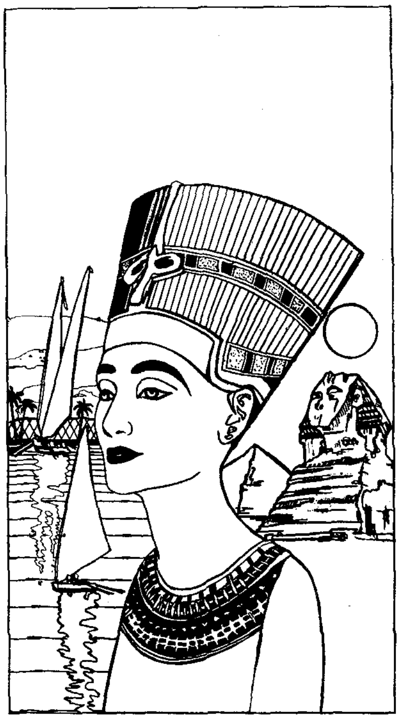
A few years ago, Cohn got away with arranging a meeting between the Shuberts and James Nederlander, for the purpose of deciding whether the Chicago road production of "Annie" would play in a Shubert theatre or a Nederlander theatre. Between them, the Shubert Organization and the Nederlander Organization control twenty-six—or approximately two-thirds—of the legitimate theatres in the Broadway district. Around the country, the Shuberts own five more theatres, the Nederlanders eighteen. There have been times when getting James Nederlander and the Shuberts in the same room has amounted to the Broadway equivalent of peace talks at Camp David. Schoenfeld and Jacobs have never been fond of Nederlander or his partners, and the feeling is returned. Considerable intrigue went into planning the meeting. Cohn had to cajole Schoenfeld and Jacobs into gathering at Nederlander's office. This meant yielding what they regarded as a territorial prerogative. They were gratified, however, when, after about five minutes, the proceedings having become ad hominem, Nederlander stalked out. When he took his bearings and realized that he could not go home, because he was already there, he decided to reënter his office. At this point, Cohn intervened and delivered a brief sermon, at the end of which the warring parties shook hands and resolved their immediate dispute. Not that that particular peace lasted, however.

"I admire Sam for his total involvement," Schoenfeld said recently. "But I would not abdicate to substituting his judgment for ours. We do not agree that he knows our business better than we do."

"Sam likes to be a producer ex officio," Jacobs said. "And he would like to be a capitalist entrepreneur."

"Without any capital contribution of any magnitude," Schoenfeld added.

Though Jacobs and Schoenfeld



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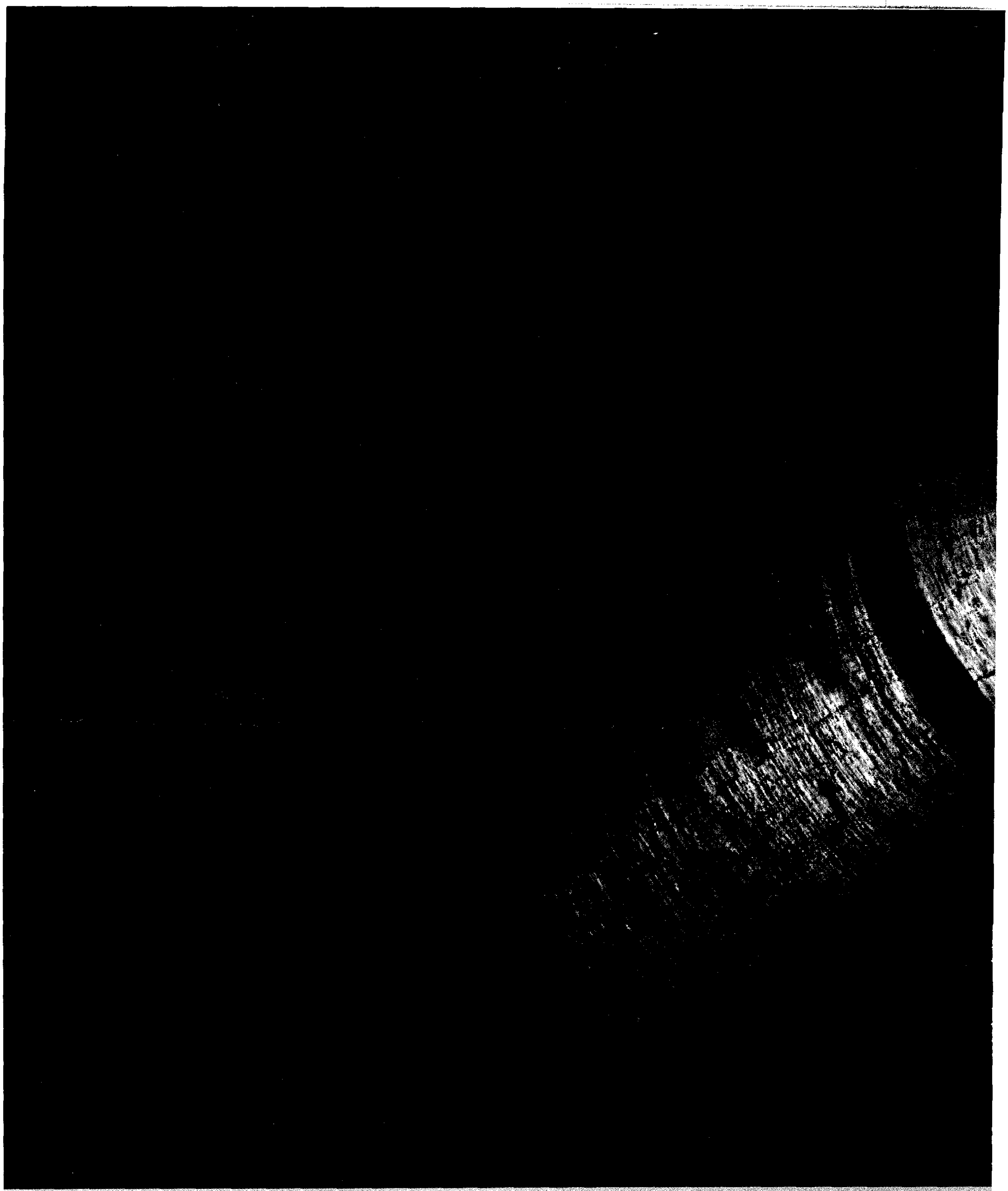

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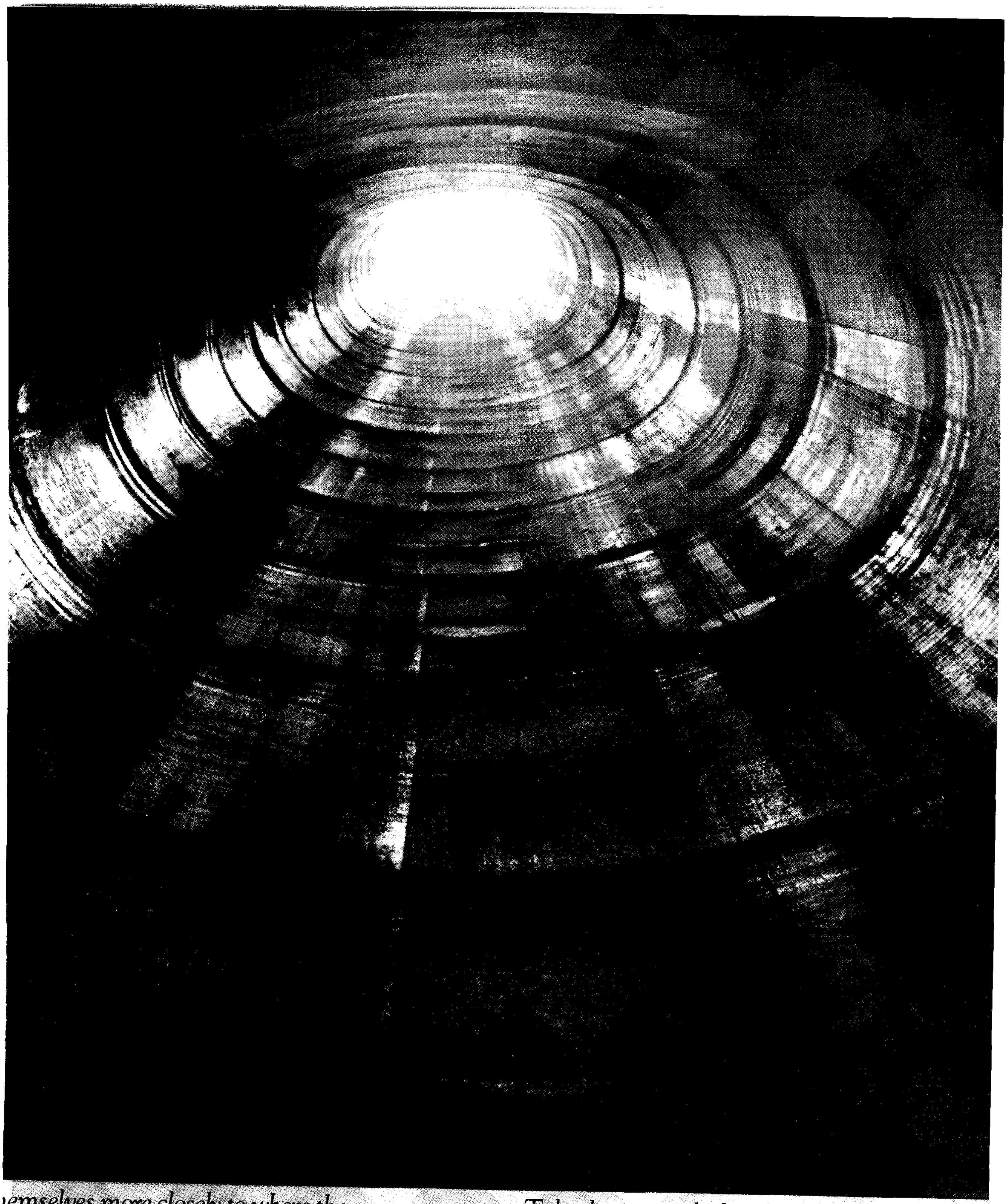

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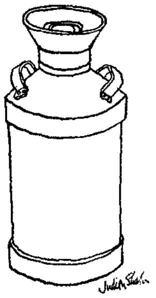
consider Cohn to be a trustworthy friend, they are often a bit wary of him. In 1978, shortly after "The Gin Game" opened, to strongly positive reviews, Cohn and his client Mike Nichols, who had directed the play, invested quite a lot of their valuable energy in calling the box office at the Golden Theatre, a Shubert house, to find out how many times the phone would ring before someone answered it. This sort of behavior gets on the Shuberts' nerves. Cohn would say that he was just carrying out his fiduciary responsibility to a client.

"Sam Cohn has great taste and great passion," Michael Eisner, the president of Paramount Pictures, said a while ago. "He wasn't born joined at the hip to people like Woody Allen, Robert Benton, Mike Nichols, and the rest of his clients. I think he has elicited their confidence not because of the deals he makes but because of his understanding of and enthusiasm for what it is they're trying to express. I find him to be like a high-school junior who falls in and out of love constantly—always with total passion."



Because Cohn develops so many passions, he seems able to focus on one only briefly before moving on to the next. All that concentrated passion, though, makes him extraordinarily persuasive. What also makes him persuasive is the urgent tone in his voice whenever he begins a sentence "You really should . . ." On various occasions, Cohn has convinced me that I really should read a certain screenplay by a certain client, I really should see a certain movie—not necessarily a good movie—starring a certain client, I really should take a certain shortcut while driving in Nassau County, I really should try the red-wine jello at the Russian Tea Room. An adventurer of average pliability inevitably succumbs to Cohn's earnest goading. "It is never easy to pass on Sam Cohn," a vice-president of United Artists has said—"to pass on" being Hollywoodese for "to say no to." (It is part of the lexicon that also includes "to take a meeting," "to go into turnaround," "to have a step deal," and "to give good conference call.") Occasionally, when Cohn does get passed on by a studio, he feels obliged to mention that this blunder will probably ruin the studio permanently. A week later, if he has not yet found a buyer, and if he is feeling generous—and if the studio has not yet collapsed—he will call back and offer the passer a second chance.

Robert Montgomery, the entertainment lawyer from Paul, Weiss who believes that it is easier to appear opposite Cohn in a negotiation than to be on the same side, has said, "Sam has an odd manner of speaking. He'll go on and on about an idea, a deal. He becomes very combative. He tells you why he likes something, and he'll follow you across the room making points. He says what he thinks you're going to say and then he tells you why you're mistaken. You say, 'But *I* didn't say that, Sam. *You* did.' Sometimes an evening with Sam is more than anybody can take."

Montgomery has never fully recuperated from the experience, in 1977, of ushering the Broadway musical "Annie" to the stage. In effect, Cohn and Montgomery jointly represented Mike Nichols and Lewis Allen, who were two of the play's six coproducers. The legal agreements between the authors, the producers, the major investors, and the minor-interest owners in "Annie" were extremely intricate. For complicated reasons, it became necessary late in the proceedings to raise several hundred thousand dollars within a few days—an undertaking in which Montgomery played a crucial role. Attorneys were tripping over one another. In the center of the tumult was Cohn, a lapsed lawyer who generally regards lawyers as obstructionists. "I represent artists who get paid only when they get work—they're like migrant workers," Cohn once said, overstating the case colorfully. "And the lawyers and the business people, who draw weekly salary checks, always want to stand in the way of their getting paid. They say, 'We're worried about the force-majeure clause, and unless you can work out the typhoon contingency there's no way we can sign these contracts.' " At any rate, the money was raised, the theatrical version of "Annie" proved vastly successful, and the authors, producers, agents, and investors all became rich. Upon the subsequent sale of the motion-picture rights, they became even richer. Cohn, managing the transaction single-handed, persuaded Columbia Pictures to pay nine and a half million dollars for the rights—a record sum. (I.C.M.'s share of this was in excess of seven hundred thousand dollars.) "We found someone with a tremendous desire to own it," Cohn said when he was asked how he manipulated the sale. Frank Price, who became the president of Columbia Pictures after the "Annie" deal was consummated, tried at one point to renegotiate the sale agreement. He was unsuccessful. "It is one of the enduring mysteries at Columbia Pictures," Price has since said. "Who made the deal to buy 'Annie' for nine and a half million dollars? The answer doesn't seem to be clear." The question, in any case, is moot. And Price now subscribes to the theory that, inasmuch as Ray Stark, the producer of the film "Annie," and John Huston, its director, intend to turn it into the most stupendous grosser of all time, the studio actually stole the movie rights when it paid a mere nine and a half million.

ONE morning in midsummer, Cohn walked a few blocks from his apartment, on Central Park West, to an appointment at the Gulf & Western Building, on Columbus Circle. It was only ten o'clock, but the day had become uncomfortably warm. Cohn wore a lightweight yellow hopsack jacket, a yellow button-down cotton shirt, gray slacks, brown loafers, and white socks. The slacks had blue ink smudges on both calves, and the shirt was faintly coffee-stained. Cohn took an elevator to the fifth floor, to the office of Dino De Laurentiis, the movie producer. He pushed open a heavy glass door and strode through a reception area as if he were heading toward his own office. As he turned a corner, a dark-haired young woman named Mindy Alberman greeted him in a familiar way and then led him down a long corridor toward De Laurentiis's suite.

"Why aren't you out in the Hamptons?" Mindy asked Cohn.

"I have to work," he said as they passed a pair of red leather tub chairs in the corridor. "Terrible. Terrible."

"Yes," said Mindy. "It's so *hot*."

"I'm not talking about the weather," Cohn said. "I'm talking about those chairs."

When De Laurentiis saw Cohn enter the room, he rose from his chair and walked around his huge mahogany desk. All the furnishings in the suite were dark except a large conference table of light-gray marble, near the entrance. Vertical blinds made of a deep-red fabric were turned to screen

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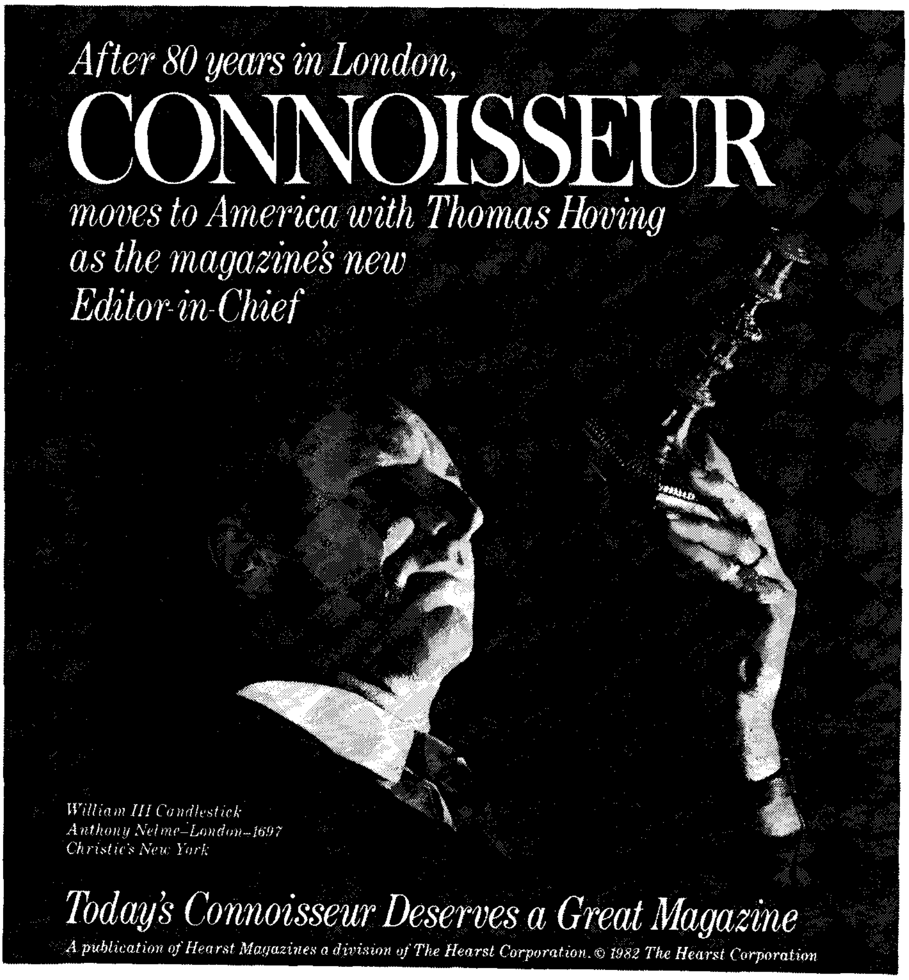

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the bright light from outside. As Cohn came forward, De Laurentiis met and embraced him.

"How are you, Sam?" De Laurentiis asked. His tone sounded as genuine as the Italian inflection of his voice.

"I am well, Dino," Cohn said.

The two men hugging made an interesting picture. Although they are the same height, De Laurentiis is trimmer and is in every respect Cohn's sartorial opposite. That day, he was wearing navy-blue silk pin-striped pants, a monogrammed light-blue shirt with gold cufflinks, a knitted black necktie, and black shoes of soft leather. His eyeglasses had thick black frames and egg-shaped lenses.

"I have just been talking to Peter," De Laurentiis said, referring to Peter Maas, a client of Cohn's, three of whose books De Laurentiis has made into movies—"The Valachi Papers," "Serpico," and "King of the Gypsies." Since the film version of "The Valachi Papers" was produced, in 1972, De Laurentiis has financed, in whole or in part, several other movies in which Cohn was an interested participant, among them "Buffalo Bill and the Indians," "Ragtime," and "Loon Lake," which has not yet been produced.

That day, Cohn had a Peter Maas project that he wanted to discuss with De Laurentiis, but it was not the first item on his agenda. He took a seat in a black leather chair opposite De Laurentiis's desk and propped his right foot on the edge of the desk.

"Coffee, Sam," De Laurentiis said as Mindy Alberman appeared in the doorway. "You will have American or Italian?"

Cohn chose American coffee, and then asked, "Is Fred here? I'm going to need him to translate something."

As if on cue, Fred Sidewater, a dark-haired man as dapper as De Laurentiis, came in and sat down in a chair next to Cohn. Sidewater is executive vice-president of De Laurentiis's company. Cohn was now ready to proceed.

"Dino," Cohn said. "You remember Abscam—the scandal with the government, the representatives, the senator? The F.B.I. was involved. And they were dressing up like Arabs? And there was a fat guy named Weinberg? Mel Weinberg?"

"I remember. I know."

"And this guy Weinberg was a con man, and he was actually working for the government?" Cohn's tone was quizzical, but De Laurentiis was nod-

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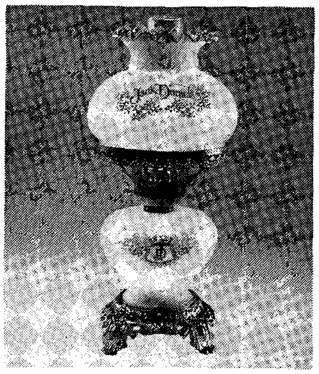

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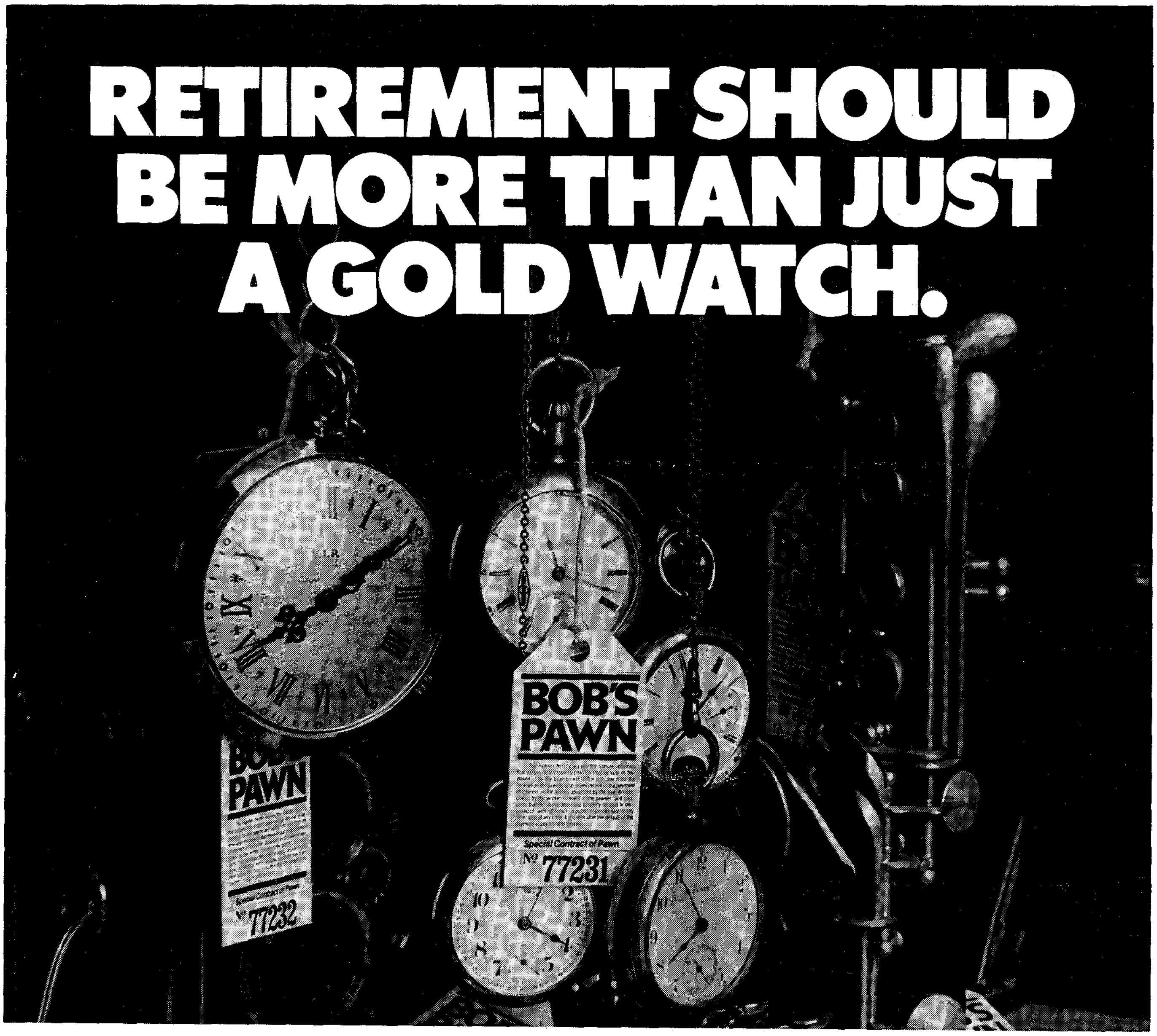

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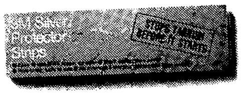

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ding. "Louis Malle and John Guare have been talking to John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd about it. They want to do a comedy based on this story."

"Byoo-tee-ful," said De Laurentiis. Cohn had barely had time to utter the name of his client—John Guare—and De Laurentiis seemed to be reaching for his checkbook. "Byoo-tee-ful. For me, it is enough Louis Malle and John Guare and you, Sam."

"You want to commission a script or you want to make the picture?" Cohn asked.

"For me, if is Louis Malle, it is a picture. You know, Sam. Louis Malle loves you, but he is very upset with you. He calls you. You never answer the phone calls."

"That's been worked out," Cohn said.

"If is Louis Malle, I make it," De Laurentiis repeated. "I am ready to give a commitment to Louis Malle."

"That was tough," Cohn said. Although his coffee had not yet arrived, he had, it seemed, accomplished what might have taken six months of work. He called out to De Laurentiis's secretary, "Where's the coffee, Mindy? Are you harvesting in the mountains of Colombia?"

A few moments later, as she arrived with a small tray holding two cups and saucers, Cohn launched into the next discussion. "Now, Dino. You called me about the script I sent to you—'The Pope of Greenwich Village.' "

"Who is the director?" De Laurentiis asked.

Cohn said, "Ulu Grosbard." What he meant was that he was trying to help the producers of a proposed film, based upon Vincent Patrick's novel "The Pope of Greenwich Village," find financing, because his client Ulu Grosbard wanted to direct it. The studio that had initially developed the movie—had financed the writing of a screenplay—had lost interest, but Grosbard had not.

"We can change the director?" De Laurentiis said—a statement in the form of a question.

"You don't want to. He's a wonderful director."

"What has he done?"

Cohn recited Grosbard's accomplishments, the most recent being the film based upon the John Gregory Dunne novel "True Confessions," which was not then in the theatres.

"It is not a good movie," De Laurentiis declared.

"It's a *wonderful* movie," Cohn countered.

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"I hear it is so-so," De Laurentiis said, and he made a waving motion with the palm of his right hand. "You saw? You say it is good?"

"De Niro and Duvall," Cohn said. As he mentioned the two leading actors in "True Confessions," traces of De Laurentiis's inflection crept into his voice.

There were a few seconds of silence, which De Laurentiis broke by saying, "I would like to know why this 'Pope of Greenwich Village' will cost twelve million dollars."

"Dino, this man is the best. He won't go one cent over budget."

"What will he guarantee?"

"He'll guarantee fifty thousand dollars."

De Laurentiis laughed as if he had just heard an old joke. "Fifty thousand dollars is one minute of shooting."

As if by telepathy, the two men digressed for a while into a discussion of "Ragtime," a De Laurentiis film that was nearing completion. The film was directed by Miloš Forman, since the original director, Robert Altman—now a former client—had been fired by De Laurentiis. But Cohn was still quite concerned about "Ragtime," because E. L. Doctorow, a client, had written the first draft of the screenplay, adapting his own novel.

Eventually, Cohn brought the conversation back to "The Pope of Greenwich Village," saying, "Now, what do you think about 'The Pope'? Do you want to talk with the director about the budget? He's in town."

"O.K. When does he want to begin shooting?" De Laurentiis asked.

"November," Cohn said.

"Why November? With the bad weather in New York. Why no October first with the weather?"

"He could be ready by October first," Cohn said. "You know what it's about? Two guys in Little Italy—in Little Italy today. They're cousins. One is half Italian and half Irish, and the other is all Italian. They work together. One's a waiter and the other's a headwaiter."

A puzzled look crossed De Laurentiis's face. He deferred to Fred Sidewater.

"*Cameriere e capocameriere,*" Sidewater explained.

"So they decide to do a robbery. They get a guy who's a safecracker in the Bronx, but he's not able to handle a big job—"

"Is a comedy, no?"

"Oh, yes," said Cohn.

After a bit more plot recitation, fol-

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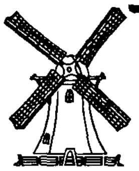

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lowed by a discussion of the pros and cons of casting certain actors in certain roles, Cohn said, "You want to meet the director? He's in town."

DeLaurentiis said, "Who is the name again?"

"*Ulu Grosbard*. Ulu. U-l-u."

"O.K. I see him tomorrow." De Laurentiis consulted a calendar on his desk. Before he looked up, his eye was caught by a copy of a novel. He fingered a corner of the book and said to Cohn, "I have something to send to Sidney Lumet."

Cohn removed his foot from its perch on the edge of the desk and leaned forward and recognized the book. "You know who's very good to do that? John Avildsen."

"I am sending it to Sidney Lumet."

"John Avildsen is very good. He's not even my client."

"He is on my list," De Laurentiis said. "But he is busy making a movie in New York."

"Not anymore," Cohn said. "Sidney will read it, but I tell you, John Avildsen is good for that movie."

De Laurentiis nodded.

"Now, do you want to talk about Peter's novel?" Cohn asked.

When De Laurentiis nodded again, Cohn outlined a proposal to give De Laurentiis an option on the film rights of a novel in progress by Peter Maas. "Instead of a price, you pay him one hundred thousand for one year."

"We'll just put him on the payroll," Sidewater said. "Give him medical benefits."

"You pay him for one year against the deal," Cohn continued. "You read the book when it's finished, and you have thirty days to negotiate. We make a deal or we don't make a deal. We don't make a deal, we have ninety days to try elsewhere. We don't make a deal elsewhere, we renegotiate. We make a deal elsewhere, we come to you and for five per cent over our best offer you can acquire the book back. We make a deal elsewhere, they pay you fifty thousand dollars back."

"No!" said De Laurentiis. "I get one hundred thousand back."

Cohn shook his head.

De Laurentiis said, "If you are ready to make a deal now, I buy the whole thing."

This offer Cohn ignored. He brought up the final item on his agenda, asking, "Now, Dino. Do you want to make a deal about the detective?" He was referring to a screenplay titled "Double Standard," which was

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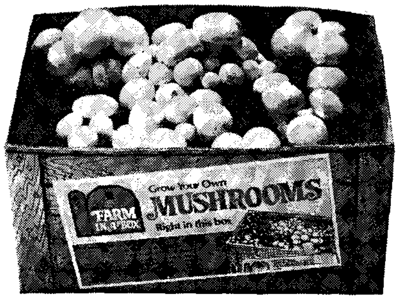

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based upon the life of a former philosophy professor whose new career as a detective was originally described in a nonfiction article by Calvin Trillin. Soon after the article was published, however, Trillin heard that Cohn had flown to California, where he made a deal directly with the detective, Josiah Thompson, to develop a screenplay—an act that sent Trillin off to have a talk with his lawyer. At the moment, however, the issue was moot. "Double Standard" had reached the same status as "The Pope of Greenwich Village"—had been developed to a certain point by a major studio and then dropped, or, as they say, "put into turnaround." It had a screenplay by Judith Ross, a client of Cohn's, and he was proposing another client, Fred Schepisi, to direct it. De Laurentiis seemed mildly interested, and asked to read the script.

Cohn recapitulated the discussion: "All right. I've got to get Ulu to come over on 'Pope of Greenwich Village.' We're O.K. on Louis Malle. And we've got a deal for Peter Maas. I'm gonna go home. I will have Ulu call you. You will love him, Dino."

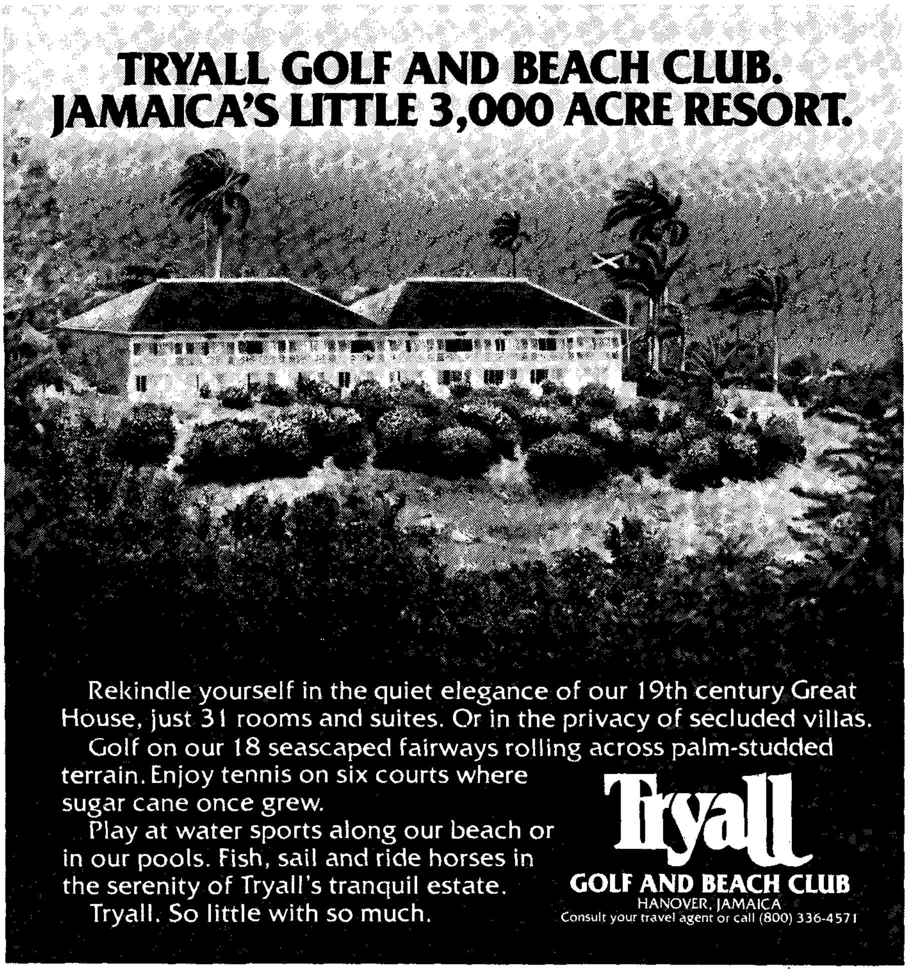
Now De Laurentiis looked away from Cohn, as if he had already left the room, and he said, "Sam is a good man. But he's *sprecato*—how you say?"

"Wasted," said Sidewater.

"He is *wasted* as an agent. He should be a producer. A dee-vell-oh-ping producer."

When Cohn left the Gulf & Western Building, a digital clock on a roof above Columbus Circle showed that the time was ten-forty.

Cohn sees at least a hundred movies and seventy-five plays a year. Some he sees several times. He subscribes to the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Mostly Mozart Festival, and the Metropolitan Opera. Nights at the opera and the concert hall have no direct connection with his professional interests. Otherwise, his business life is indistinguishable from his social life. All but about five nights a year, he eats dinner in a restaurant—if not Wally's, then Parma or Joe Allen or, perhaps, Peter Luger, in Brooklyn. Although the chefs at Wally's make a sirloin steak with peppers and onions that Cohn admires, the food is not really what attracts him to the place several nights a week. Mainly, he feels comfortable there. No waiter has ever made a wisecrack about his shiny trou-



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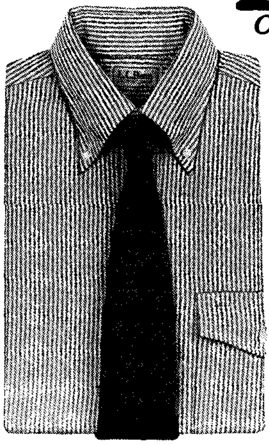

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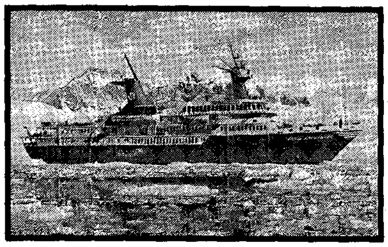

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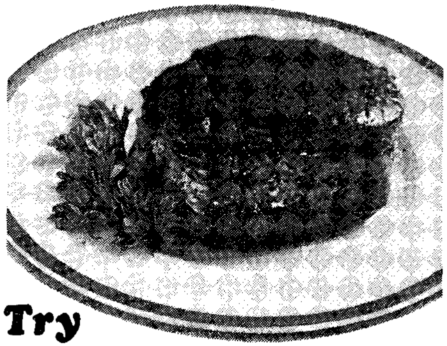

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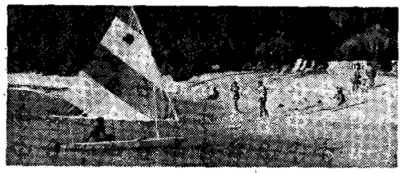
sers or the vintage of his sweaters. If, for whatever reason, Cohn has to stray from Wally's for a few nights, the management greets his homecoming like liberated Parisians welcoming the Allied infantry. The show-business gentry send several delegates to Wally's every night. No regular is more highly esteemed than Cohn. A large photograph of him in black tie hangs above the coatroom doorway. It was taken during the Tony Awards ceremonies a few years ago. Alexander Cohen, the Tony Awards impresario, had asked Cohn to rise from his seat at the Shubert Theatre and prove that he owned a suit. The photograph of Cohn—bowing slightly, waving faintly with one hand—is in distinguished company. On the wall next to it is a large candid portrait of Pope John Paul II and Sonny Werblin, the president of Madison Square Garden (with Terence Cardinal Cooke looking on in the background), on the occasion of the Holy Father's S.R.O. performance in the Garden's main arena.

As a rule, Cohn arrives home after Johnny Carson has said good night. He reads for a couple of hours before sleeping. Recently, Cohn has suffered a recurring nightmare. In this dream, he seems to be the last living reader on earth. Everyone else is a writer or a writer manqué. The genuine writers and the would-be writers are planning novels and movie scripts, but they are hesitant. "I'd like to write it," they say, "but will Cohn read it?" Sometimes Cohn experiences a version of this nightmare while he is awake. A while back, the maître d' at Wally's slipped him a screenplay.

Around nine o'clock each morning, one of Cohn's two secretaries phones and reminds him of his schedule for the coming day. Cohn is fanatically attentive to certain details (last night's box-office numbers, the audience response after a sneak preview in Phoenix) and lax about others ("Who am I having lunch with today?" "What was the title of that script I read yesterday, the one I liked so much?"). "I think Sam's whole approach to life is, 'O.K., on to the next thing, whatever it is,' " Mike Nichols has said. Herb Gardner, the playwright, has described Cohn as a man "condemned to live in the present." It is not that Cohn has a contempt for the past per se; he simply has no use for it, and doesn't want it to crowd the moment. This is a pragmatic attitude in a business ruled by only a very few princi-



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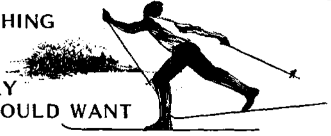

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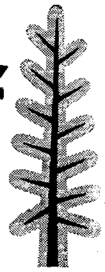

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ples, one of which is that if someone tried to take unfair advantage of you last week, that was, after all, *last week*. The same manipulator, calling up today, should not necessarily be condemned or ignored. He might have a worthwhile proposition. The only thing that the caller has to do is catch Cohn during an unoccupied moment. He has a reputation for being extremely dilatory about returning phone calls. As a working method, this is defter than the "Don't call us. We'll call you" approach. Cohn's motto seems more like "Go ahead. Call me. I dare you." Filed somewhere in his memory is an invisible, protean "A" list—certain clients, certain people in the theatre, certain people at certain motion-picture studios at certain times—made up of those who, if they were to call and not get through to Cohn immediately, could expect him to call back within, say, twenty-four hours. Otherwise, he has made the unrequited phone call an art. His technique is intrepid and visionary: two or three successive calls to which he fails to respond can make for personal annoyance, while six or eight can blossom into temporary insanity; however, thousands of cases of neglect, spread through the populace, make for a mystique. Cohn, ensconced in unreachability, becomes desirable. Any emotionally healthy person who genuinely wishes to speak with Cohn must be diligent and must be careful not to interpret a failure to break through as a form of personal rejection. Taking it personally is a crucial mistake. Supplicants who feel personally rejected often respond by stepping up their efforts. They call eight or ten times a day for two or three weeks. More than a few of these callers are, of course, acute masochists who, if they could ever manage to engage Cohn in conversation, should thank him for making them feel alive. Several years ago, while Mike Nichols, a member of the "A" list, was on vacation in Paris, he received an urgent call from a movie producer in California who wanted him to intercede and persuade Cohn to respond to his phone messages. One client, a woman with a sense of humor, occasionally has a dime and a note that says "Please call me" delivered to Cohn's table at the Russian Tea Room. Some clients have found it necessary to enlist the help of Marvin Josephson, who is the chairman of Josephson International, the company that owns I.C.M. (which makes him Cohn's employer). They complain

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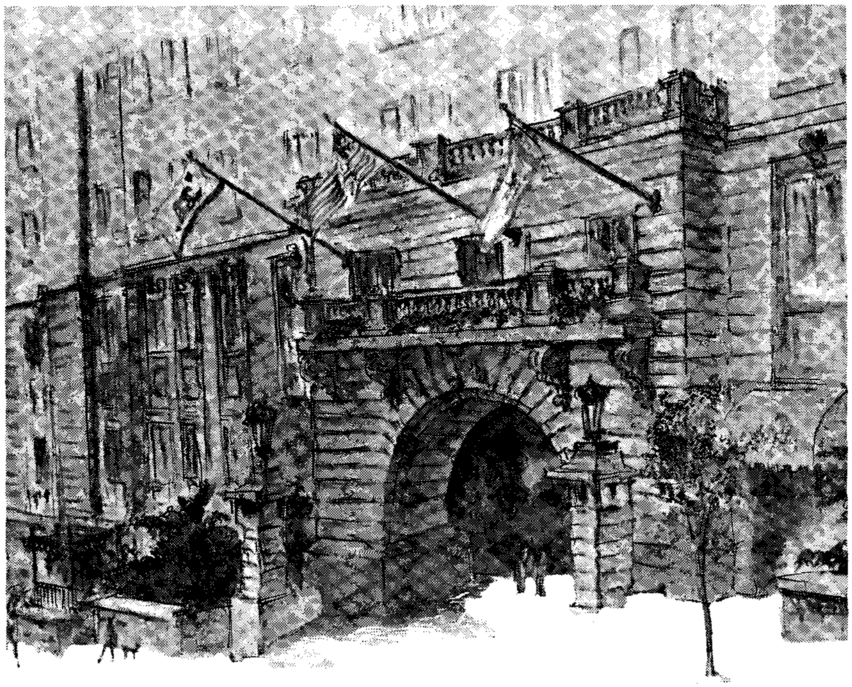

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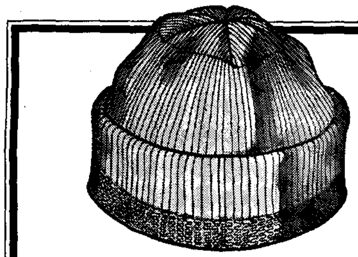

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that they can't get Cohn to return calls. Whereupon Josephson explains that he often can't get Cohn to return *his* calls. Broadminded ironists dine out on tales of how they can't get through to Cohn. A fitting inscription on his tombstone, they say, would be "Here lies Sam Cohn. He'll get back to you."

One reason that Cohn doesn't return calls, naturally, is that he is so busy talking on the phone. His secretaries, a young woman named Susan Anderson and a young man named David Lewis, screen the calls. Each secretary has a telephone console with enough buttons to handle any emergency. There is an intercom, which Cohn often doesn't use, because it's easier to shout to his secretaries, and six outside lines. An additional feature called a Telepatcher makes possible five-way conference calls. Conference calls appeal to Cohn. They satisfy his penchant for bringing together people who might not otherwise converge. "O.K., plug in Roy!" he will holler to one of the secretaries. "*Roy*? Hi, pal. Listen, you're on the phone with Bob. *Bob*? Roy has some things he wants both of us to hear. Then we'll all gossip a bit." Silence descends for a few minutes while Roy says his piece. Then Cohn responds and Bob adds his part. The ensuing gossip lasts several minutes, and when it is over, Cohn hollers, "Take down Roy!" Then he reverts to mere two-party conversation with Bob. Dozens of lucky people are plugged in and taken down for Cohn's benefit each day.

Lester Gottlieb, a veteran television producer, had an office next door to Cohn's during the late sixties, when they worked at Creative Management Associates, an agency that later merged with another to form I.C.M. Gottlieb believes that Cohn began to master his telephone skills while he was still an up-and-comer. "People have priorities about answering the phone," Gottlieb has said. "You're going to incur a lot of discouraged people if you don't return their calls. Sam was trying to be a virtuoso. My office was next door to his, right? I hear him. He yells, 'Lester! Lester, get in here!' I amble in slowly. He doesn't like that, the slow response. He's got his hand over the mouthpiece. He says, 'Lester, pick up Line Three.' He wants me to pick up one of the other phones there in his office. 'Who's on there?' I ask. He's waving his arms—that means it doesn't matter. I pick it up and say, 'Yeah?' A voice says, 'Where's Sam-

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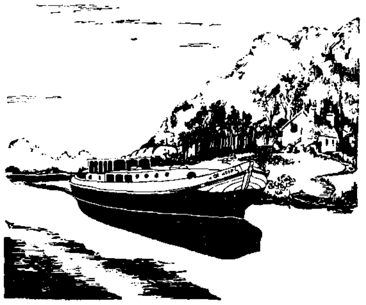

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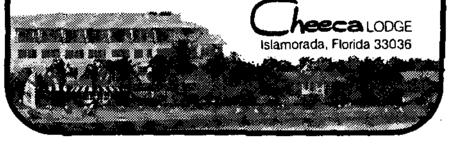

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my? Who is this?' My job is to say 'Sam had to step away for a minute.' I then realize it's Lew Grade he's talking to at the moment. This was before he became Lord Grade. Sam has to take another call, but he doesn't want Lew Grade to hang up. He wants to talk to them all at once. He was working out his priorities."

Years later, Cohn honed this approach, augmenting it with a sort of Bermuda Triangle twist. He is now capable of vanishing without a trace in mid-conversation. This usually occurs during a three-way call, when one of the parties concludes a lengthy monologue by saying something like "Well, what do you think of that, Sam?"—only to realize that Sam thinks he would rather take an incoming call on another line and has, in fact, already done so.

Torture by telephone is not Cohn's only unsettling habit. There is also, for instance, his quiet campaign to deforest North America. On the average, he reads two or three plays or screenplays a week, and he manages to eat a bit of each one. Sometimes he does this to a newspaper or magazine review, favorable or unfavorable, of a client's work. He doesn't swallow much, but he chews it all thoroughly. Robert Bookman, a former I.C.M. agent who is now an executive with ABC Motion Pictures, recalls that at their first meeting, several years ago, Cohn ate the sports section of the *Daily News*. Some of Cohn's friends have fanciful memories of what they have seen him ingest. It is possible that he didn't eat an entire sports section, or even a page—maybe just a few box scores. People have a way of exaggerating that sort of thing. Cohn likes his paper products refined. He often has a large wad of tissue sticking out of his mouth, as if he had just applied first aid to a lip injury. Tissue crumbs cling to his sweaters. A movie producer named Paul Lazarus III recalls first meeting Cohn in the early sixties, when he was still nominally engaged in the practice of law. "I was just out of law school myself, and looking for a job in New York," Lazarus has said. "I went for an interview at this firm, and Sam was a partner there. I was introduced to him—by accident, I think. He was obviously so different from everyone else there. First of all, he didn't want to talk about the current status of anti-trust law, he wanted to talk about the status of the Broadway theatre. He wore a suit but I don't think a necktie. His collar looked as if

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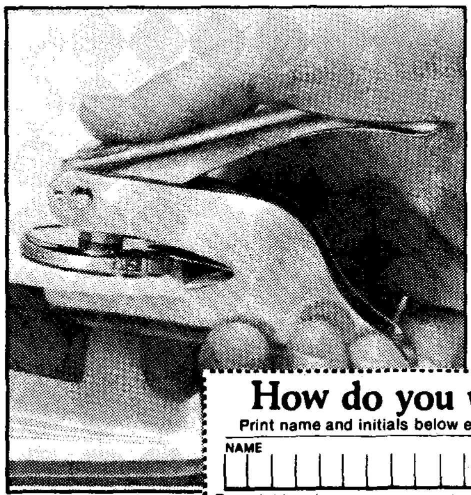

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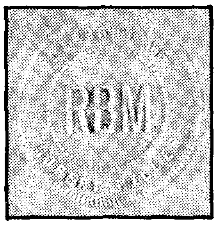

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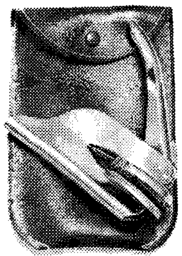

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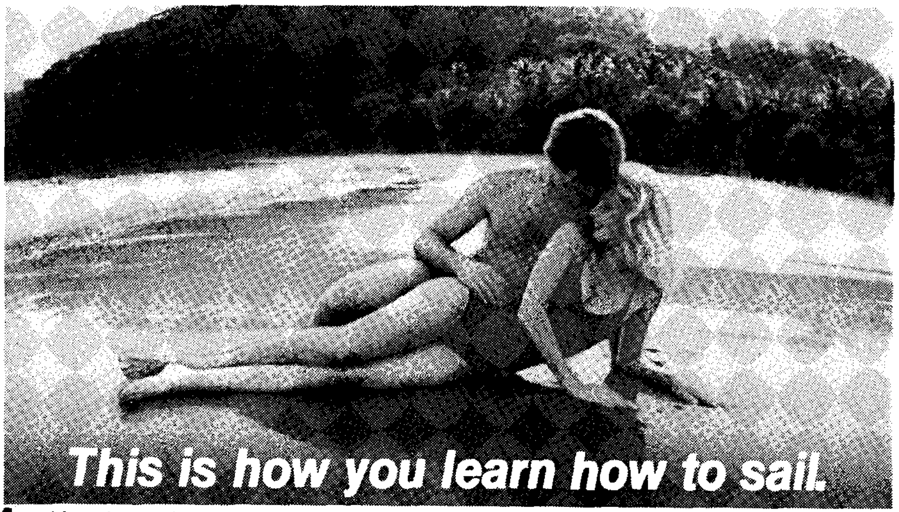
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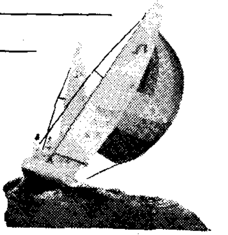

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it had been chewed. And he was eating a book of matches."

A few years ago, Cohn and Herb Gardner flew to Los Angeles to attend a wedding. It was a quick trip; they made arrangements to return to New York immediately after the reception. Cohn also arranged to rent a car in Los Angeles. When the plane landed, they proceeded to a rent-a-car counter in the terminal, where Cohn showed them his credit card, signed a rental agreement, and was given a rectangular cardboard ticket, about three inches by five, which was attached to a loop of elastic string. The layout of Los Angeles International Airport makes it necessary to ride in a tram from the terminal to the rental-car parking lot. The cardboard ticket was Cohn's claim check; it contained the license number of the car that he had rented. When he and Gardner reached the lot, they found rows of unattended automobiles. Unfortunately, Cohn could not find the claim check. All he had was a piece of elastic string with a circular shred of cardboard dangling from it. "Sam said, 'I seem to have eaten it,' " Gardner recalls. "So we did what any two sensible people would do in that situation. We both fell down on the ground laughing."

It isn't always so funny. More than once, Cohn has conducted a complex negotiation during lunch, scribbled notes and numbers on a napkin, and returned to his office and found himself at a disadvantage because, while walking along Fifty-seventh Street, he had inadvertently masticated the terms of the deal.

AGENTS become agents, according to convention, by submitting to corporate Darwinism. They start out in the mail room, then elbow their way out and up. Cohn skipped that part. It is not that he necessarily planned to skip it. Becoming Sam Cohn, agent sui generis, is not the sort of thing that an ambitious young man—not even Cohn—could have carefully plotted in advance. Cohn was born in 1929, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, where his paternal grandfather, Benjamin Cohn, his father, Charles, and an uncle named Sam operated a family business called the Independent Oil Company of Pennsylvania. This enterprise marketed wholesale refined-petroleum products. In the late thirties, Standard Oil of New York bought out the Cohns, in exchange for Standard Oil stock. Sam, being a perceptive child,

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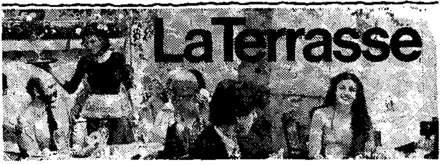

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realized early that he was in a position to do what he wanted to do in life without worrying a lot about money. He also realized that he did not intend to stick around Altoona indefinitely.

When he was fourteen, he became a boarder at the Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. Culver was his idea rather than his parents'. He had gone there to summer camp, and liked the thought of spending four years at the school. (The campers were called Woodcrafters. George Steinbrenner III, now the owner of the New York Yankees, was a fellow-camper. Cohn's recollection is that Steinbrenner's adolescent charms were but faint hints of the charisma he would generate as an adult Woodcrafter.) The school's credo was "Culver educates the whole boy." The military aspects of life at Culver did not appeal to Cohn, and he was still a private first class when he graduated. From there, he went to Princeton, where he majored in English and German literature.

In the fall of 1951, Cohn entered Yale Law School. He had spent three months there, during which he never quite got around to opening any books, when he was summoned by the Army. Certain aptitudes began to surface. Because Cohn had been enrolled in the Reserve Officers Training Corps at college, he was commissioned a lieutenant. He was sent to southern Japan, to an Army base near the city of Kokura, on the island of Kyūshū. The base was the American Graves Registration Depot for Korean War casualties. The Army's job was to support a team of civilian anthropologists whose job was to identify the not easily identifiable casualties that regularly arrived from the front. Three months of law school somehow qualified Cohn as the legal officer. Since there wasn't much legal work to be done, he branched out and ran the Officers' Club. The Army had many rules concerning what should and should not take place in an Officers' Club. There was, for instance, a rule that American officers would eat no beef that was not American-grown. There were prohibitions against certain forms of fun. Cohn's failure to rise through the ranks at Culver suggested his feelings about military regulations and the education of the whole boy. His reading of the situation in which he found himself on the island of Kyūshū was that there was a war on. Furthermore, the dispiriting nature of the work in the Graves

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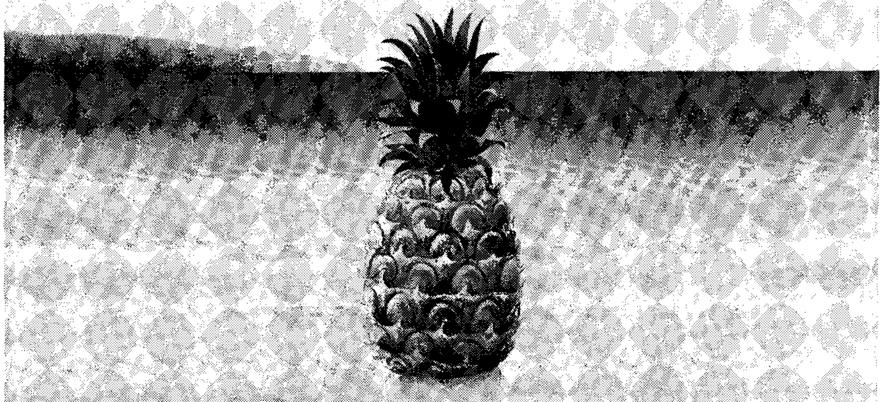

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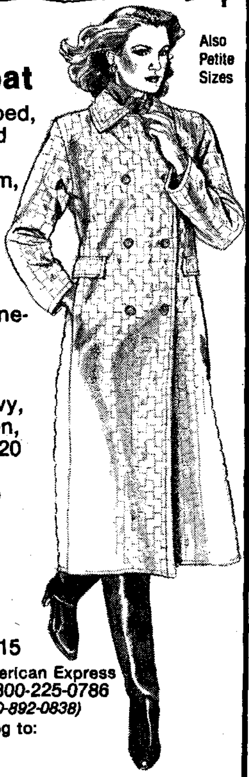

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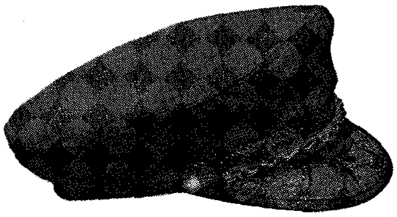

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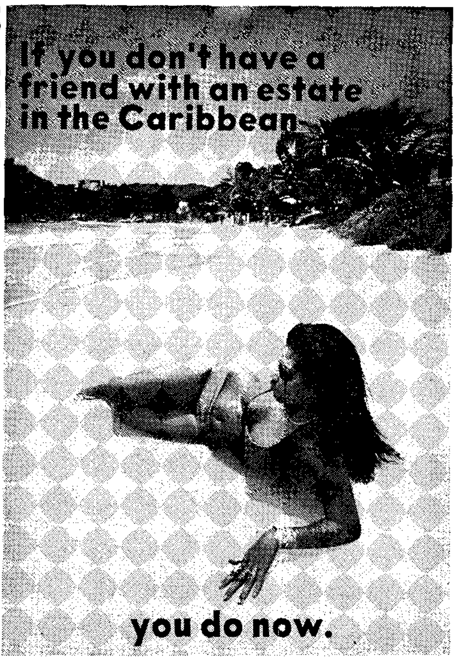
After two years of service to country, Cohn returned to Yale Law School. When he graduated, in 1956, he was twenty-seven years old and was married—the marriage did not last—and the father of an infant son; it was time to go to work. He knew that he had no interest in a career with a Wall Street law firm. Instead, he took a job in the legal department of CBS. During his first year at CBS, his job was to read the personal files of William S. Paley, the chairman of CBS, and Frank Stanton, then its president—a task related to a study of the networks that was being conducted by the Federal Communications Commission. Cohn noticed that in the Paley executive suite there were white-coated butlers, elegantly catered meals, and few abrasions. His time there was followed by a year in the legal department proper, where there were no butlers and no catered meals. In the legal department, there were merely reams of contracts to be read and drafted. Cohn did not enjoy the work. When a chance arose for him to shift to the business-affairs department, he took it. In effect, the move signified the end of his legal career and the beginning of his tutelage in the art of negotiation. At that time, CBS, which had financed the Broadway version of "My Fair Lady," had decided to buy all the subsidiary rights to the play from Lerner and Loewe, the authors. One of the lawyers who represented Lerner and Loewe was a man named Burton Mayer, who took a liking to Cohn. He invited him to lunch.

"He taught me a lesson for which I've always remained grateful," Cohn is fond of saying. "We were having lunch, and he said to me, 'Listen, you're doing a terrific job, but you're making a great mistake in your life. You're overcommitted. You're working too hard for CBS.' I'd never thought of that. He said, 'You know, I practice law for fun. I don't have to do this. And I'll tell you how that came about. Ever since I was a young lawyer, each day I would come back from lunch and I would close my office door, I would sit in my chair, and for one hour I would quietly ruminate on one question. And the question was this: Burt, what's in it for you?' "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Cohn left CBS in 1959 to become a television producer. For various and complicated reasons, this venture did not turn out well. Its low point was an encounter with Lew Wasserman, the chairman of the Music Corporation of America—which is now an entertainment conglomerate but was then primarily a talent agency and television producer—in the course of which, Cohn says, Wasserman advised, "If I were you, I would find work in another industry." During Cohn's fruitless campaigns to bring to life television specials like "The Great Zoos of the World," he had a lot of dealings with Goodson-Todman, the television-production company. In 1961, when Goodson-Todman's counsel, a member of a large law firm, died, Cohn was hired to replace him. The firm, Marshall, Bratter, Greene, Allison & Tucker, took Cohn on as an associate and quickly made him the third partner in its entertainment-law department. He spent four amorphous years there, during much of which he concentrated upon the affairs of Goodson-Todman. He was part lawyer, part TV executive. The firm also represented Herbert Siegel, who is now the chairman of Chris-Craft Industries and was then the chairman of Baldwin-Montrose, a chemical company, which was the country's largest manufacturer of the pesticide DDT. When Siegel decided to diversify and bought a small, failing talent agency called General Artists Corporation, Cohn became one of his attorneys. G.A.C. was a so-called variety agency, which means that it was involved mainly in booking night-club performers. It also had a small television department. During the next two years, this imbalance was reversed. At first, Cohn's responsibilities to G.A.C. meant spending several nights a week at places like the Copacabana studying the talents of Paul Anka and Nancy Sinatra and Allan Sherman. As the agency became increasingly involved in television packaging, he diverted his energies to such creations as "Hullabaloo" and "The Hollywood Palace" and "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea." In 1965, Siegel sold his interest in the agency, and the company passed into the control of a group of investors that Cohn had assembled. In addition to being an investor, Cohn, along with two other people, became the management of the agency. Three years later, Cohn decided to look for new partners. G.A.C. had very few motion-picture clients, and that circumstance led

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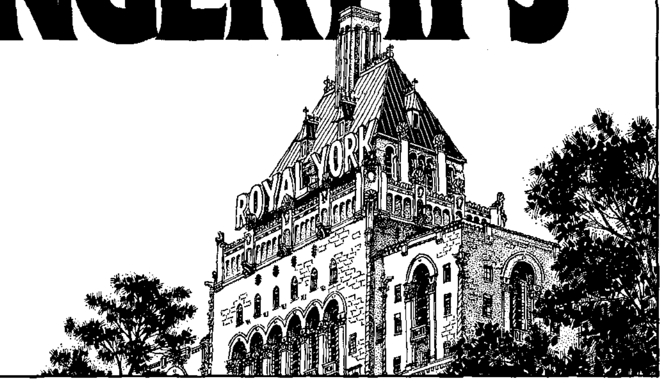

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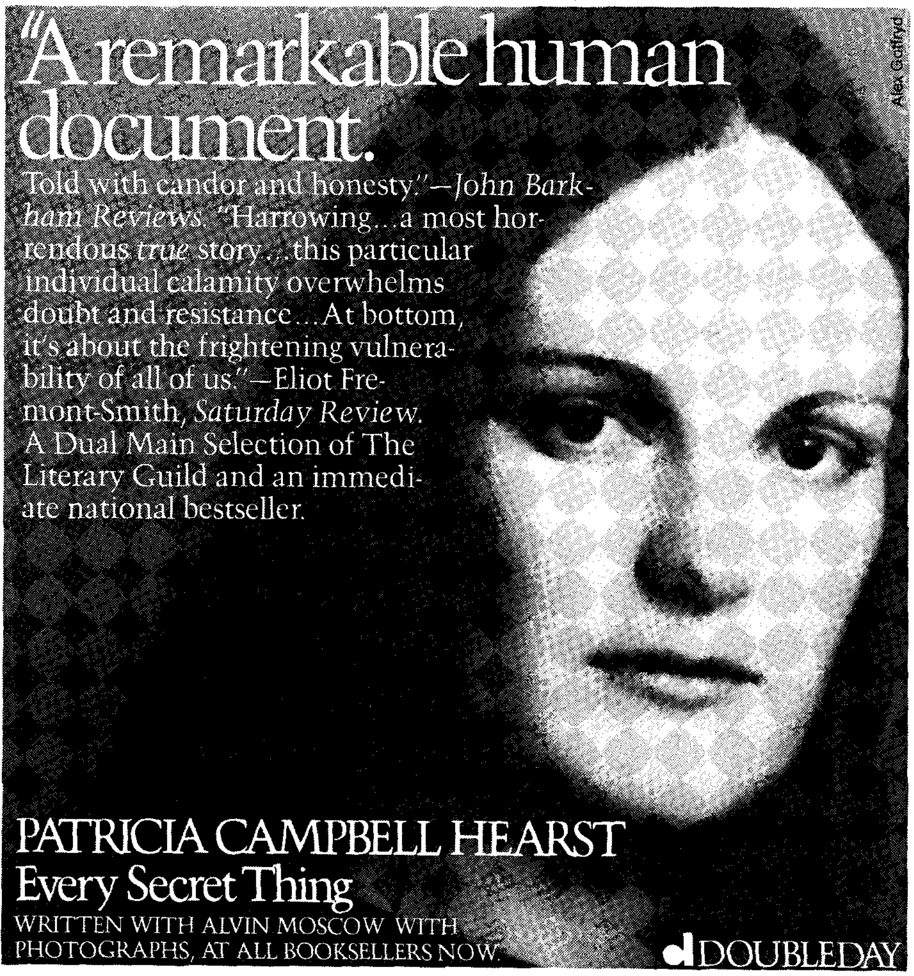

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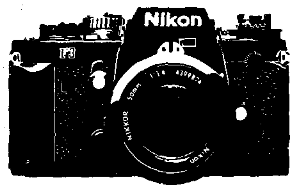

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him to a merger with an agency called Creative Management Associates.

"Creative management" was certainly a phrase that could describe the two movie agents who ran C.M.A.—David Begelman and Freddie Fields. Their clients at the time included Barbra Streisand, Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, and Robert Redford. Fields is now the president of the motion-picture division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—a position that Begelman recently vacated to become the chairman and chief executive officer of United Artists, which is owned by M-G-M. Their partnership with Cohn, of course, began years before Begelman distinguished himself as a successful motion-picture executive and then became something of a household name. Cohn was aware that most people in the agency business rarely mistook Begelman and Fields for apostles. This did not dampen his interest in the merger. At the outset, Cohn told Begelman, "Don't lie to me. You can lie to anybody you want, but not to me, and everything will be very pleasant." During their careers as agents, Fields and Begelman earned reputations as "signers"—they knew how to attract the most worthwhile clients and how to find them the most remunerative employment. A few years later, while Begelman was president of Columbia Pictures, he suffered an atavistic lapse and signed other people's names on the backs of three checks totalling forty thousand dollars—a deed that temporarily disgraced him in certain Hollywood precincts.

The merger of G.A.C. with C.M.A. was completed in 1968. Within a few months, several co-investors in G.A.C., who looked upon Fields and Begelman with alarm, had been bought out by the surviving company. And Cohn was in the movie business to stay. Cohn has a basically fond recollection of his partnership with Fields and Begelman. The agency packaged several television series (including "All in the Family" and "The Kraft Music Hall") and several movies (including "The Sting" and "The Towering Inferno"). Six years elapsed before Cohn engineered yet another merger. In 1974, by which time Begelman had left the company, C.M.A. was bought by Marvin Josephson Associates, which owned a company called the International Famous Agency. Out of this, yet another entity and another well-known set of initials—International Creative Management and

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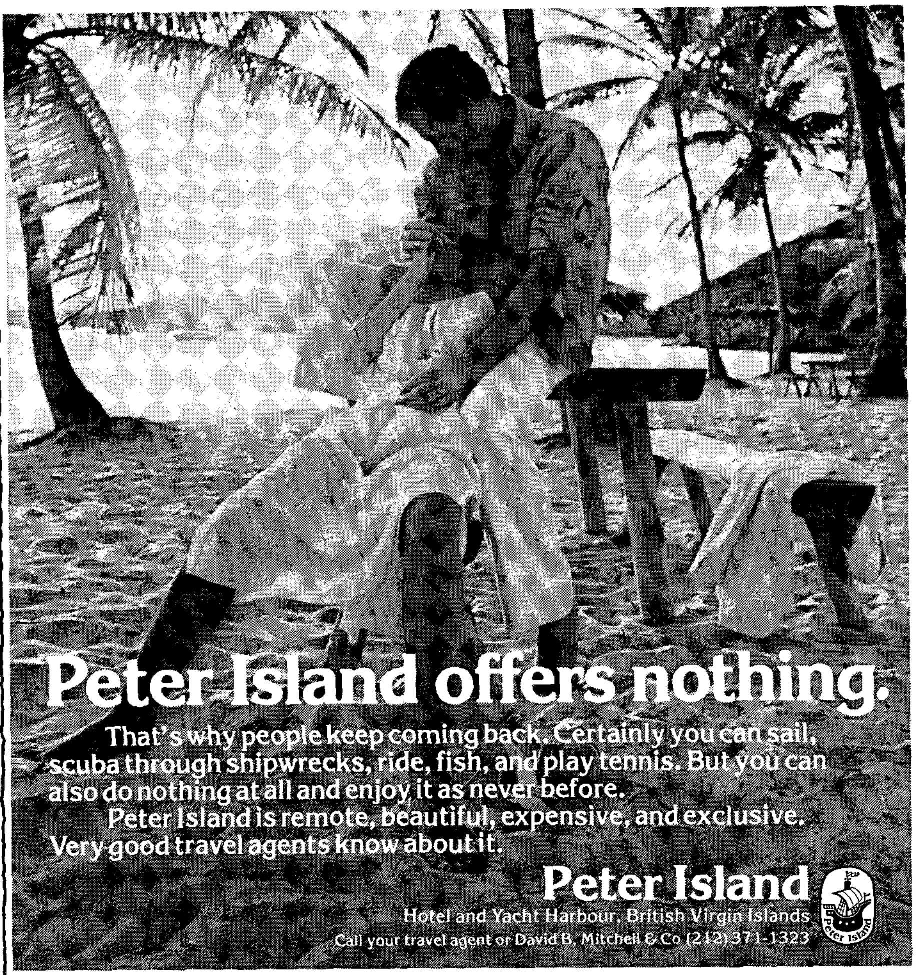
I.C.M.—were born. Along with Fields, Cohn negotiated the merger, thus creating the institution that became and remains his employer.

"I look at this chain of events now and I think, This is what I wanted to do, without really knowing it," Cohn has said. "I wasn't ready to make the merger with Marvin Josephson until it became clear to me that it was essential. Stylistically, I had a wonderful time with Begelman and Fields—particularly Freddie. As far as Freddie was concerned, if you were looking to package, say, 'Hamlet' and you happened to represent Vanessa Redgrave and Jerry Lewis and a director who was available, he would try to put them all together. That's not an example of one that actually happened, but it wouldn't have been inconceivable. It was very zippy. Freddie was mercurial and wild. The corporate management of that company— Let's just say that the Harvard Business School would not have been impressed. The management was us—Freddie, David, and myself. We looked at the books in a quixotic fashion. One day, David would say, 'This business is doing incredibly well,' everybody would get a bonus, and we'd have great big plans. We were all in on the decisions, but David had this sort of overwhelmingly compulsive and hysterical personality, and he could wear you down. Sixty days later, there would be another meeting, he would say, 'All the signs have turned bad,' and we'd have to cut back ten per cent across the board. It was like doing business by witch doctor."

Since then, Cohn has retired from trying to run an agency. When circumstances make it convenient, he will tell a caller with a complaint, "As you well know, I have no part in management. I don't even have a title. I'm just sitting here doing the best I can." Actually, Cohn sits on the board of directors of I.C.M.'s parent company, but he owns no stock. For a while, he did own thirty thousand shares. When he sold them, several years ago, he used the proceeds to buy a twenty-room Victorian house in East Hampton. He is able to provide for the upkeep of the house and still have some walking-around money left over, because I.C.M. pays him an annual salary of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, together with a guaranteed bonus of at least fifty thousand dollars, and also pays for his lunches, dinners, movie and theatre tickets, and taxi and limousine rides. Cohn has



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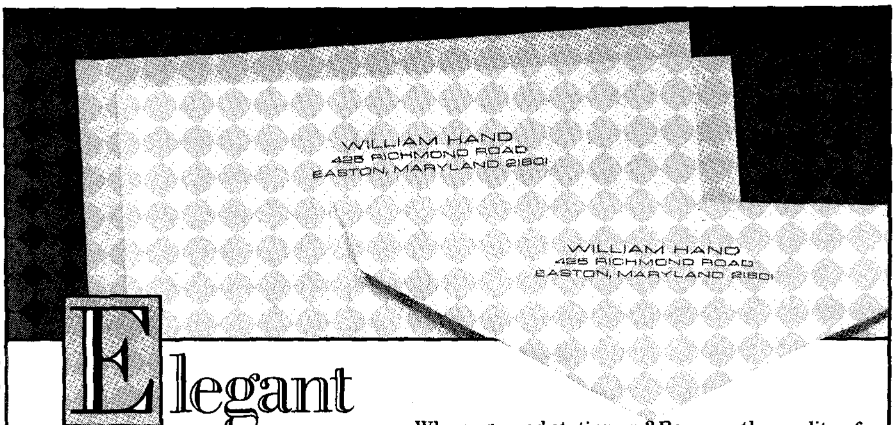

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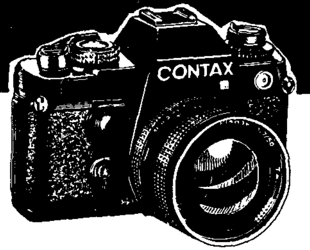

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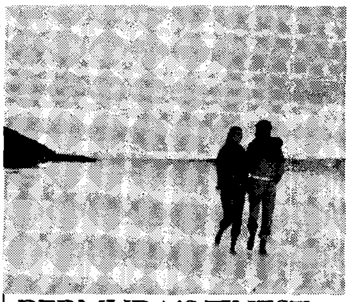
invested his leftover funds widely and, it seems, wisely. He is the organizer of a group that, in 1980, started a restaurant in East Hampton called the Laundry. For better or worse, the Laundry has earned a reputation as the Elaine's of the white-duck-trouser set. Its success has inspired Cohn to consider branching out. What he has in mind is a restaurant on West Fifty-seventh Street. More specifically, he has in mind a place within walking distance of his desk that would come equipped not only with a well-managed kitchen but also with two motion-picture screening rooms. The main obstacle has been the unavailability of several thousand affordable square feet. "It just so happens that there's a vitally needed service in this town waiting for someone to provide it," Cohn says. "There's no place in New York where you can go to a screening and entertain people afterward." With the exception of this privation, Cohn manages to continue to live in the manner to which he has been accustomed since childhood. Part of what motivates him is the conviction that his clients, too, are entitled to this state of grace.

ONE morning late last spring—a few weeks before his meeting with Dino De Laurentiis—Cohn made another trip to the screening room in the M-G-M Building, to see "Four Friends," a motion picture that was almost seven months away from being shown to paying audiences. Afterward, he walked two and a half blocks to the Russian Tea Room, where he had lunch with the head of a large film-production company. From there, he walked to his office. About fifty telephone messages were waiting for him. Cohn had some unsolicited calls that he wanted to make. He phoned one of the executive producers of "Four Friends," who had been unable to attend the screening, to report that he liked what he had seen. "I love it. I think it's fabulous," he said. Since this was the third rendering of "Four Friends" that Cohn had viewed, his comments were brief and specific. He cited two lines of dialogue that should come out, a camera angle that seemed wrong in one scene, two scenes whose order should be transposed, an entire scene that deserved to be cut, and a couple of moments that now made more narrative sense to him than they had at a screening two weeks earlier. "And I think Liz's contribution is enormous," he told the producer. Eliz-



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abeth Swados had composed the background music for "Four Friends," and Cohn had just heard her score for the first time. At that point, it went without saying that Cohn was pleased with the way Arthur Penn had directed "Four Friends," which was based upon a screenplay by Steve Tesich. Four years had elapsed since the idea behind "Four Friends" was hatched. Cohn had been close to the project all along the way. Now that he could see "Four Friends" coming together—successfully, he believed—he felt multiply uplifted. Arthur Penn and Elizabeth Swados are clients. Not only is Tesich a client but he is also one of Cohn's closest friends. The executive producer whom Cohn had phoned was Julia Miles. She is the associate director of the American Place Theatre, where several of Tesich's plays have been produced. She is also Cohn's wife and the mother of his daughter, who is seventeen, and two daughters from her previous marriage. This was her first effort as a motion-picture producer. Her fee and contract for the film had been negotiated by Cohn, and that made her, in a manner of speaking, a client.

When Cohn finished that call, he made half a dozen others. He spoke to Jay Presson Allen, a client, who had recently written the screenplay for the film version of the Broadway play "Deathtrap," which was in production under the direction of Sidney Lumet. Before that, she and Lumet had collaborated on the film "Prince of the City." Cohn took a call from Ulu Grosbard, who had recently directed a Lincoln Center production of "The Floating Lightbulb," by Cohn's client Woody Allen. He had a phone conversation about "The World According to Garp," the film version of which was then in production. Two of Cohn's clients were involved—Tesich, who had written the screenplay, and Robin Williams, who had the title role. He sent materials regarding a potential lawsuit to Bob Fosse. At length, he spoke with Paul Mazursky, another client, who was concerned about how a possible strike by the Directors' Guild of America would affect his plans to begin shooting "The Tempest," a new film that was loosely based on a romantic comedy by the English playwright William Shakespeare, who was not a client. Because Cohn was running late, he let a few dozen calls go unreturned.

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minutes. By the time Cohn was finally ready to make his getaway, early signs of rush-hour mortis had set in on Fifty-seventh Street. The stalled traffic was not giving the driver, a young blond Scotsman, a chance to demonstrate his skills. For a few moments, Cohn had a strained look on his face, as if he were resisting an urge to take over the wheel. Trying to relax, he propped his feet on an empty jump seat. Cohn regarded his plans for the rest of the day as an attenuated form of playing hooky. When the traffic at last began to yield, the limousine headed east, and Cohn was on his way to visit the set of "Stab," a murder mystery that was being filmed at a Long Island location. Shooting on the film had been under way for nine weeks and was expected to last four more. Cohn was making an appearance on the film set because he was on friendly terms with more than a few of the principals. The producer of "Stab" was Arlene Donovan, a motion-picture agent at I.C.M. and a close friend of Cohn's. To work on "Stab," she had taken a leave of absence from the agency—an unusual arrangement that Cohn had helped to bring about. Her services as the producer of "Stab" had to be paid for by United Artists, the studio that was financing the picture. Cohn had negotiated her contract. Robert Benton was the screenwriter and director of "Stab," and the two leading roles belonged to Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep—all clients. Benton's preceding effort as a screenwriter-director was "Kramer vs. Kramer," which in 1980 was nominated for eight Academy Awards. It won five, including Best Picture. Two of the Oscars went to Benton, for direction and for adapting a screenplay from another medium—in that case, a novel by Avery Corman, a client of Arlene Donovan's. Meryl Streep won an Oscar as Best Supporting Actress. Dustin Hoffman, who is not a client, had won as Best Actor. Justin Henry, who is a client, and who had played the role of Streep and Hoffman's six-year-old son, was nominated but did not win in the Best Supporting Actor category. Losing put him in company that year with several of Cohn's other clients—Woody Allen, Peter Yates, Bob Fosse, and Roy Scheider. Woody Allen was nominated for the original screenplay of "Manhattan," which he wrote with Marshall Brickman, who at the time was not a client but has subsequently become one. Scheider was nominated as Best Actor for his portrayal of a

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Bob Fosse-like character in Fosse's cinematic autobiography, "All That Jazz." That film won four Oscars—for editing, costume design, art direction, and musical adaptation—but Fosse lost the screenwriting and direction awards to Tesich and Benton. Yates was nominated for directing "Breaking Away," but, like Fosse, he lost out to Benton. Tesich did win for writing the original screenplay of "Breaking Away." His acceptance speech was a coast-to-coast tribute to the wisdom and magic of Sam Cohn. So were both of Benton's speeches.

The "Stab" location was a summer home near Glen Cove, on the North Shore of Long Island—a slice of suburbia that has been zoned for residential fiefs. According to the script, the house belonged to the mother of the character being played by Meryl Streep. It was a farmhouse with an exterior of red brick and weathered shingles. After a forty-five-minute ride, the limousine arrived at the house. Cohn got out and walked to the end of a paved road and onto a dirt path, moving from sunlight into shade. As the path widened, a swimming pool and a spacious lawn occupied by several pieces of sculpture became visible. It narrowed again as it passed through a cluster of rhododendrons and magnolias. A patio behind the house had been roped off to discourage the movie folk from trespassing. Arlene Donovan, a slightly built, friendly woman with curly blond hair, was standing near the patio. She greeted Cohn and led him along a flagstone path, past a guesthouse, and into a garage. A telephone had been installed in the garage. Meryl Streep was talking on the phone. She smiled and waved at Cohn. Her long blond hair was pinned atop her head, and she wore a terry-cloth dressing gown. Cohn and Arlene Donovan went on through the garage and into the house. Before the moviemakers had descended, a good deal of furniture and art had been removed from the premises. Still, quite a bit remained, including a Matisse ink drawing of the lady of the house. An oil portrait of her—a handsome dark-haired woman—hung in a small sitting room. The crew was setting up a shot there. The room had rough pine walls and low beams. Even without the crowd that was gathering there—camera operators, makeup and wardrobe people, a script supervisor, lighting technicians, grips and gofers and assorted

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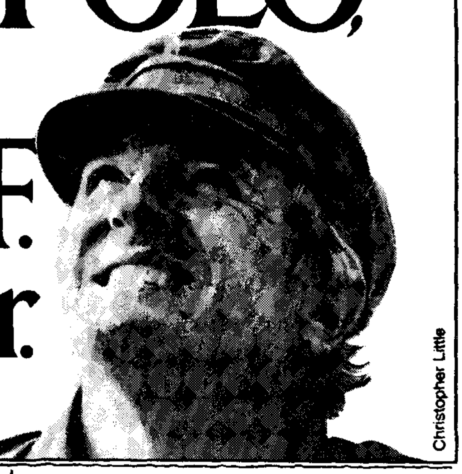

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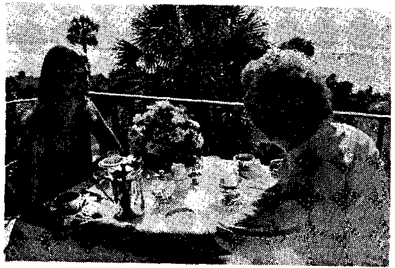

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others—the room would have made most people claustrophobic. Because the day was hot and humid, it seemed especially uncomfortable. On the wall opposite the painting of the dark-haired woman was a contemporary-looking portrait of a sharp-featured bald man with a dark mustache. This turned out to be a small conceit in the spirit of the enterprise. It was a painting executed by Robert Benton's wife, Sally, of Nestor Almendros, the film's cinematographer.

Two scenes still had to be filmed that day—a brief interior scene with dialogue, between Scheider and Streep, and an exterior shot of Scheider driving a car (Benton's maroon Volvo sedan) down a long driveway. In all, an hour and a half of work remained. One reason I made this excursion with Cohn was a vague sense that subtleties and intangibles in his ways of doing business would be revealed. This turned out to be a naïve expectation. What was going on that spring day on Long Island was filmmaking—a distant remove from Cohn's specialty, which is seeing to it that movies somehow get made, plays somehow get produced, tickets get bought, people get entertained. One suggestion did pop into Cohn's mind, and he mentioned it several times. He had thought of the appropriate score for "Stab." ("Berlioz. Do you know Berlioz? 'Harold in Italy.' You know the viola theme? Fabulous. Very romantic.") Otherwise, "Stab" was running ahead of schedule and under budget and no one was chronically misbehaving. When Cohn had been on the set for half an hour, it became clear that there was really nothing for him to do. In the sitting room, the first take of the interior scene was being shot. Outside, Cohn stood alone on a driveway, near the maroon Volvo. He wore a white V-neck sweater and a blue button-down oxford-cloth shirt, black loafers with white socks, and a pair of black slacks that had a four-finger rip along the right outer seam, at thigh level. He dug his hands deep into the pockets of his slacks. He chewed on a Kleenex, then put it in his pocket. The expression on his face was not one of curiosity and amusement but, rather, that of an impatient child waiting to be excused from the dinner table on a late-summer evening while there was still daylight and time to spend in the tree house. For the moment, Cohn seemed helplessly understimulated. And, for the moment, he looked unmistakably sad.

—Mark Singer

THE THEATRE

Sleepy Apple

THE first show to reach Broadway in the new year is "Waltz of the Stork," at the Century, and so modest are its intentions and so scanty its contents that I fear it will serve to give exiguity a bad name. The author of the book, the composer of most of the music and lyrics, the player of the leading role, the director, and the producer are all Melvin Van Peebles. The supporting cast consists of Mario Van Peebles, Melvin's son, and C. J. Critt, a young actress who is given little more to do than to smile prettily and pretend to ride a skateboard; the "orchestra" has been whittled down to Bob Carten playing his saxophone. Mr. Van Peebles is a gifted writer—after a decade, I remember with pleasure his cranky, contentious musical "Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death"—and an appealing performer, but he ought never to have risked bringing what is scarcely more than a leisurely, low-keyed night-club act into the competitive whirligig of Broadway. Promised a waltz, Broadway audiences aren't likely to content themselves with an in-place soft-shoe shuffle.

The spoken portion of the show is devoted to the rambling, picaresque adventures of a man named Edward Aloyisus Younger, who was born in Chicago, set out at seventeen to encounter romance in the Gulf of Mexico, and hitched a ride on a transcontinental truck that took him not to New Orleans but to New York City, which he instantly embraced. We learn of Edward's falling in love, of his abandoning his girlfriend, and then of his conquest and subsequent abandonment of women all over the world; uncannily, Van Peebles is able to make this unpleasant subject matter tolerable in a song perfidiously entitled "My Love Belongs to You." We proceed to some thoroughly preposterous events in an unidentified African country, in the course of which Edward barely escapes military execution; returning to New York, he seeks out his girlfriend and, thanks to a peculiar incident involving a roll of toilet paper that Edward salutes as "proletarian red carpet," we can assume that their reunion will prove a happy one. Van Peebles evidently regards his little show as a tribute to our city; he sings at its climax a song, "The Apple Stretching," which describes how the city rouses itself at dawn, stretches, and sets about its business. Such was my mood by that point in the performance that I at first took the title of the song to mean not an awakening but a hanging. My mistake enabled me to leave the theatre with a sense of relief instead of disappointment.

For the record, the single setting—purportedly a grungy corner of uptown Seventh Avenue—is by Kurt Lundell, the lighting is by Shirley Prendergast, the costumes are by Bernard Johnson, and what the program calls "additional music and lyrics" are by Ted Hayes and Mark Barkan. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Politics of Cartooning

HOWARD BARKER'S "No End of Blame," an English import at the Manhattan Theatre Club, tells the story, scene by scene, of a Hungarian political cartoonist named Béla Veracek who eventually migrates to England. For all practical purposes, the action starts at an art class in Budapest in 1921. Veracek, whose hero is Lenin, has drawn a particularly virulent cartoon, offensive to the government in power; he is regretfully expelled by his instructor and, along with his close companion and fellow-artist Grigor and a model (whom he eventually marries), he leaves for Moscow. But he runs into trouble there, too, with a drawing that the Writers' & Artists' Union decides undermines official policy. One of the funniest and shrewdest scenes in the play is the meeting of the union, at which the members, simulating openness of discussion but actually pouring out soft soap, persuade Veracek to tear up the drawing. He eventually gets a chance to escape from Stalin's Russia, and in 1936 he lands penniless in England, where he soon gets a job as political cartoonist on a left-wing paper. The freedom and truth he seeks (and keeps talking about) are just as elusive as ever, though—even at a wartime meeting of a left-wing faction of the R.A.F., which could be a line-for-line copy of that meeting in Moscow—and Veracek ends his days in a madhouse (along with Grigor, who followed him to England). The point of the play—that England is as restrictive and as hypocritical as anywhere else—has become a commonplace among young British writers, and Mr. Barker's version of this disaffection seems a bit too glib and easy, for overseas acceptance at least. Veracek is given to far too many long, self-serving disquisitions about the superiority—the moral superiority, that is—of cartooning to "art" (I always thought it *was* art), and while a few of the observations are acute, one soon feels that enough is enough. Also, Michael Cristofer's portrayal of him is unsatisfactory, seeming more tantrummy than passionate. The rest of the performance goes very well. Under Walton Jones' direction, every scene attains exactly the right tone, and every character is clear. This takes some doing, since most of the skillful actors appear in multiple roles. The only solo, besides Mr. Cristofer's, is that of Gene O'Neill, who plays Grigor, the tragic artist and refugee whose only wish—unfulfilled, as it turns out—is for a quiet corner in which to paint. Michael Gross does especially well in a number of roles, and so do Robin Bartlett, George Ede, and Caitlin Clarke. In spite of its faults, "No End of Blame" makes an absorbing evening. The appropriate costumes are by Christa Scholtz, and Tony Straiges designed the effective setting—an unfurled white background on which Veracek's cartoons (which resemble both Low's and Vicky's) are projected. The cartoons were actually drawn by Gerald Scarfe.

JUST before the end of "Kaufman at Large," John Lithgow's one-man show at the Phoenix, George S. Kaufman, alone in his apartment in New York, makes a long-distance call to Moss Hart, in Beverly Hills, and reads aloud a long passage from their forthcoming play "You Can't Take It with You." The scene reminds us what a good actor Mr. Lithgow is, once he has dropped his ill-fitting characterization of Kaufman and has

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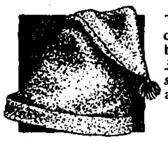

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become the actors in the play. In his rather charming opening to the evening, Mr. Lithgow—a tall, round-faced, and fair man—holds up a photograph of the dark, saturnine Kaufman and remarks that "his resemblance to me is positively uncanny." An amusing joke, but lack of physical resemblance is the least of the difficulties. The action takes place on the day in August, 1936, when Kaufman arrived here in flight from Hollywood and the revelations in Mary Astor's diary. His daughter is at camp, his wife is on a ship sailing home from Europe, and it is altogether a day of the greatest tension, in which the sardonic, unsentimental Kaufman is misleadingly portrayed as emotional and occasionally tender. Some of Kaufman's quoted lines are funny, and so is some of Mr. Lithgow's material, but the evening abounds in those trying stage phone calls in which the actor repeats verbatim everything that is said to him. For all my objections, I was not bored or depressed, but only because Mr. Lithgow is an engaging fellow to watch under any circumstances. —EDITH OLIVER

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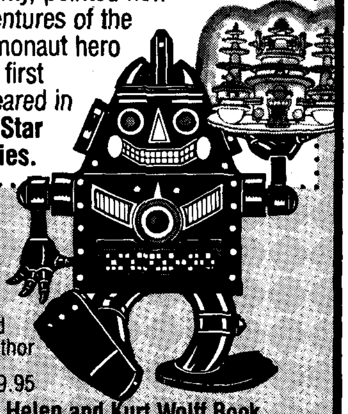

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JAZZ

American Masterpieces

ABOUT half the sixty-six numbers recorded by the Duke Ellington orchestra for Victor Records between March 6, 1940, and July 28, 1942, are masterpieces of American music. It is still not altogether clear why this exuberant and unique flowering took place. The surrounding musical soil was sandy, and the Ellington band itself had been going through dry times. The rhythm section was inert, the arrangements often had a staccato, old-fashioned sound (toy-soldier muted trumpets, ornate saxophone writing), and the ensemble playing was imprecise. Even such fine numbers as "Riding on a Blue Note," "Blue Light," "Barney Goin' Easy," and "Portrait of the Lion" seemed inconclusive. In 1939, things began to stir. The composer and arranger Billy Strayhorn joined the band, and by the end of the year he had begun to take hold. Ellington left his old, tenacious manager, Irving Mills, and went with the William Morris agency. He also left Brunswick Records, whose sound was closed and soupy, and signed with Victor, whose sound was clear and open. The band made a heartening European tour (black jazz musicians were already going to Europe to be revitalized; indeed, they were often overwhelmed by applause and kindness), and the bassist Jimmy Blanton and the tenor saxophonist Ben Webster became part of the band. Blanton, who was just twenty-one, was the first modern bassist. He had a beautiful tone and unshakable time, and he was the first bassist capable of "melodic" improvising. He woke the band up rhythmically. Webster was thirty, and he had been with Ellington briefly, as well as with Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, and Teddy Wilson. ("I always had a yen for Ben," Ellington says in his autobiography.) All the big black bands except Ellington's had tenor-saxophone stars. Basie had Lester Young and Herschel Evans; Andy Kirk had Dick Wilson; Fletcher Henderson had Coleman Hawkins; Cab Calloway had Chu Berry. But Ellington's major saxophone soloist had been the alto and soprano saxophonist Johnny Hodges. Webster enriched the band tonally, and he brought it new intensity and emotion. In return, Ellington built "Cotton Tail" and "Just A-Settin' and A-Rockin' " around Webster, and gave him an invaluable opportunity to sit beside Hodges in the saxophone section and absorb his gracefulness. Within a year or so, Webster, already on the verge of being first-rate, was the equal of Young and Hawkins. So the band was complete. On trumpets were Wallace Jones, Rex Stewart, and Cootie Williams (replaced late in 1940 by Ray Nance); on trombones Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, and Tricky Sam Nanton; on reeds Otto Hardwicke, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney; and in the rhythm section Ellington on piano, Fred Guy on guitar, Jimmy Blanton on bass, and Sonny Greer on drums.

Ellington's 1940-42 masterpieces have strong jazz characteristics—improvised or partly improvised solos, jazz timbres (plunger mutes, growls, instrumental tonal peculiarities), and a regular sounded beat. They also have classical characteristics—fixed solos (originally improvised solos, which gradually became set), concertolike forms, and complex scoring, some of it rivalling Berlioz's. And they were entirely original in their instrumental combinations and in their odd, often surprising structures. Ellington used the twelve-bar blues and the thirty-two-bar a-a-b-a song form, but he decorated them with intricate introductions and codas, with interludes and transitions, with key changes, with hair-raising dissonance. Much of the time, his materials appeared to dictate his forms. "Sepia Panorama" has an "arch" form. The first chorus lasts twelve bars, the second chorus lasts sixteen bars, the third lasts eight, and the fourth twelve; the fifth chorus repeats the fourth chorus, the sixth repeats the third, the seventh repeats part of the second, and in the eighth we are back at the first chorus. "Concerto for Cootie" has an eight-bar introduction, and the first chorus is thirty-six bars long (two ten-bar sections and two eight-bar sections). A two-bar transition leads into the second chorus, which is sixteen bars. There is an eight-bar recapitulation of the first ten bars of the first chorus and an eight-bar coda. Ellington (and, increasingly, Strayhorn) wrote most of the materials. Ellington had considerable help from his sidemen, who would contribute a melody here and a bridge there, and who often groused about not getting more credit. He also reworked chestnuts like "Chloe" and "The Sidewalks of New York," and occasionally he built a new structure on old chords: "In a Mellotone" was based on "Rose Room," and "Cotton Tail" on "I Got Rhythm." He wrote several different kinds of pieces. There were programmatic or descriptive pieces, like "Just A-Settin' and A-Rockin'," "Harlem Airshaft," and "Dusk." There were tone poems, like "Blue Serge." There were rhythmic exercises, like "The Giddybug Gallop," "Ko-Ko," and "Jumpin' Punkins." There were plain old blues, like "Across the Track Blues" and "C Jam Blues." And there were miniature concertos, like "Concerto for Cootie" and "Jack the Bear."

How does one of these marvels go? Here is "Ko-Ko," a minor blues and no relation of Charlie Parker's "Ko-Ko," made five years later. It starts *in medias res*. Sonny Greer gives a couple of quick timpani beats, and Carney goes immediately into a chuffing sustained note in his low register—his house-moving register—and is backed by the trombone section, possibly salted with one trumpet. The introduction lasts eight bars. In the first chorus, which is twelve bars, Juan Tizol plays a simple but ingenious six-note figure that is pursued closely by the reed section in such a way that it sounds like a continuation of Tizol's figure. Tizol starts the sentence and the reeds finish it. In the next two choruses, twelve measures apiece, Tricky Sam Nanton, using a plunger mute, solos against offbeat muted trumpets and the reed section, which plays a sighing three-note figure. Greer punctuates on his tomtoms. In the fourth chorus, also twelve bars, the reeds come to the fore with the same figure they used in the first chorus, and the trumpet section supplies "ooh-wa"s. Ellington himself surfaces from behind, throwing runs and crazy note clusters into the air. The twelve-bar fifth chorus is intense and climac-

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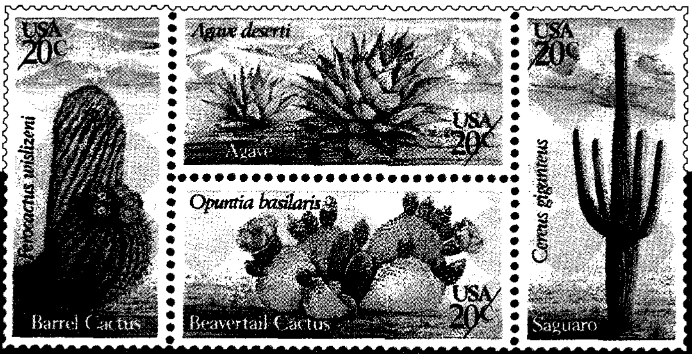
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tic. The trumpet section plays a repeated long-held note (one of the trumpets, probably Williams, uses a plunger mute) while the saxophone section, broken into two groups, plays accented figures and a melody parallel to the trumpets. The dissonance is almost overpowering. Then the reeds and trombones slide into an eight-bar interlude, pausing for several two-bar breaks by Blanton. In the seventh chorus, the trumpets again play long-held notes, and the saxophones play a countermelody. Carney returns in the final chorus with his very low chuffing note, backed by the trombones. The reeds climb abruptly into view and disappear into a closing full-band chord. The atmosphere of the number is rough and hustling and metallic. There are few treble sounds, and there is little delicacy. The piece bullies us. It sets out to be abrasive *and* lyrical, and it succeeds. It is also almost completely an ensemble piece—a kind of concerto for orchestra.

All this is by way of saying that the Smithsonian Collection (the record label of the Smithsonian) is well along in its masterly Ellington reissue project, begun six years ago. Four albums have been released—"Duke Ellington 1938," "Duke Ellington 1939," "Duke Ellington 1940," and now "Duke Ellington 1941." Each of the first two albums has thirty titles and two alternate takes, and although Ellington's strengths are evident, nothing prepares us for what happens at the start of the 1940 album. This includes twenty-eight selections and four alternate takes. At least seven numbers are mediocre, but weak Ellington was superior to almost everything else in popular music. The four duets that Ellington did with Jimmy Blanton (how fine for the young Blanton, how selfless of Ellington) are in the album, and there are two takes of "Mr. J. B. Blues." The 1941 album has twenty-four selections and eight alternates, and it has even more lacklustre material. Fourteen of the numbers are radio transcriptions made around the same time as the Victor sides, and they don't add much to our Ellington knowledge. (How much better to have put in the ten or eleven classic sides—one is the surging "Main Stem"—Ellington made in 1942 before a union-imposed recording ban, which lasted into 1944, brought his great creative splurge to an end.) But there are tracks from two "soundies," which were three-minute films made for jukeboxes equipped with tiny screens. The first is a furious (but truncated) "Cotton Tail" and the second is an easy "C Jam Blues" notable for the longest drum solo (twelve bars) that Greer, an infrequent soloist, ever recorded with Ellington. His drums always sounded superb. He rarely used the muffling pads on his snare drum or tomtoms, and he kept his drumheads very tight. The result was a sharp, ringing, bravura tone. His solo crackles. It is played mostly on his snare drum, although he inserts one fast round-the-set explosion. It is staccato and rocking, and he matches his friend Sid Catlett. The 1940 and 1941 albums include other delights: the rattling swing of "Jack the Bear," "A Portrait of Bert Williams," "In a Mellotone," and "Jumpin' Punkins," which has a lot of snappy two-bar Greer breaks; the tonal depths of "Dusk" and "Blue Serge;" the almost ecstatic shout by what sounds like the full band between Hodges' solos on "Never No Lament;" Cootie Williams' fury on "Harlem Airshaft" and his acidulous preaching on "Never No Lament;" all of Ben Webster's solos, and particularly his classic statement on "Blue Serge," with its incredible growling near the end; and the noble, sly, affecting work of Tricky Sam Nanton, who was in frequent, first-rate evidence in 1940 and 1941.

The liner notes are long and exhaustive. Gunther Schuller did the first set, James Patrick the second, Larry Gushee the third, and Gary Giddins the fourth. Gushee's have a nice combination of humor, musicology, and metaphor. Gushee also invented the invaluable schematic diagrams of the numbers in the 1940 and 1941 albums. They map, as far as it is possible, Ellington's labyrinthine musical mind. —Whitney Balliett

•

At the age of 71, Isaac Fleischmann is about to retire after 36 years at the Patent and Trademark Office, a worthy director of information with no apologies for his perverse fondness over the years for the dark days when the economy retreated and forced more people to become inventive. He is leaving at just such a bittersweet moment, he notes, with unemployment rising but patent applications up, too. He is grateful for the "psychic remuneration" of seeing human beings respond ingeniously when they are hardest pressed. "There isn't anything we can solve," Mr. Fleischmann declared, obviously exiting an optimist.—*The Times.*

Well, let's say a guarded optimist.

BOOKS

No Dearth of Death

TWO slim paperbacks have recently swum into my ken, as if in sly antidote to the fatty tomes that clog the literary mainstream. Both books are novels only "of a sort," radiate intelligence, and have "death" in the titles. Both came to me by a personal route. Years ago, in Australia, I met the Swedish man of all letters Lars Gustafsson, who had just been to East Berlin speaking fluent German, was now in Adelaide speaking fluent English, and who, for all I knew, was next off to Paris to dazzle them with his French. Most writers feel uneasy at international conferences, traitors to their own privacies, and our Swedish participant was striking in the good-humored energy he brought to the surly, pained panels and the less promptu get-togethers on this southern continent, where most of us visitors felt faintly upside down. Gustafsson seemed the enviably ideal conferee, a red-bearded fish never out of water, loving books, ideas, and discourse equally, and everywhere adept. Strangely, when I once found myself in Sweden he was occupying an academic position in Austin, Texas. So I have in these years of fond memory been compelled to seek him in English print, a search whose sole fruit hitherto has been a poem in this very magazine, some fine lines upon a dog's psyche, called "Elegy for a Dead Labrador." Now I have read his first book published in the United States, "The Death of a Beekeeper" (translated from the Swedish by Janet K. Swaffar and Guntram H. Weber; New Directions; $5.95), and am pleased to report that it is a beautiful work, lyrical and bleak, resonant and terse—the supposed journals of a retired schoolteacher turned beekeeper who, at the age of forty, finds himself dying of cancer.

This man, Lars Lennart Westin, nicknamed Weasel, is virtually the novel's only character, and its simple main action consists of his notations as the disease runs its course from its first symptoms in August of 1974, through its diagnosis in the following February (in a letter from the district hospital, which he burns instead of reading), to his surrender to an ambulance and death in May. Lars opts to decline medical services and to live out his last months in his own cottage and landscape—a decision that is, surprisingly, not combatted by the authorities of this solicitous Swedish state. When well enough, he walks with his dog in the familiar wintry landscape:

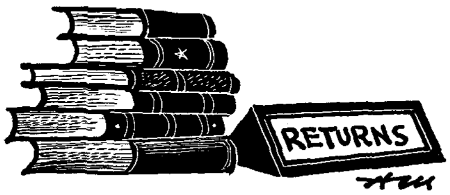
> It was gray, pleasant February weather, fairly cold and hence not too damp, and the whole landscape looked like a pencil sketch. I don't know why I like it so much. It is pretty barren and yet I never get tired of moving about in it.

He has been married, and has children; but the children are not even named, and the wife, Margaret, struck him at first sight as not "particularly interesting." Their marriage of "twelve or thirteen" years was based on "one very simple principle, on one agreement: Looking at one another was forbidden. I mean, really looking at one another." Of all the women in his life, he concludes, "They recognized that I wanted much too little. . . . People never had the feeling that I had any *need* of them." Though some memories from childhood return to him vividly, and he befriends and tries to amuse two boys who drop in from this rural neighborhood, Lars lives in our viewing as a solitary man, moving in pain through this bare landscape that he loves.

The pain in its surges and remissions is convincingly described, and even at its highest pitch with a will toward proportion and arraignment:

> What I have experienced today during the late night and in the early hours of the morning, *I simply could not have considered possible.* It was absolutely foreign, white hot and totally overpowering. I am trying to breathe very slowly, but as long as it continues, even this breathing, which at least in some very abstract fashion is supposed to help me distinguish between the physical pain and the panic, is an almost overpowering exertion. . . .
>
> This white hot pain, naturally, is basically nothing but a precise measure of the forces which hold this body together. It is a precise measure of the force which has made my existence possible. Death and life are actually MONSTROUS things.

Lars Gustafsson is a philosopher: "Through his writings on mathematics, sociology, history, philosophy, and literature, [his] influence has been strong in all quarters of the European academic community," this novel's "Note on the Author" tells us. Pain and death are, of course, philosophical occasions. Without them, there would be no need for philosophy; we would be in Paradise. "Paradise," Lars Westin writes in his journal, "must consist of the stopping of pain. That means, however, that we live in Paradise as long as we have no pain! And we don't even know it." It is a measure of the author's artistry that he keeps so momentous a theme so modestly local, within the horizons of a persona who has no international and little academic reach. When the beekeeper notes that each hive seems to have its own personality—"There are lazy and hard-working, aggressive and gentle bee populations. There are even flighty and unreliable ones, and heaven knows whether there are populations with a sense of humor and others without it"—we are startled and provoked to thought by an illumination entirely in character. Elsewhere, we do feel the authorial Lars nibbling at the edges with his voracious brain; the riddle of identity is worked a bit unnaturally hard in the dying man's meditations. "The Death of a Beekeeper," according to an afterword by Janet Swaffar, is the fifth of a series of novels dealing with "a possible Lars Gustafsson." The over-all motto for the pentalogy seems to be "We begin again. We never give up." These sentences, though hammered home repeatedly in the beekeeper's journal, seem to come from the outside—a rather boring bit of Stoic cheerleading. Knowing when to give up is one of the arts of living, as anyone understands who has watched animals fight or die.

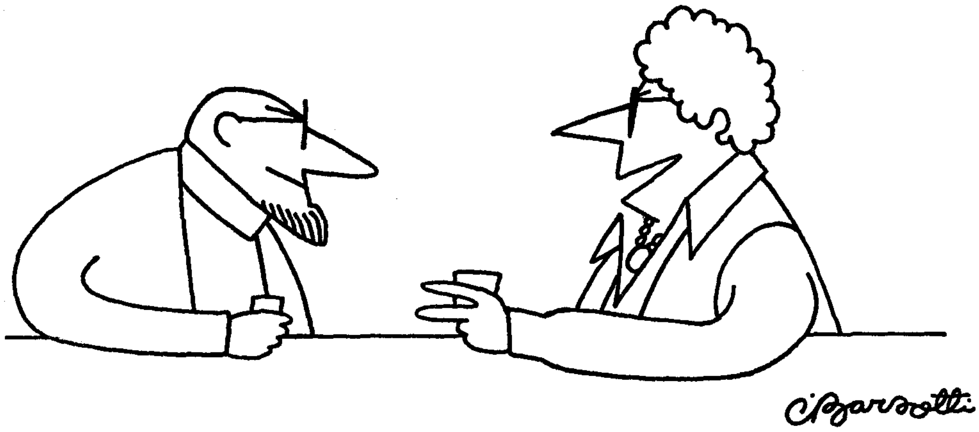


The surface of plausibility is also marred, but brilliantly, in the inserted parable "When God Awoke." God is imagined as having been napping "about the way a small spider naps in the corner of the web it has built," in "a distant nook of the universe"—"a moment of absence, just as when a motorist takes his eyes from the street for a moment." She—for God is female, a kind of shimmering tinted jellyfish "thirteen parsecs in diameter"—awakes, and for the first time in Her existence hears human prayers, and without further delay sets about answering them. She hears, for instance the Archbishop of Abo plead at the end of a radio service, "Give us oh God, a lasting peace," and within three-tenths of a second She has rendered all armaments, from swords to giant warheaded rockets, into soft, solid, useless gold. The world becomes under this indulgent Heavenly Mother a mad welter of answered prayers:

> As the human situation rapidly began to defy linguistic description and approached a realm for which there are no words, the DEATH OF LANGUAGE began.
>
> One of the last speech fragments contained the message:
>
> IF GOD LIVES, EVERYTHING IS ALLOWED.

Which nicely reverses Dostoevski's old complaint that without God all things are possible. We have been here before, perhaps, in Nietzsche's Promethean humanism, in Hamsun's quizzical pagan nihilism, in Bergman's God-haunted dramatizations of despair. The defining affirmation of the self in saying No is what this little book is about. The cosmic and subjective are merged in an image: "The darkness of the iris is nothing other than the starless night, the darkness deep in the eye is nothing other than the darkness of the universe." But within this blackness the beekeeper notices the gray beauty of the moist fog, the leafless trees. He lives simultaneously in Hell and in Paradise, and dies into neither. He has been, to quote "Elegy for a Dead Labrador," one

> of those places where the universe
> makes a knot
> in itself, short-lived, complex
> structures
> of proteins that have to complicate
> themselves
> more and more in order to survive,
> until everything
> breaks and turns simple once again,
> the knot
> dissolved, the riddle gone.



"It had to be said and I said it. I said, 'Benny, you're a sweetheart, but you're history.'"

THE second paperback, "Death Sentence," by Maurice Blanchot (translated from the French by Lydia Davis; Station Hill; $4.45), was handed to me in a Third Avenue bookstore by a clerk who felt I should acquaint myself with the hottest-selling item (he said) among the East Side intelligentsia. Gratefully I accepted it; dutifully have I read it. Though chic, the book is far from new, having been published by Blanchot in 1948; in general, Blanchot's influence, as theorist and practitioner, has preceded his actual work to these shores, which have long since received the nouveaux romans of younger novelists like Robbe-Grillet and Robert Pinget. The very short novel—eighty-one pages—in hand has been buttressed on the back by formidable tributes to "one of the most powerful literary and philosophical intellects in France of the last four decades" (John Hollander) and "certainly one of the most important writers of our time, [who] has pushed the question of writing to its farthest limits, both in his essays and in his stories" (Edmond Jabès). These tributes helpfully offer to orient us not only in the matter of reputation but within the murky book itself, which is "a transumptive romance of the erotic triangle of consciousness, death, and the possible world of narrative" (Hollander again), and one in which "Blanchot's power as a writer pierces, like a look that is too direct, the indeterminate prose, and makes all relations, and especially our relation to time, absolutely precarious" (Geoffrey Hartman).

"Precarious" is a good word to begin with; Blanchot's prose gives an impression, like Henry James', of carrying meanings so fragile they might crumble in transit:

> People who are silent do not seem admirable to me because of that, nor yet less friendly. The ones who speak, or at least who speak to me because I have asked them a question, often seem to me the most silent, either because they evoke silence in me, or because, knowingly or unknowingly, they shut themselves up with me in an enclosed place where the person who questions them allies them with answers that their mouths do not hear.

Protestations of the difficulty of this act of writing from first page to last give "Death Sentence" a warping sense of strain, as though silence were pressing hard against it, just as death presses hard against the lives of the shadowy characters. Attempts at statement wind down into abject self-cancellation:

> It is possible that the idea of being married to me seemed like a very bad thing to her, a sort of sacrilege, or quite the opposite, a real happiness, or finally, a meaningless joke. Even now, I am almost incapable of choosing among these interpretations. Enough of this.

The events that can scarcely be described occurred in 1938; they involved the sickly hero's intense but strenuously indeterminate relations with two young women, J. and N., both of whom, I believe, he brings back from the dead. The French title, "L'Arrêt de Mort," idiomatically means "death sentence" and literally means "death's halt." The first miracle occurs when J., who has been fighting her disease (unspecified but tubercular in aura) for ten years, is lying on what had been her deathbed, "already no more than a statue," her pulse "scattered like sand." The hero, called to this scene by J.'s sister Louise, sits on the edge of the bed, calls her name, and is rewarded with "a sort of breath . . . out of her compressed mouth."

> At that moment, her eyelids were still completely shut. But a second afterwards, perhaps two, they opened abruptly and they opened to reveal something terrible which I will not talk about, the most terrible look which a living being can receive, and I think that if I had shuddered at that instant, and if I had been afraid, everything would have been lost, but my tenderness was so great that I didn't even think about the strangeness of what was happening, which certainly seemed to me altogether natural because of that infinite movement which drew me towards her, and I took her in my arms, while her arms clasped me, and not only was she completely alive from that moment on, but perfectly natural, gay and almost completely recovered.

It is a momentary miracle; within hours, a death rattle begins and J. does die. The case of N., who is sometimes given the full name of Nathalie, is more

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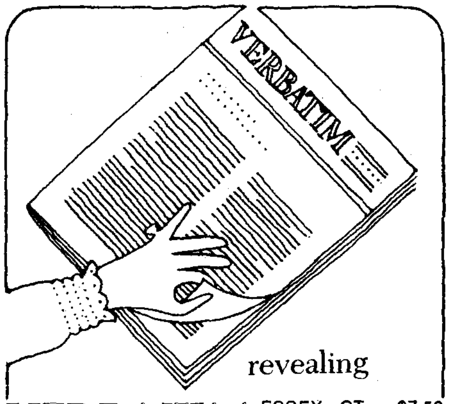

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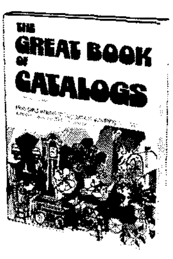

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mysterious still. Halfhearted lovers, she and the hero are parted when a bomb explodes on the street, and he finds her at last sitting motionless in a room of utter and terrifying blackness. Her body stares at him with a "dead and empty flame in her eyes." He takes her cold hand in his; he feels love for this body "in its night of stone":

> I put my arms around her, I was completely motionless and she was completely motionless. But a moment came when I saw that she was still mortally cold, and I drew closer and said to her: "Come." I got up and took her by the hand; she got up too and I saw how tall she was.

It is as if Jesus Christ, years later, were writing, in the affectless voice of the hero of Camus's "Stranger," His own troubled, "indeterminate" Gospel. In the tomblike blackness wherein the novel's hero revivifies N., he says of this darkness, in phrases recalling Matthew 10:39, "There is something in it which scorns man and which man cannot endure without losing himself. But he must lose himself; and whoever resists will founder, and whoever goes forward will become this very blackness, this cold and dead and scornful thing in the very heart of which lives the infinite." This has happened; the hero is not only death's conqueror but death itself. "[J.] turned slightly towards the nurse and said in a tranquil tone, 'Now then, take a good look at death,' and pointed her finger at me." A few pages later, the narrator confides, "I myself see nothing important in the fact that this young woman was dead, and returned to life at my bidding . . . I have said nothing extraordinary or even surprising. What is extraordinary begins at the moment I stop." His stop: *l'arrêt de mort.*

Blanchot's tortuous, glimmering style in "Death Sentence" is a kind of posthumous one, traced with many hesitations and denials by the ghostly hand of narrative. It conceals as it tells; graceful and maddening, a cascade of mystification bejewelled with melodramatic glances and gothic gewgaws, the prose holds to syntax but frustrates our attempts to construct a coherent world from its hints, or a succession of events we can relive. In a realistic novel, a moment of miracle-working would entail a substantial elaboration of the career of a miracle-worker, with the practical and probably anticlimactic consequences such an event on earth would generate. (Joyce Cary's "The Captive and the Free" is such a novel.) Among the charms of anti-realism, let us not overlook—

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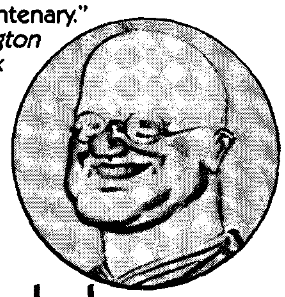

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for its practitioners, at least—a certain slippery ease. Yet in its suave delirium Blanchot's prose claims to contain something wonderful, a treasure not so unlike, perhaps, the beekeeper's defiant courage in the face of pain. "I take this unhappiness on myself," "Death Sentence" concludes, "and I am immeasurably glad of it and to that thought I say eternally, 'Come,' and eternally it is there."

NOVELS so exclusively about death, so saturated with its blackness, would have been impossible when death was assumed to be a gateway to the afterlife and therefore not qualitatively different from the other adventures and rites of passage that befall a soul. Philippe Ariès' "The Hour of Our Death" begins by describing the calm, the matter-of-factness, with which most men until modern times prepared for and enacted their own dying. If death is the utter end, it then becomes not an action but an impressively extended state—a giant tube of ink that at the slightest pressure oozes its blackness into the thin texture of our lives. Yet though it is immense in duration and penetration, because it is nothingness there is not much to say about it. No wonder these two novels are short and lapse awkwardly into religious imagery—the only imagery we have that pertains. The pastel jellyfish Goddess of the one, the arid and gloomy miracles of the other are foci of energy blackness itself cannot supply. The strangeness of the world, which novels traditionally celebrate, is that in it, as in the night sky, blackness is not all.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AGAINST THE STREAM, by James Hanley (Horizon; $12.95). A young boy's father dies in their shabby London flat, and his mother's family—her elderly father, his second wife, and his four middle-aged brothers and sisters—send their manservant to fetch the boy while they try to locate and notify his mother, who ran off to Italy with another man some time before. As the story opens, the boy and the manservant are on the train from London to the family's run-down estate, somewhere in the West Country. Meanwhile, the boy's six relatives are nervously preparing for

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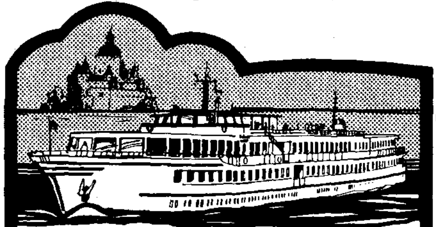

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their young guest; when he arrives, they are pressing their noses to an upstairs window like curious children. Over the next few weeks, the novelty of the arrangement wears off, and it becomes clear that one, and only one, of the sisters wants, and might be able to persuade, the boy to stay for good. The climax of the story is a showdown between this sister and the dead father's working-class mother, with the boy watching—and being watched in between. Various other surprises, including the manservant's scheme to bankrupt his employers, have surfaced in the meantime, and not just coincidentally; the boy has done some eavesdropping and some scheming of his own. A typical Hanley achievement: deceptively plain-looking and unusually shrewd.

NOTE: "Memoirs of a Space Traveler," a collection of stories by Stanislaw Lem, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ($9.95).

GENERAL

THE TROUBLE WITH FRANCE, by Alain Peyrefitte, translated from the French by William R. Byron (Knopf; $18.50). Three-quarters of the way through this work, the author, in order to bolster his argument that the French system and mentality defeat the best efforts of the French themselves, cites a long list of inventions and innovations that were conceived in France but brought to fulfillment elsewhere. The first of these was the steam engine, which dates from the seventeenth century, but the author believes that France's self-destructive pattern of centralization, bureaucracy, and stagnation began even earlier: Richelieu and Louis XIV, who are commonly held to have founded France's greatness, were, in Peyrefitte's opinion, the creators of her decline as they began to replace the diversity that thrived in the Middle Ages with a uniformity imposed by means of a ubiquitous, suspicious, and intrusive administration. Peyrefitte has served all over the French government—as diplomat, parliamentarian, minister—and offers concrete instances of every flaw he discusses, such as the way the system undercuts the few and feeble powers that are left to elected local officials (mayors, city councillors). Although he is not a sup-

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porter of Mitterrand, his political prescriptions recall those of the President, and the reasons that Peyrefitte adduces for their importance suggest both the urgency and the difficulty of France's efforts to remake itself into a livelier, more open, more productive, and happier society.

LOVE IN BLOOMSBURY, by Frances Partridge (Little, Brown; $14.95). The first section of this appealing memoir recalls the author's girlhood (she was born in 1900) and her education all the way through Cambridge, where the allure of the life of the mind ran neck and neck with the attractions of the dance floor—"dancing of a high standard, whether Blues Charleston or Black Bottom." The second part takes us into the complex passions surrounding her romance with the man she eventually married, Ralph Partridge. When he came courting, in 1923, he was legally married to Dora Carrington, who did not love him (or, it seems, the lovers she took). The man she did love was Lytton Strachey, a homosexual, who could not love her. The man whom Strachey loved was Ralph Partridge, who, in turn, could not feel more than deep friendship for Lytton. Lytton and Carrington at first tried to break up the new couple, Frances and Ralph, but in 1926 consented to let them live together, sometimes in London and sometimes in the country house that Partridge, Strachey, and Carrington had once shared. The author makes very little fuss about her tolerance, affection, and self-sacrifice; her lack of jealousy and envy, like her just but generous portraits of others, displays a remarkable nature. Lytton died of cancer in 1932, and Ralph failed in his efforts to prevent Carrington from committing suicide. Frances was, with time, able to help him recover from the double tragedy, and her book closes with a tribute to their friends and to the sustaining power of friendship.

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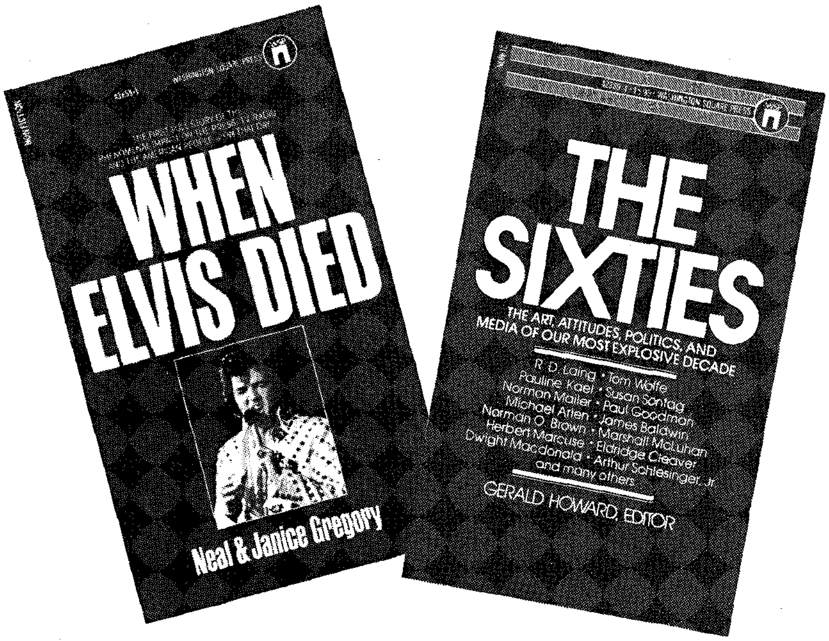
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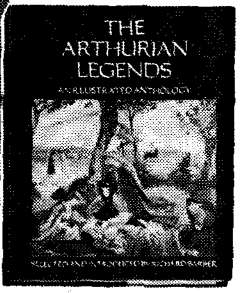
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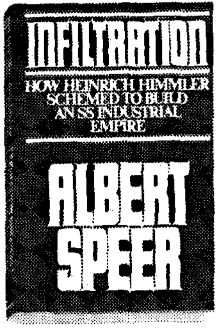
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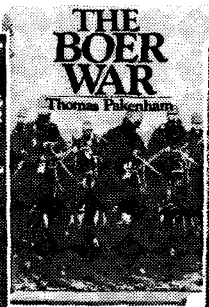
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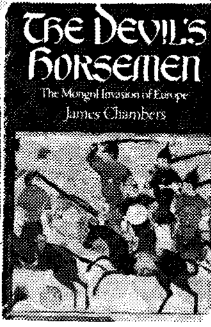
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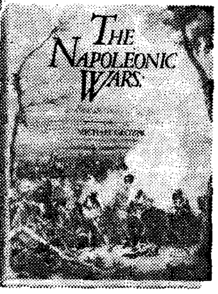
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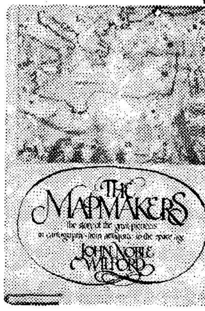
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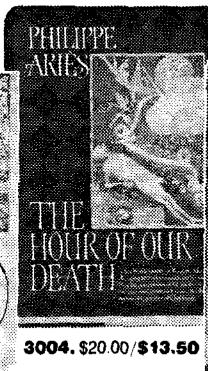
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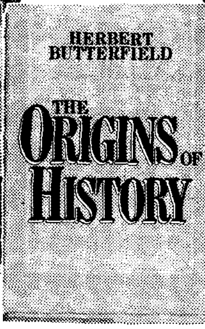
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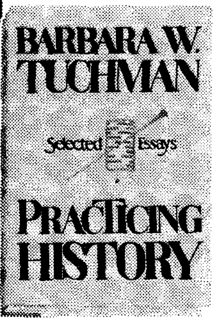
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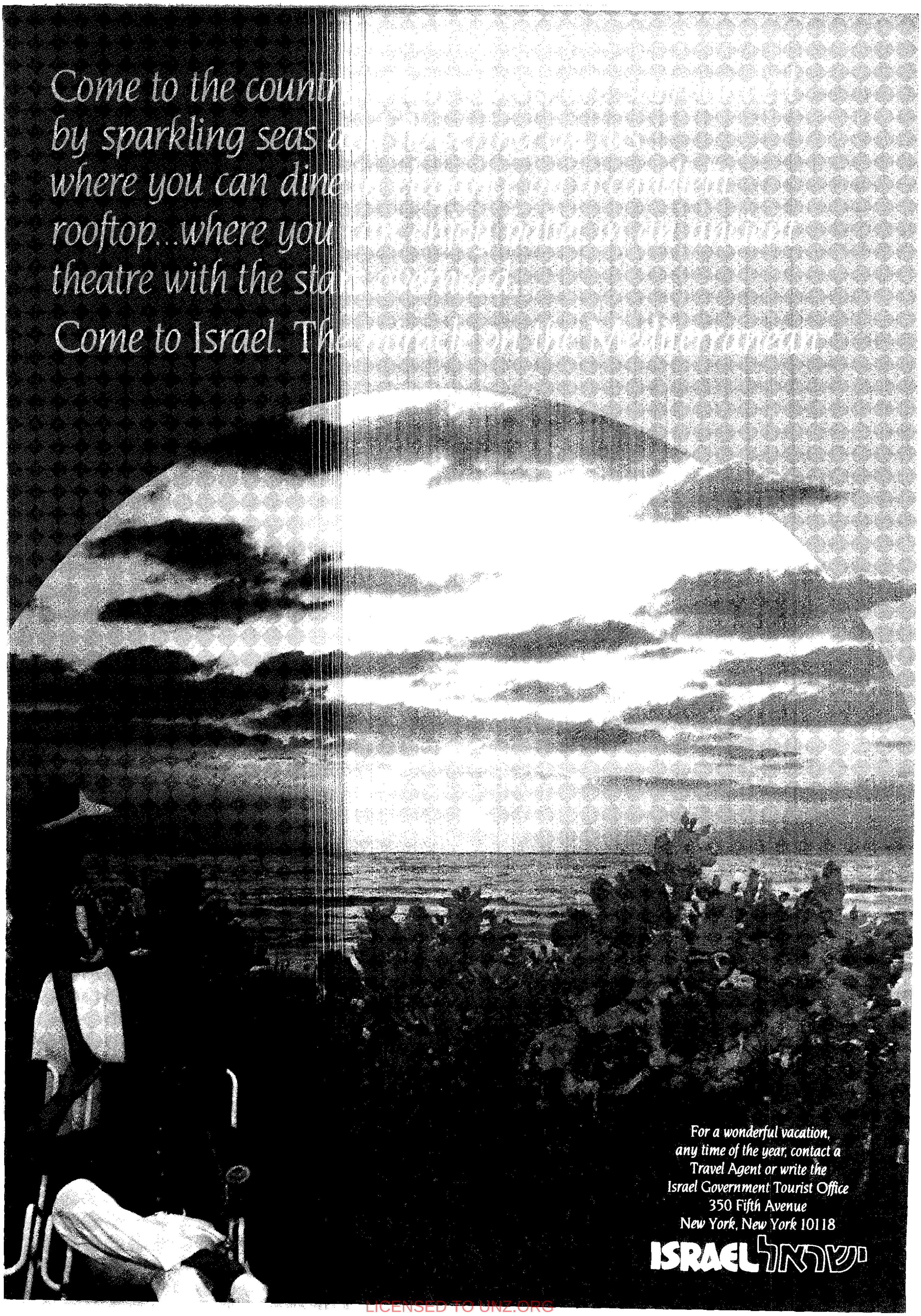

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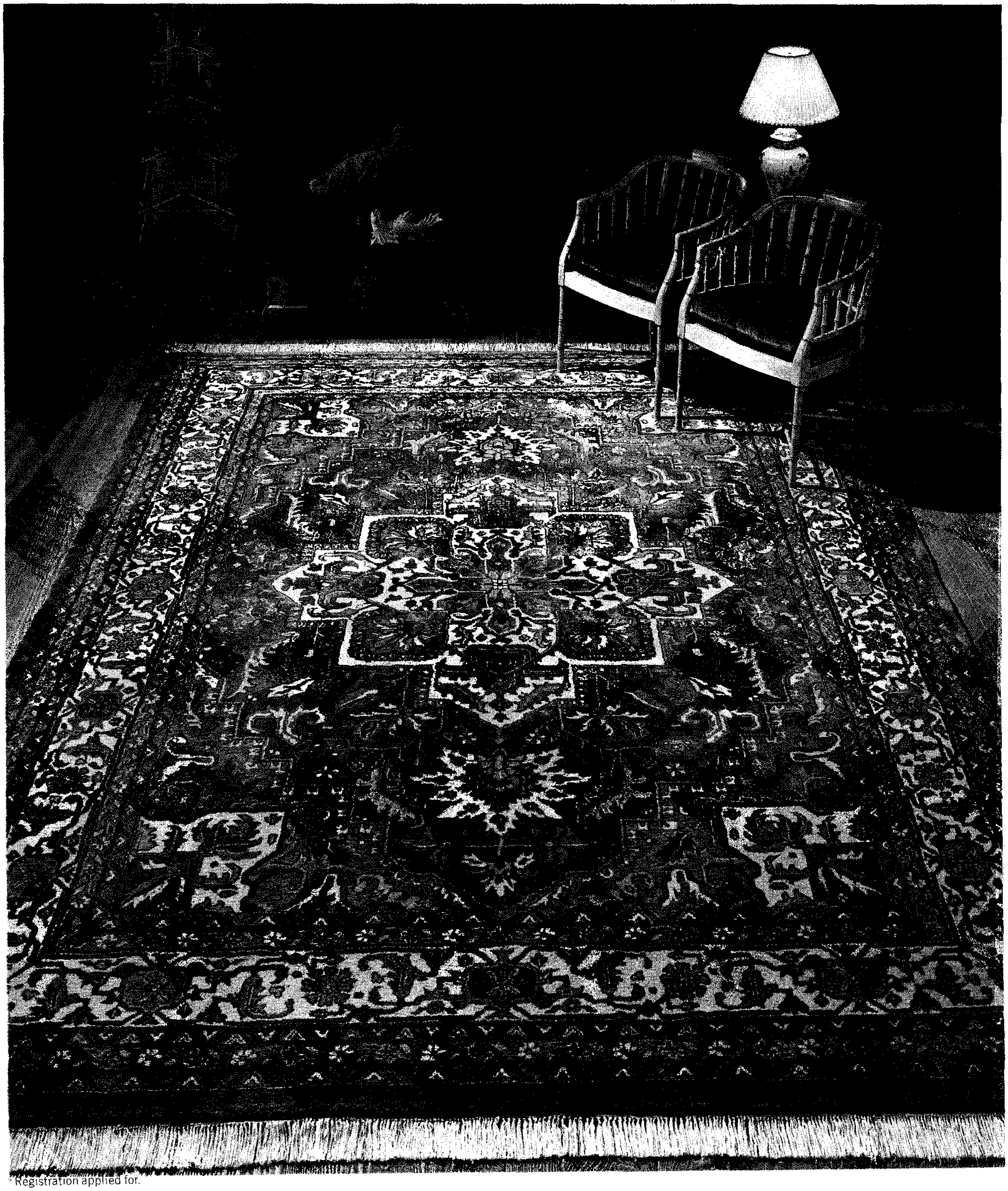

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